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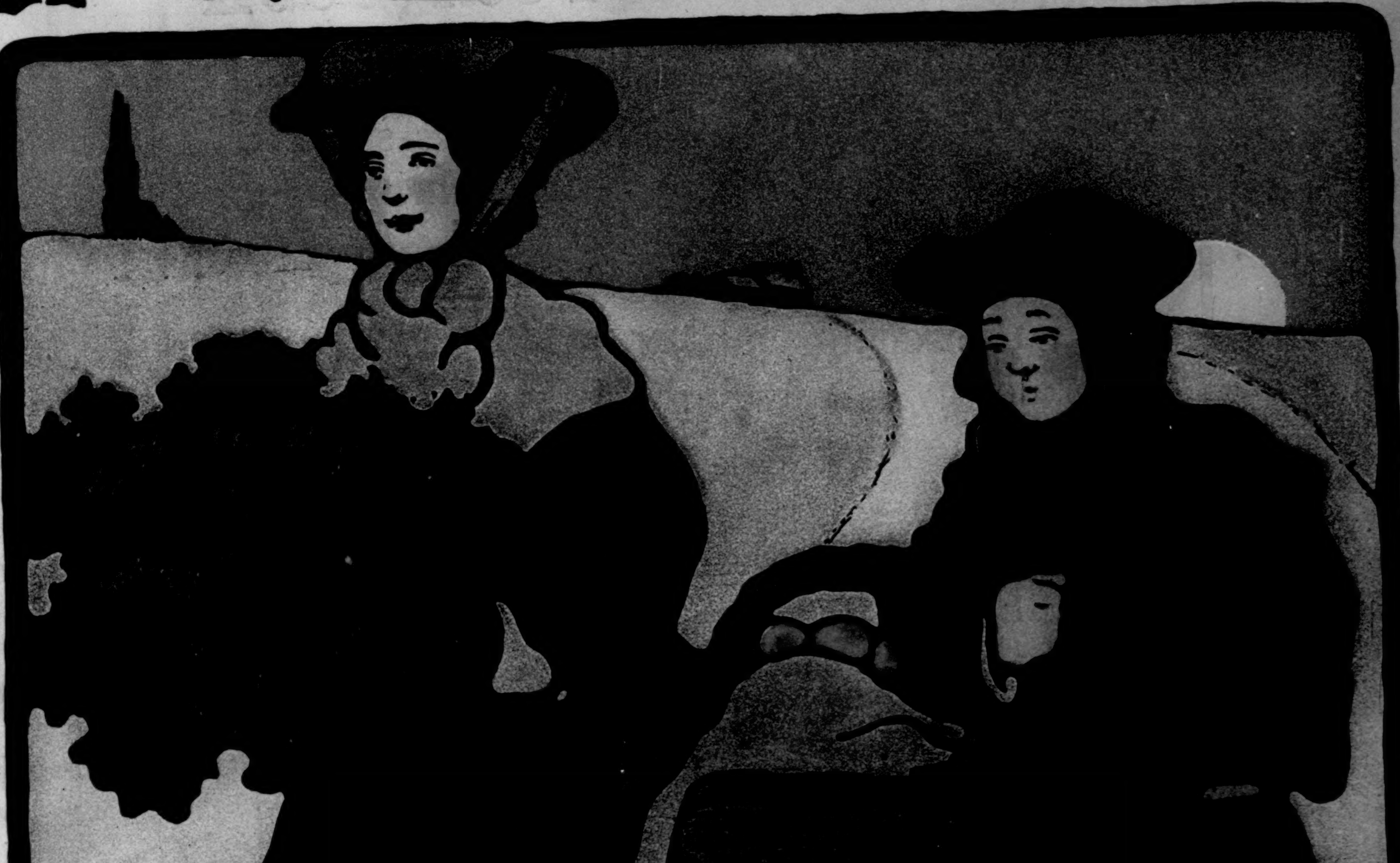

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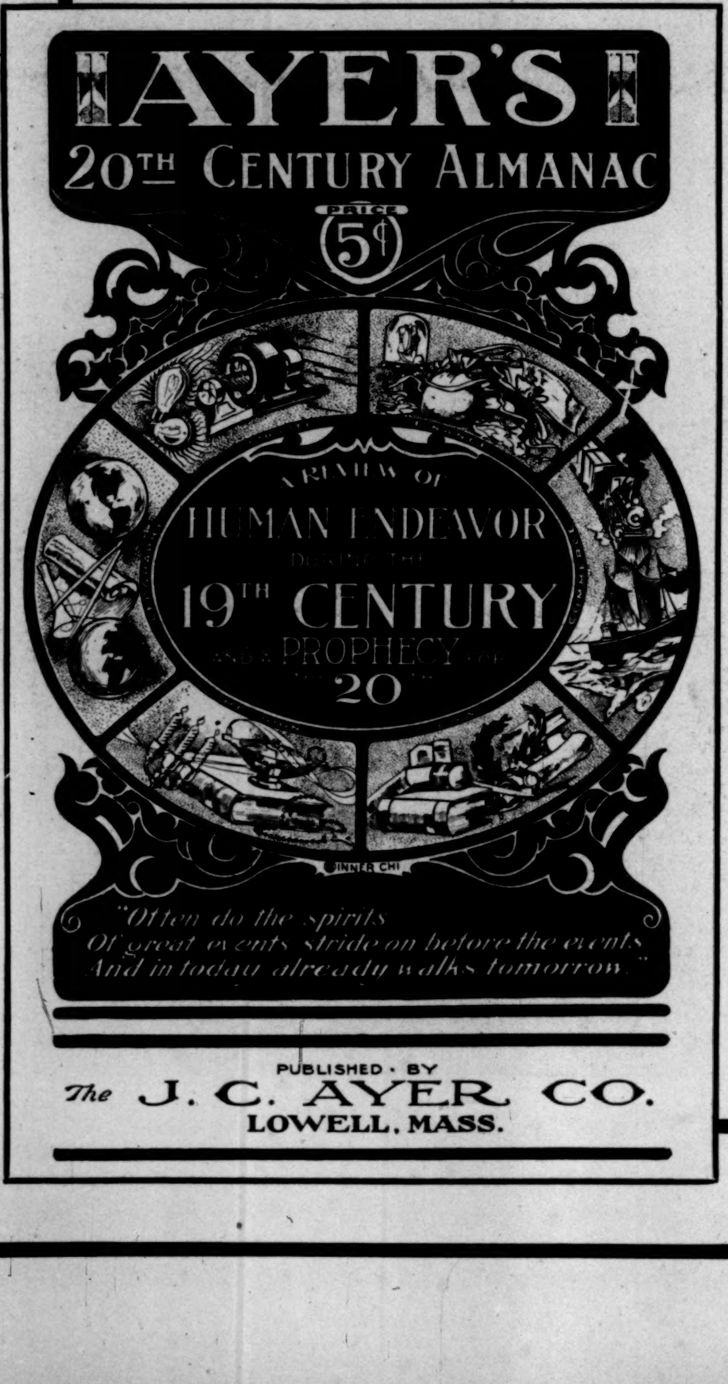
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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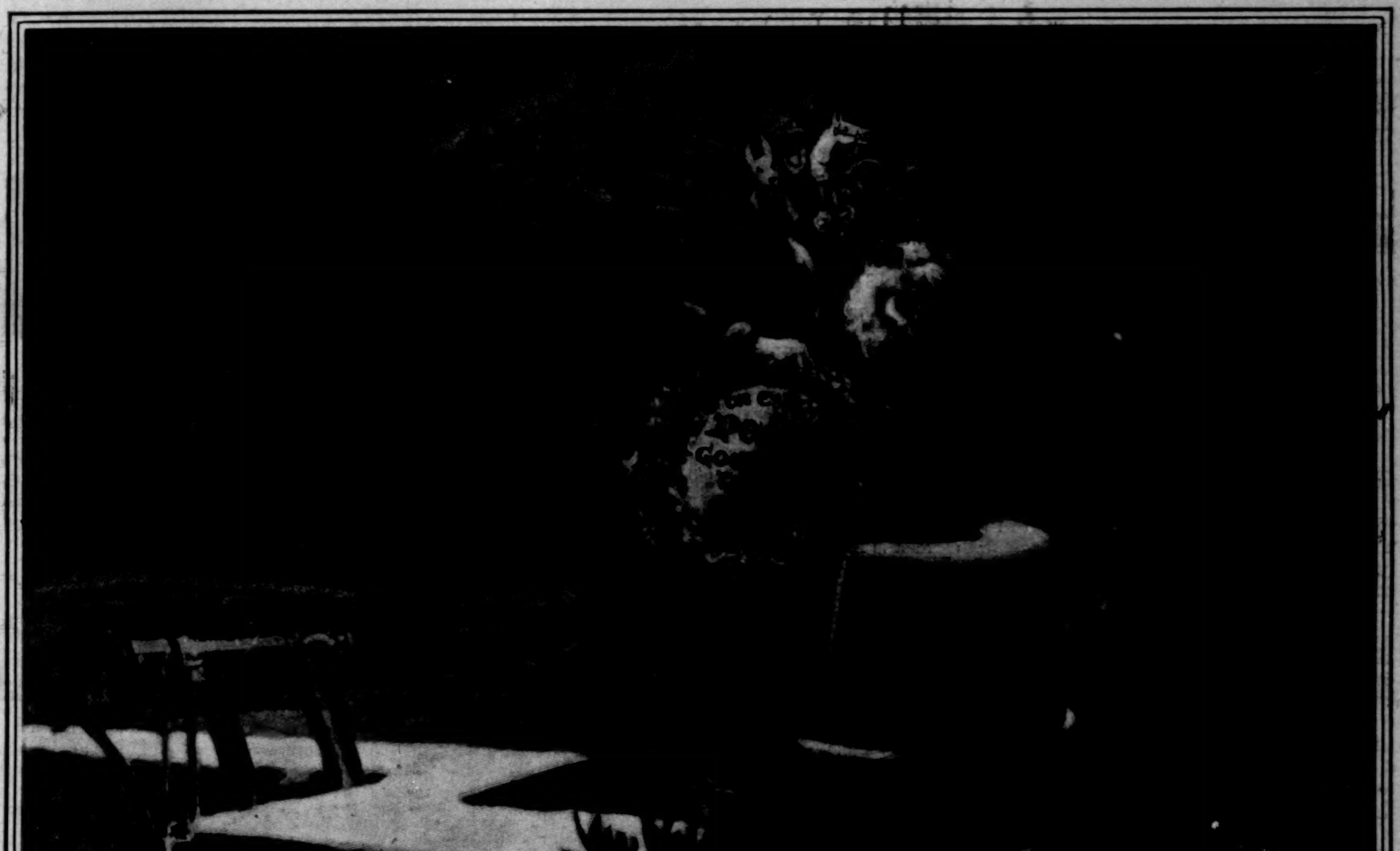

SANTA CLAUS: "THESE NEW-FANGLED CHIMNEYS ARE VERY TRYING TO AN OLD FOGY LIKE ME!"

Harper's Weekly

FORTY PAGES
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New York City, December 16, 1899

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The President's Message

THERE are no surprises in the President's message. Mr. McKinley has made a number of speeches in the course of the autumn, and his attitude upon the public questions that are of the most pressing interest is pretty well known, while upon the most important of these the President has added very little of moment to his views as they were set forth in a letter from Lake Champlain, published in Harper's Weekly last summer.

NATURALLY the public is most deeply interested in what the President has to say on the subject of our imperial policy, and upon the present status of our affairs in our new possessions. With these subjects is necessarily joined our commercial policy. We use the word imperial in this connection simply for convenience, and not at all in the contentious sense. The President had two distinct sets of colonies to deal with in his address to Congress. Puerto Rico and Hawaii are not only legal possessions of the United States, but they are ready for the work of Congress. They are prepared to receive the civil government which, as the President says, it is the duty of Congress to provide. Very recently the Weekly pointed out the political and economic needs of these colonies, and as the President, in his message, agrees substantially with what we then said, it will only be necessary to repeat briefly the substance of his remarks. He couples with the two, as is proper, the Territory of Alaska, still without a particle of legislative power after thirty-two years of existence as part of the territory of the United States. The President points out that this practically means a denial of local legislation, for Congress is much too busy with the larger affairs of the nation, and, it may be added, necessarily too ill-informed, to devote much of its time to the far-off land, and what has been true of Alaska is very likely to be true of Hawaii and Puerto Rico. One of the most serious evils attendant upon the lack of legislation for Alaska has been the inadequate provision for the administration of justice. This evil, as the President points out, is already felt in Hawaii, and the necessity for the establishment there of the judicial authority and system of the United States is pressing. What is true of one is true of all, and Congress must, it seems, follow the counsel of the President, and establish in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and Alaska the reign of laws enacted for the benefit of the people, the protection of property, and the orderly administration of justice. It is a satisfaction to note that the President agrees with the Weekly as to the economic condition of Puerto Rico, and recommends free trade between the island and the United States.

CUBA and the Philippines are in a different relation to us. The first does not belong to the United States; and while the archipelago is legally part of our territory by actual cession, the still unconquered insurrection makes it impossible for Congress yet to consider the question of their future government. As to Cuba, the President refers to the promise of the United States to leave the island as soon as it becomes pacified and when a satisfactory government has been established, and says, "The pledge contained in this resolution [Congressional] is of the highest honorable obligation, and must be sacredly kept." At the same time he asserts that the United States is under an obligation to the world and to itself to see to it that Cuba has such a government, before it is left to its independence by us, as is capable of preserving domestic order and fulfilling international obligations. In other words, it is the President's view that the United States must remain in Cuba until there shall be established in the island such a government as will be able to give a guarantee to the world that peace, order, and security for life and property shall succeed the turbulence that prevailed under Spanish rule. The people have until April 11, 1900, to choose between Cuban and Spanish citizenship. After that time the President proposes to begin the task of establishing self-government in the municipalities, leaving to the future the formation of a complete government for the island, precisely as was outlined in our letter from Lake Champlain already alluded to. There is no doubt that this process will tend towards ultimate annexation. The history of the present insurrection in the Philippines is narrated by the President as it has already been made public in the preliminary report of the Schurman Commission. The President does not recommend a form of government for the islands, but he strongly argues against their independence, even under an American protectorate, holding that we have assumed the responsibility for the good government of the islands, and that a protectorate would mean responsibility without power. He holds that we cannot quit the islands without endangering the peace of nations, and exposing natives and whites who have been friendly to us to the vengeance of the Tagals.

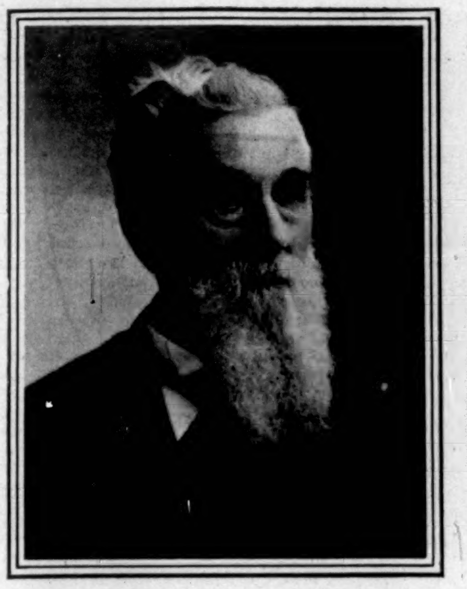
DISTINCTLY and properly parts of what we have called an imperial policy are the arrangement which has been made by the President with Germany and England for the partition of Samoa, involving, as it does, a friendly understanding with those two powers, and his renewed recommendation for the appointment of a commission to study "commercial and industrial conditions in the Chinese Empire, and report as to the opportunities for and obstacles to the enlargement of markets in China for the products and manufactures of the United States." It is clear that the President's idea is logical; for if we are to become a factor in the East, and to assume political responsibilities for the purpose of taking our share of the commercial advantages, friendship with England and Germany, whether it be formulated in an alliance or is a mere friendly understanding, is essential, while it is also true that China is the immediate field for exploitation. The President also glances towards Mexico and South America, and again urges the importance of an inter-oceanic canal, although he makes it apparent that there must be delay in reaching a point where practical legislation can be enacted, owing to the fact that a law of the last Congress makes an examination of the Panama route necessary. Such an examination by the Walker Commission, however, is now in progress. With the same end in view—the increasing of our foreign commerce—the President recommends the grant of subsidies to the merchant marine. In a word, he strongly favors all means, political, diplomatic, and economic—except the repeal of the protective tariff—for the extension of commerce. And at the same time he repeats Jefferson's objection to "entangling alliances," coupling it, however, with the phrase, "as to affairs not of a direct concern," to which Jefferson himself probably would not have objected.

THE most important of the purely domestic topics of the message is, of course, that which relates to finance. The President had already announced, as the readers of the Weekly know, that no changes would be made in the laws of Federal taxation at this session of Congress, and no changes are recommended. He had also stated that there would be no modification suggested in the national-bank system, since that system, it seemed to him, had become one of the fixed institutions of the country. But the President does recommend that steps be taken to increase the bank-note circulation, presumably, from the general language of the message, by the processes embodied in the House currency bill—granting circulation to the par value of bonds, repealing the tax on circulation, and permitting the establishment of banks with a capital as small as $25,000. For a thorough understanding of the administration's attitude on the currency and financial questions, it will be necessary to consult the report of the Secretary of the Treasury and the bill known as the House bill. The Senate has also a bill, which is distinctly inferior to the House bill, and with which we are at liberty to conclude the President does not agree, since he believes that all the obligations of the government should be payable in gold, while the Senate bill is ambiguous on that point. All agree, however, that gold should be not only in fact and in law the standard of value, but that this should be again declared, so that within a few weeks the main contention of the supporters of Mr. McKinley in the campaign of 1896 will be firmly, and, we trust, for good and all, enacted in the statutes. So far as revenues and expenditures are concerned, we are told in the message that while the deficiency at the end of the fiscal year 1899 was $89,111,559, the surplus, this year, is likely to be $48,000,000. The wonderful prosperity of the country is telling favorably on the resources of the government. How great that prosperity has been is shown to some extent in the message. For the past year our foreign commerce has been the largest of our history. "Our exports for 1899 alone," says the President, "exceeded by more than a billion dollars our exports and imports combined in 1870." For the first time in our history we are selling abroad more manufactured goods than we are buying abroad. No wonder that our revenues are so great when this is the tale of our commercial prosperity!

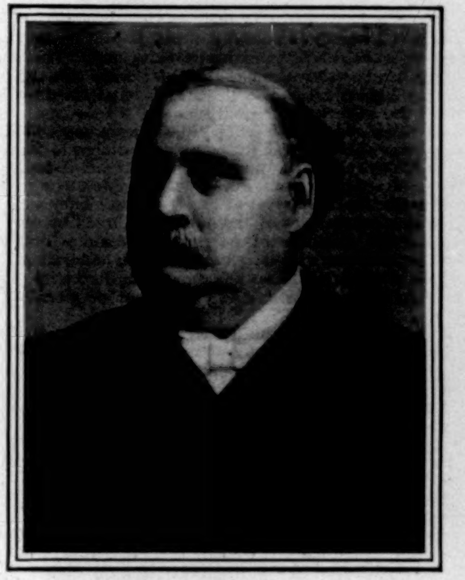
AMONG the pleasant subjects of the message, the success of the Peace Conference at The Hague is chief. In view of the war which is now raging in South Africa between the Boers and one of the principal signatory powers of the treaty of international arbitration, it may seem that an ironical fate has awaited on the conclusions of the labors of the Conference, but this is hardly a fair inference. In the first place, there are certain difficulties of international relations in the way of applying the principle of arbitration to a question between a power that claims suzerainty and the subject or vassal country. In the second place, many years must pass before arbitration will be resorted to in a conflict which does not, at the outset, appeal to the imagination of humanity generally as involving dreadful and far-reaching probabilities. The South-African war is impressive now, but it was not at the outset, for no one in Europe seemed to dream of the character of the fighting which the Boers would make necessary. The treaty proposed remains one of the great achievements of the century, and all good men will unite with the President in the hope that it will be speedily ratified by the Senate.

THE pension list shows a falling off, but the President recommends a change of rule that must add to the cost of the roll. The law gives to widows of soldiers dependent on their labor a pension of $96 a year. The Commissioner of Pensions has held that if a widow enjoys an income, aside from her earnings, of a sum equal to the pension—that is, $96—she is not entitled to the pension. This seems to be the meaning of the law. Congress intended to give to a working soldier's widow $96 a year in addition to her wages or earnings. If she already has that income, she is not entitled to the pension. To grant her one would be to discriminate against widows who have nothing but what they earn. But the President, at the request of the Grand Army of the Republic, recommends that it be made the law that a widow enjoying an income not in excess of $250 shall be entitled to the pension. This recommendation of further legislation, however, sustains the ruling of Commissioner Evans that the law contemplated an income of $96 or more as a bar to the pension, and there will be little complaint, we fancy, to the proposed change and the increase that it will make in pensions.

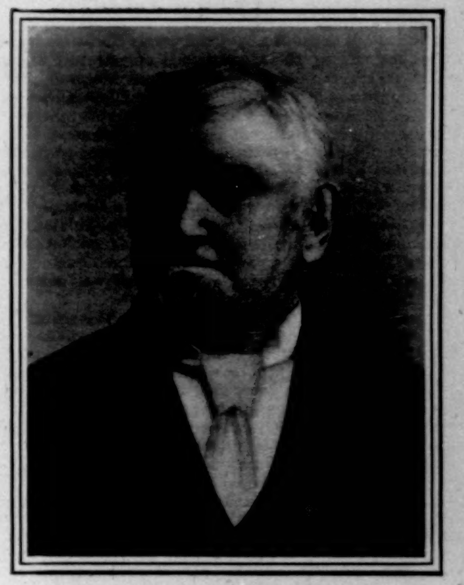
ON another page of this issue of Harper's Weekly will be found an article by Mr. Brigham Young, whose name sufficiently indicates his prominence and authority in the Mormon Church on a subject which is now agitating the House of Representatives in connection with the question of the right of Mr. Roberts, the Representative from Utah, to the seat to which he has been chosen. There is no doubt, as we understand the matter, that the Mormon Church has abandoned the practice of polygamous marriages, but that the Mormons who, like Mr. Roberts, had already plural wives in 1890, at the time of President Woodruff's manifesto, continue to live in the polygamous relations then established is clear. The question as to whether Congress will consider such a continuation of polygamous relations as venial, and as offering no bar to the seating of a duly elected Representative, is now on trial, and we have no desire to anticipate the decision. At the moment of writing it is quite clear that the Representatives at Washington are fully alive to their responsibilities, and are not likely to close their eyes to the unquestioned wishes of the American people. Mr. Young's statement, however, is of value, and we are sure that the light it offers on the Mormon view of the controversy will be welcomed by the readers of the Weekly.



LORENZO SNOW,
President of the Mormon Church.



BRIGHAM YOUNG.



WILFORD WOODRUFF,
Late President of the Mormon Church.

SHALL THE MORMON QUESTION BE REVIVED?

BY BRIGHAM YOUNG

ATTEMPTS are being made to revive the Mormon question. The bulk of the people of the country are not correctly informed upon the subject. Where genuine information exists there is little or no disposition to engage in a crusade against the Mormons. They have had a checkered history from the inception of their community, in 1830, but in order to understand their present status it is only necessary to deal with their career of later years.

From a period dating back to a time shortly subsequent to the founding of the Mormon Church its adherents believed in, and a limited number of them—estimated at not more than two per cent.—practised, patriarchal (or plural) marriage, believing it to be a divine institution. In 1862 an anti-polygamy law was passed by Congress. It provided penalties for the punishment of men who married women while they had legal wives living and undivorced. This statute remained practically a dead letter upon the books.

In 1881–2 the subject was revived, and on January 16 of the latter year what is known as the Edmunds law was passed. This was followed later by the Edmunds-Tucker act. The two statutes combined provided for the punishment of those who committed the offence of polygamy by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, or imprisonment for not more than five years, or both such fine and imprisonment. The offence of unlawful cohabitation was included in this measure. This was not aimed at the act of plural marriage, but the living of husbands with their plural wives. Infractions were made punishable by a fine of not more than three hundred dollars and costs, or imprisonment for not more than six months, or both fine and imprisonment. Under these measures polygamists were disfranchised, the Church was disincorporated, and its property, with certain exemptions, was escheated to the United States.

The crusade opened with the arrest of Rudger Clawson, in April, 1884, and was conducted with extreme rigor for nearly six years. In almost every case the full penalty of the law was inflicted, the exceptions being where the accused promised to obey the law "as construed by the courts."

To most people the making of such a promise would seem a very simple matter, easy to be complied with. It was, however, an exceedingly difficult and apparently impossible condition for most of the accused to engage to conform to, for several reasons. They conscientiously thought that some of the constructions of the courts were not only strained, but extra-judicial, which conviction was subsequently verified by decisions of the United States Supreme Court. They likewise took the ground that they could not consistently enter into such a contract in opposition to an institution they deemed divine, until the Lord should justify them in so doing and the Supreme Court rendered a final decision as to the constitutionality of the laws under which they were prosecuted.

Another formidable obstacle that stood in the way of making the promise of obedience was that it practically involved the casting aside of wives, with whom, in the minds of the husbands, a sacred contract, which could not be honorably disregarded, had been entered upon. The required pledge likewise meant the casting of a blight upon children born under that contract. Numbers of those men who preferred fine and imprisonment, involving association with some of the vilest criminals on the earth, would also have suffered themselves to be shot to death rather than have secured freedom at such a price.

While the judiciary pursued their purpose (the suppression of polygamy) with unrelenting determination, they inadvertently paid a tribute to the integrity of the genuine Mormon character by offering comparative and, in numbers of cases, entire immunity from punishment on the basis of a personal promise. Had the accused been criminals in the ordinary sense, they would have promised anything in order to escape the lash of the law. If the judiciary had not believed that such a personal obligation as the one asked for would have been sacredly kept, they would not have made the tempting offer.

For several years a reign of terror prevailed—families were temporarily disrupted; men who stood well in the community were herded into the penitentiary by scores, the aggregate being between eight hundred and nine hundred. Among the extraordinary rulings of the judiciary was the segregation of the offence of unlawful cohabitation. In this way it was made possible, by a minute divisional process theretofore unknown to civilized jurisprudence, to imprison a person accused of unlawful cohabitation for a term that might cover the period of his natural life, and place him under a fine that a millionaire would be unable to reach. A number of men accused of this offence were subjected to this species of treatment. In their cases the penalty was applied in each of several counts for the same offence. Many were driven into exile, numbers of women and children became broken down in health from nervous prostration, while others died from the same cause.

After repeated efforts to get the whole question before the court of last resort and obtain a decision that would cover the whole ground from that august body, the end of legal controversy was in that way finally reached. The Supreme Court of the United States held that the laws in question were constitutional, and the situation assumed a new aspect.

The late President Wilford Woodruff, at that time the head of the Mormon Church, issued a manifesto to the effect that in the future no plural marriages should be performed. The law of the Church provides that the president of the Church is the only individual who has power to authorize any other person than himself to perform any such marriage, and any person that he might delegate has no right to authorize another to act in that capacity; consequently the key to the situation was in his hands. At the general conference of the Church, held on October 4, 1890, the manifesto was placed before the general assembly, at which the whole communion was represented. It was there and then ratified by unanimous vote, and thus became a law binding upon every member of the Church throughout the world.

That obligation has been scrupulously kept. President Woodruff had the love and confidence of his people, and the respect of the whole community, without regard to religious or other differences of opinion. While a man of wide experience, he was probably as incapable of deceit as any man that ever lived. At his death, at the age of nearly ninety-two years, all classes of the people testified their respect to his memory. No one acquainted with him could believe that he would act otherwise than in good faith, especially in a matter of such magnitude and importance as the one under consideration.

After the manifesto came the initial step in the magnanimous policy of the general government—the issuance of the amnesty proclamation by President Cleveland, followed by another of the same character by President Harrison. Those executive acts of clemency wiped out all past offences on condition of a future compliance with the law.

Why, then, the present agitation on the subject? In attempting to answer this interrogatory it is proper to state that the source of the disturbance is local, with headquarters at Salt Lake City. Its active agents are clergymen and politicians. When any body of men enter upon such an undertaking it is natural for the onlooker to cast about for a motive. In this connection it is proper to say that the Mormon Church is one of the most compact organizations in existence. In this respect it is a marvel to all intelligent people who have studied it. Its members are honest, clear-headed, courageous, and industrious. The evidences of these traits are so conspicuous that a wayfaring man may run and read. Their missionaries, mostly young men able to endure the hardships incident to travelling over various parts of the world under adverse circumstances, preach without salary. Many of them attend to this labor without purse or script. About 1800 of them are thus engaged in various nations at the present time. They meet with phenomenal success.

This method of conducting evangelical work involves constant self-sacrifice, and is a standing reproach to men of other denominations, who have good salaries and an abundance of the comforts of life while attending to their clerical duties.

Ministers of the denominations meet with meagre success among the Mormons, of whom it has been truly said, "Once a Mormon, always a Mormon." The latter claim that they have all that is good in any other religion, and a great deal more besides. Hence a number of clergymen are anxious to see the Mormon Church broken up; for this cause they are hail-fellow-well-met with designing politicians who desire to have a certain class of Mormons disfranchised.

It is only just to say, however, that there are numbers of ministers who refrain from participation in this questionable method of "saving souls," while others merely fall in with it half-heartedly, to protect themselves from being ostracized by their less scrupulous brethren.

The political wing of the agitation is worked by a combination which aims at the control of some of the leading municipal corporations of the State. This object is perfectly clear to all intelligent people who live in this part of the country. The clerical agitators, backed by the political wing of the conspiracy, have sent out emissaries to arouse an anti-Mormon sentiment. Laying aside the book containing what they claim to have accepted as divine teaching, they go from city to city verifying the words of the poet Burns:

> Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd
> In holy rapture,
> A rousing whid, at times to vend,
> And nail 't wi' Scripture.

They assert that plural marriages have been as numerous as before the issuance and communal ratification of the manifesto, notwithstanding that President Lorenzo Snow, successor to the late President Woodruff, recently published, at the request of a leading Eastern journal, a direct statement on this subject. The following is an excerpt:

> In answer to your inquiries, I declare most solemnly and emphatically that the statements which are being published to the effect that the Mormon Church is encouraging and teaching polygamy are utterly untrue. Ever since the issuance of the manifesto on this subject by President Wilford Woodruff, my predecessor in office, polygamous or plural marriages have entirely ceased in Utah. Since my accession to the presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints I have repeatedly asserted my intention to stand by that manifesto, and my determination not to permit any marriage to take place under the sanction of the Church which is contrary to the law of the State, and I now reaffirm that statement. Holding the keys of this authority in the Church over which I am called to preside, no such ceremony can be performed and recognized without my consent. I wish this to be clearly understood. I make this declaration unequivocally and without any mental reservation. Polygamous marriages in the Mormon Church have entirely ceased. The implied understanding with the nation when Utah entered the Union as a State has been sacredly observed. There is no intention or disposition on the part of the Church to violate or depart from it in the future.

President Snow is in his eighty-sixth year, enjoys excellent health, and is possessed of a clear and vigorous mind. He is a cultured gentleman in the true sense of the term, and when his word is given on any subject there is no question as to its fulfilment.

Of late there have been two prosecutions, incited by the anti-Mormon agitators, for unlawful cohabitation. One was that of Angus M. Cannon, president of the Salt Lake Stake, and the other that of Heber J. Grant, one of the apostles of the Church. They are not cases of polygamy; these gentlemen were charged with living with the wives married by them before the issuance of the manifesto. Neither of them makes any denial of the charge. Yet these cases have been blazoned abroad as instances of bad faith. The manifesto did not require that men should dishonor their wives and children by casting them adrift. No such inhuman crime ought to be committed. Such as would do it could only be regarded as unworthy the name of man. If the great-hearted American public were correctly informed on this subject, and it were asked whether an act so monstrous should be required, there would be sounded a negative that would only be comparable to a peal of national thunder.

Our answer to the religio-political assertion that polygamous marriages are numerous or occur at all exists in the fact that, in searching for cases to prosecute, the pursuers of the Mormons were compelled to have recourse to such cases as antedated the manifesto.

Much fuss and fury has been raised over the election of B. H. Roberts to Congress, because of his being a polygamist. It has been unblushingly asserted that he was a candidate of the Church for that position. The fact is that the Church is not in politics, but the pious clerical gentlemen who are raising this disturbance are steeped in it. They are seeking to have a class of the Mormon people placed under political disability. The Church had no candidate. Mr. Roberts was nominated by a Democratic convention composed of Mormons and non-Mormons. The figures from the election returns are before me. They exhibit the fact that Mr. Roberts owed his election to the non-Mormon portion of the community. They show that he received by far his largest majorities in those towns and counties which were the most heavily populated by non-Mormons, Park City being the only exception. In some localities where the population is almost exclusively Mormon, Eldredge carried the day. This was notably the case in the county of Sanpete.

The question raised in this connection by the agitators is simply this, and nothing more. Since the issuance of the manifesto an estoppel has been placed upon plural marriages. Mr. Roberts has been duly elected to represent Utah in the House of Representatives. In order for him to take his seat, shall Congress, by an adverse decision, require him to cast adrift the wives he married before the manifesto, and thus degrade his family? No matter how the subject may be twisted, this is the essence of the situation. If such an alternative were offered the gentleman, there could be no doubt about his choice being such as to uphold his own honor and that of his family.

The present persecutive crusade is no exception to the axiomatic rule from a moral stand-point, "The persecuted may possibly be in the wrong, but the persecutors are never right." Since the establishment of the law of the Church to abolish plural marriages there has been a period of peace on the Mormon question. Assaults of murderous mobs upon the elders and members of the Church in the Southern States had become incidents of the past. Since the opening of the existing religio-political campaign, conducted by the use of misrepresentation as ammunition, these onslaughts upon innocent people have been renewed. It is only a short time since that an armed mob with masked faces invaded the home of a worthy family in search of two elders whom they evidently intended to murder. The mistress of the house recognized one of the mobbers, called him by name, and upbraided him. He immediately said, "Shoot that woman." The command was obeyed, and the shot tore away a part of one side of the face of the innocent victim.

Still more recently, in Tennessee, a similar mob of about one hundred violently broke up a religious meeting. As two of the elders were retiring from the scene of the disturbance they were fired upon from an ambush. The bullet missed its intended mark, and struck and severely wounded a little girl. The man who did the deed was informed by one of his neighbors that he had killed the child, whereupon he committed suicide.

Such barbarous work is a result of the agitation which has its headquarters in Utah. The initial disturbers make a misuse of brain, tongue, and pen in inciting the population to antipathy against the Mormons. The more brutal class of their imitators resort to masked faces and murderous weapons. The inciters have masks of another character—sham sanctity made from flimsy material. That the moral responsibility for the murderous onslaughts adhere to them is so clear that the facts need not be stated.

It is urged by the promoters of this unchristianlike pursuit of a worthy community, through their agents, that their object is simply to extirpate polygamy. This subterfuge can be safely denied. On the clerical side the object is religious ascendency, sought to be attained by enlisting the government to aid them in the scheme. On the political side it is local political supremacy. With both wings the procurement of an amendment to the national Constitution, for purposes of disfranchisement, is the weapon they desire the American people to forge for their use in the attainment of their objects. They seek to throw dust in the eyes of the populace abroad by asserting that the existence of polygamous families of long standing, the overwhelming bulk of them antedating the passage of either of the laws under which they were prosecuted, tends to perpetuate the institution of plural marriage.

This is self-evidently untrue. No other process than the multiplication of plural marriages can possibly perpetuate the system. The permanent stoppage of such marriages is just as sure to wipe out the institution as it is true that if man were to cease multiplying his species he would inevitably become extinct. It is just as certain, also, that the two per cent. of adults of the Mormon community who are in the polygamous relation will gradually disappear from the mortal stage. Then what would the anti-Mormon Christian philanthropists do for another great moral question, and for unfortunate victims? What, then, would those poor patriots do, who are so fond of freedom that the word is ever on their lips, if they could not expend their energies in hunting for an opportunity to squat upon the rights of their neighbors?

In an hour of national peril Utah responded with alacrity to the call for her sons to defend the interests of the republic. Some of those who stepped forward were not called to confront the enemy in battle, but they were ready and willing at any moment. Those who did, have made as brilliant a record as any soldiers who took the field. The Utah batteries were, so to speak, the idols of the other troops who fought side by side with them in the Philippines. For daring, resolution, intrepidity, and effective work they had no superiors. They were among those who were recently announced, at Pittsburg by President McKinley, as having been placed upon the roll of honor. When the batteries were thus named the brave fellows of the Tenth Pennsylvania went fairly wild with enthusiasm. They and the batteries had fought together under the flag which is sacred to every true American. As often as they did the enemy was vanquished.

The batteries were composed of a splendid array of young stalwarts, of which Utah has a plentiful supply. The great majority of them were Mormons, and numbers of them the sons of polygamous parents. Surely the American people will not cast a shadow upon men to whom the Chief Executive of the nation says the country owes a debt of gratitude.

The real definition of the matter is not that the Mormons have acted in bad faith with the nation, but that a combination of religio-political schemers is playing upon the credulity of the people in the hope of inducing the nation to break faith with the Mormons. There is no Mormon question. There is simply an unwarrantable attempt to resurrect an old issue that died and was buried in 1890.

The Pilgrimage of 1900

IN the heart of Paris the magicians of art and science are engaged in the greatest competition of the nineteenth century. Already the fruits of their labor are attracting the attention of the civilized world. The stately and graceful outlines of the Exposition buildings begin to take form and proportion, and rising out of the clinging net-work of scaffolding, command the admiration and interest of the thousands who are watching their evolution. The art of imitation has kept pace with the dignity of the real and the white "staff" buildings, the marvellous triumphs of statuary, the tall mosques and minarets, faithful in their imitative power, and the graceful lines of arch and pillar outshine in brilliancy of conception the stately beauty of the Invalides, the tomb of Napoleon, and the granite heroics of the Place de la Concorde.

The builders of the Paris Exposition have chosen many existing and natural advantages. In the heart of the city, encompassing a mile of the beautiful Seine, swallowing up the Champs de Mars and appropriating the famous Élysées, the setting is worthy of matchless results.

The Exposition materially differs from the World's Fair. The exhibits will be arranged in groups, according to their classification, rather than in distinct national or local displays. The only distinctive American structure will be the United States building, facing the Seine in the foreign section, near the Bridge of the Invalides. The building will not be given over to purposes of exhibition, but will be utilized as a trysting-place and club for American visitors as well as the official headquarters of the United States commissioners.

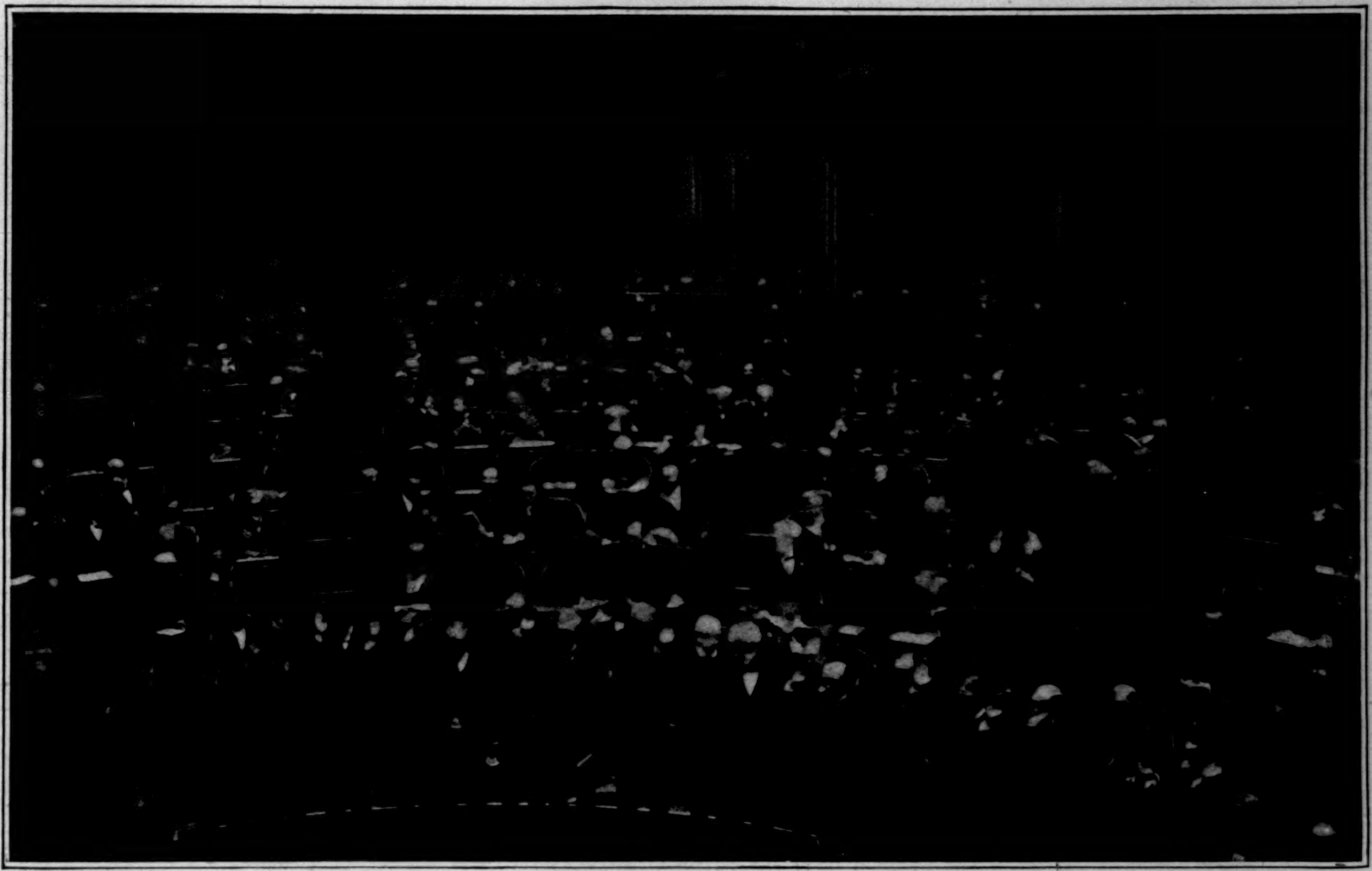
Just off the Champs Élysées, to the left of the grand entrance, is nearing completion the palace known as the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts. It is a splendid permanent structure of white granite. Its entire accommodations will be devoted to the entertainment of foreign notables. How extensive and lavish will be France's hospitality may be judged somewhat from the appropriations asked of Parliament for this purpose. The President of the republic will receive 500,000 francs to defray the expenses of receptions to be given to "personages of high standing and note," while to be divided among the ministers of the cabinet 1,000,000 francs will be set aside.

It is perhaps premature to draw comparisons, but the magnificent architectural conceptions of the Paris Exposition, the masterpieces in sculpture and modelling, the vast buildings for mechanical displays, and the brilliant beauty of the transformed and illumined Seine, will not in all their grandeur eclipse the matchless glory of the "Dream City." Visitors to the Exposition of 1900 must look for a treat differing from the World's Fair. Paris, with her abundance of beautiful parks, her wealth of historic associations, her Garden of the Tuileries, her Bois de Boulogne, her matchless museums, unrivalled art-galleries, famous churches, ancient palaces, and Versailles thirty-five minutes away, will afford a rich and appropriate environment for the artistic and architectural triumphs crowning the Champs de Mars, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Champs Élysées, and the banks of the picturesque Seine.

EDWIN WILDMAN.

SIR REDVERS BULLER REVIEWING TROOPS AT CAPE TOWN BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



SWEARING IN THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

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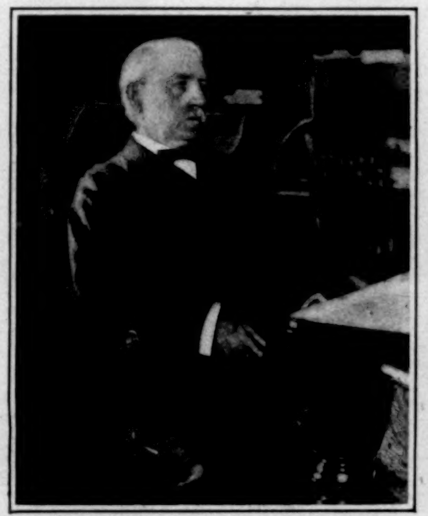
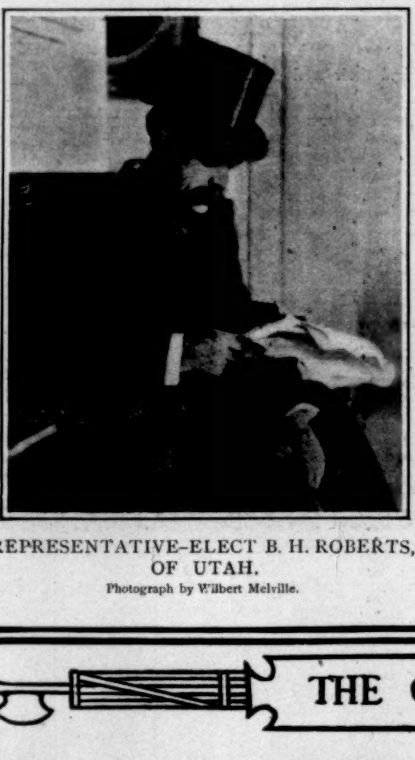


SENATOR FRYE IN HIS COMMITTEE-ROOM.

Photograph by Wilbert Melville.



REPRESENTATIVE-ELECT B. H. ROBERTS, OF UTAH.

Photograph by Wilbert Melville.

SECRETARY-OF-STATE HAY COMING TO A CABINET MEETING WITH HIS SON.

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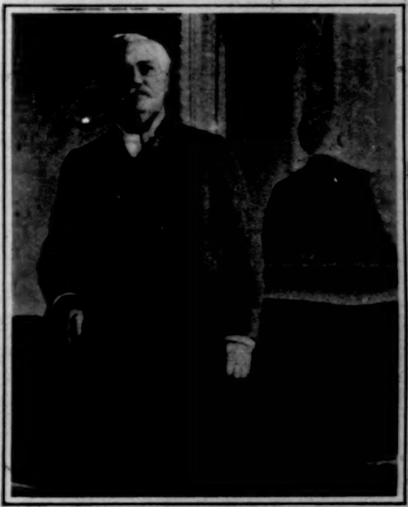

SPEAKER HENDERSON IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE.

Photograph by Wilbert Melville.

REPRESENTATIVE J. D. RICHARDSON, OF TENNESSEE.

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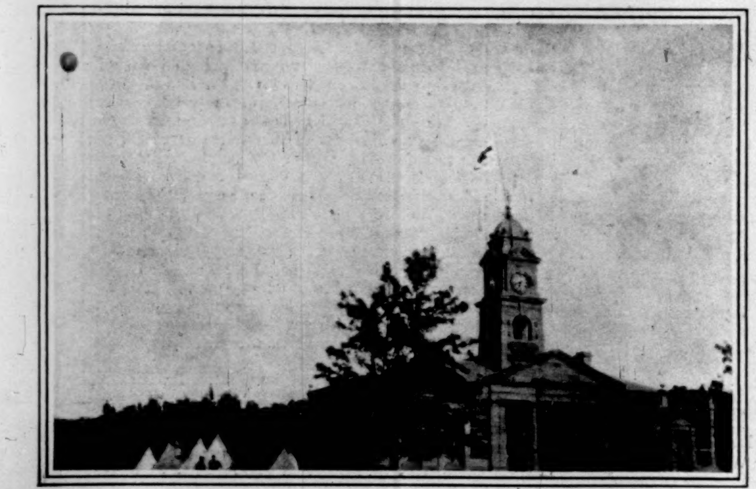
THE OPENING OF THE 56TH CONGRESS

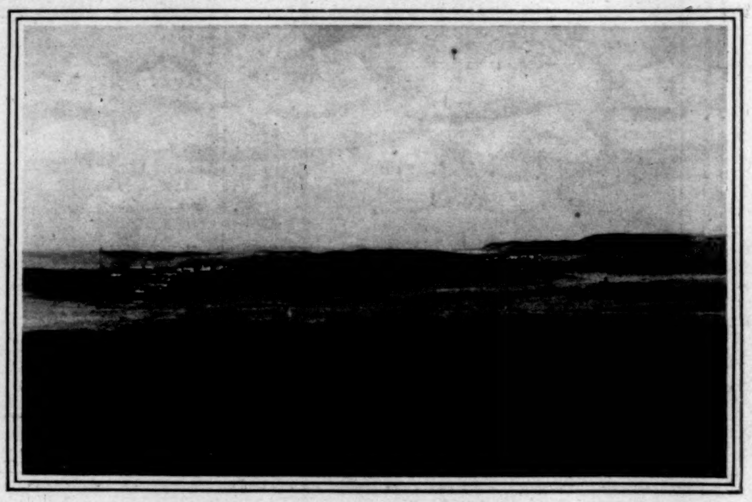
CUTTING OFF THE BOERS' RETREAT.
British Infantry using a Maxim Gun on a Ridge about 1000 Yards from the Enemy's Position.

PICKING UP THE DEAD AND WOUNDED NEAR THE GUNS—THE BATTLE STILL IN PROGRESS.

ARRIVAL IN LADYSMITH OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE FROM H. M. S. "POWERFUL."
The Marines, with their Artillery, reached the City in the Morning, and in less than Two Hours had their Artillery in Position.



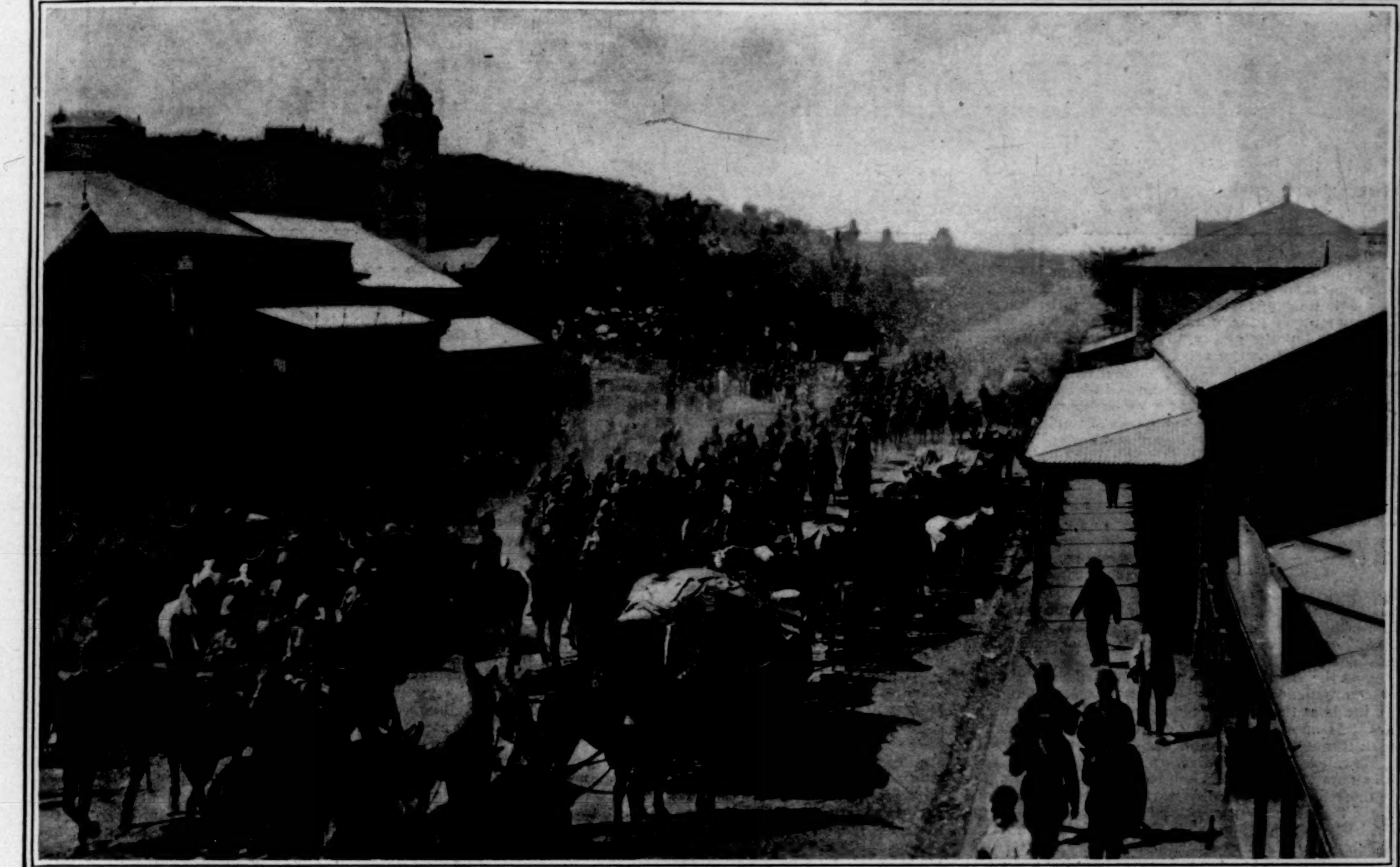
TOWN-HALL AT LADYSMITH.
Used as a Hospital. Military Observation Balloon floating Above.



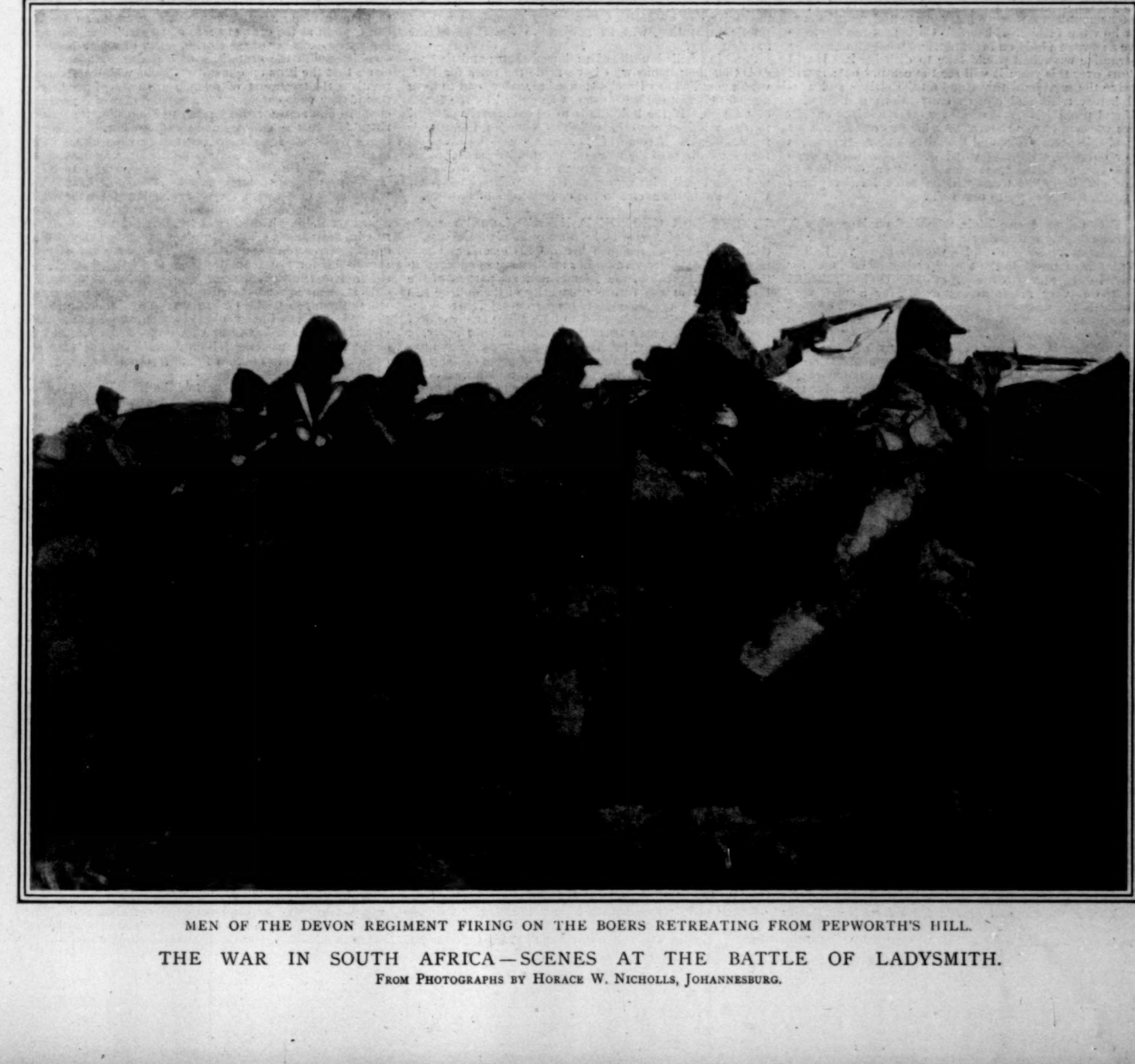
THE TOWN OF LADYSMITH.
View taken from a Point half-way between the Boer Position and the Town.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—SCENES IN AND ABOUT LADYSMITH.

From Photographs by Horace W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.



TROOPS RETURNING INTO LADYSMITH AFTER THE FIGHT.
The String of Mules and Wagons, with Necessaries for a Three Days' Battle, awaited Orders in the Street for about Twelve Hours, but went back to Camp on the Return of the Troops.



MEN OF THE DEVON REGIMENT FIRING ON THE BOERS RETREATING FROM PEPWORTH'S HILL.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—SCENES AT THE BATTLE OF LADYSMITH.

From Photographs by Horace W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.

This Busy World

by E. S. Martin

It is an old story that the Christmas thoughts of the young turn to what they are going to get, while the meditations of their elders are concerned with how they are going to get it. All that sounds somewhat sordid; but the reality, thank Heaven, is not nearly so sordid as the echo. The very children, who have the grace to be delighted without effort with what they receive, are vastly interested, too, in what they give. It is very much the fashion to say we have spoiled Christmas by lending it overmuch to the uses of traffic, but then it is very much the fashion to construct sweeping statements upon inadequate bases of truth. We haven't spoiled Christmas yet. It is doing pretty well, and is likely to be as fully appreciated and honored and improved this year as it was when Scott and Dickens were alive, or when Irving was telling inimitably how Christmas-keepers made sport for themselves in England. Christmas keeps remarkably well. The practical anxieties about it that we find most commonly expressed are not that it will lose its vogue, or that the Higher Criticism, or trusts, or any other bogie will upset it, but that there won't be presents and turkeys enough to go around, and that our forests cannot long survive the enormous demands upon them for Christmas trees.

Across the street, as these words marshal themselves in rows convenient to the printer, is a five-story building, with heads at this present moment out of two open windows. At another window a child stands, visible at full length through the glass, and watches the trains pass on the Elevated Railroad. Every minute or two a woman with an apron on and arms half bare comes and stands beside the child, and doubtless warns her not to break the glass. Then she goes away, and then in a moment the child beckons to her to come back, and, oddly enough, the child and the woman cannot stand together more than a minute or two without the woman kissing the child and the child putting her arms around the woman's neck. Hold on!—there are two women—yes, there's a third—and they seem to come in turn to hug that child! What a deplorable child to hinder work so in a family, and how she wastes those women's time, and my time when I should be writing, and yours as you read! And yet the deplorably cheerful and obstructive child in the tenement-house window helps one to understand somehow how the fashion of keeping Christmas has come to have so strong a hold on mankind, and what an unusually destructive wrench it would take to dislodge it. It will last us over this year; it will see the century out; it will survive the next hard times, and all the strikes and wars and heresy trials and church conventions and Sunday golf and prohibition, and whatever other anxious experiences we may have in store. As long as children know a good thing when they find it, and as long as grown-ups know children, Christmas will last. When there are no more children in the earth we shall have a Christmas to spare, and doubtless there will be some luckier planet then that will be eager to borrow it.

THE late John Inslee Blair, who died on December 2, was a highly interesting and satisfactory example of the American millionaire. He worked hard, yet he did not sacrifice himself to the sacred claims of business, for he lived to be ninety-seven years old. He had fun, and that too is very much to his credit, for a man who substitutes the pursuit of money for the pursuit of happiness undoubtedly makes a mistake. Mr. Blair seems never to have done that. He enjoyed making money, accumulating it, spending it, and giving it away, and in all these operations he used excellent judgment. He got together a great deal of money—the papers say from fifty to seventy millions—and got it all lawfully, under the rules, by making bad properties good and good properties better. Beginning by selling muskrat-skins, he became a country storekeeper, and from that gradually progressed into the railroad-building business. He built in his day nearly thirty railroads, most of them with his own money. In many cases he got part of his pay in land grants, and he must have owned enormous extents of land. He was Scotch, by descent from John Blair, a clergyman, who came from Scotland to New Jersey in 1720, and was one of the founders of Princeton College, and a professor in its first faculty. Mr. Blair, great-grandson of the professor, was not a Princeton graduate himself, but became a trustee of the college, and gave it Blair Hall, and a good deal of money besides. He said once, at an alumni dinner, after one of his numerous gifts to the college, that he went to school to learn addition, and had come to Princeton to perfect himself in subtraction. He gave freely to other colleges besides Princeton, and to other institutions besides colleges, especially such as were connected with the Presbyterian Church, so that, although his talent as a collector was more notable than as a distributer, he was able to detach himself, first and last, from very considerable sums of money. As a human creature, Mr. Blair, with his shrewdness, humor, and physical and mental sturdiness, is a very pleasant object for the mind to dwell upon. We all like success and strength, and there was a homely strength about him that was full of tonic values. He continued active in business until long after his ninetieth year.

ANOTHER notable old man, who died December 1, was Epes Sargeant Dixwell, of Cambridge. He was ninety-two, and was one of the oldest graduates of Harvard College. He was a school-teacher, and taught the distinguished grandfathers of many persons now living. William M. Evarts was one of his pupils in the English High-School in Boston in the thirties. In 1833 he was admitted to the bar, and practised law for a time, but in 1836 he became head master of the Boston Latin School, and there continued, until in 1851 he established in Boston a school of his own, whereof the fame was very great. That school he conducted for twenty years, retiring in 1871. Among his pupils, between 1836 and 1871, were Bishop Brooks, Professor S. P. Langley, Russell Sturgis, President Eliot, Colonel H. L. Higginson, Senator Lodge, Governor Wolcott, and many other men of note.

It has been stated, though assurance cannot here be given that the statement is true, that Mr. Dixwell was a descendant of Dixwell the regicide, who signed the death-warrant of Charles I., and escaped to America after the Restoration. There were three of them—Dixwell, Whalley, and Goffe—who found a safe refuge in New England.

A READER of the WEEKLY, finding the *Anglo-Saxon Review* described on this page as a "gallus periodical," desires to know what "gallus" means. The Century Dictionary defines it as "reckless, dashing, showy," and says it is also spelled "gallows." A great many years ago there was a prevalent song about a certain George Henry, of whom it was told,

> He was a gallus boy, boys, and he was mighty fine,
> And he used to drive a mule team on the Denver City line.

There is, as appears in this quotation, a suggestion of sportiveness and decorative value in "gallus" which no seemlier word seems quite to convey. If we should speak of District-Attorney Asa Bird Gardiner of New York as a gallus jurist, it would probably be a justifiable and appropriate use of the word.

A good many slang words are effective, and convey valuable shades of significance to minds that are familiar with them. The trouble with them is that too many readers don't know them, and feel, justly, that they ought not to be expected to know them. That is where the fully authorized and accredited dictionary words have the advantage.

CAMBRIDGE being a no-license town, the newly projected Harvard University Club will have to get along without stimulants. It is supposed that the smaller clubs at Harvard, being of a private and domestic nature, are not compelled to subject themselves to this deprivation; but the new club, being controlled in a measure by the university authorities, and being essentially a very public institution, will be subject to the rules of the municipality.

Smoking will doubtless be allowed there; and that recalls that the persons who have made the rules for Harvard's new Phillips Brooks House are understood to have agreed that that edifice must not be defiled by the fumes of tobacco. If the building is to be exclusively devoted to the religious uses of religious societies the rule is reasonable, but if some of its rooms are to be available for the meetings of the more serious-minded secular societies, it will seem inexpediently stringent. The irreverent will even recall with gayety that Bishop Brooks himself was by no means averse to the consolations of tobacco.

PROFESSOR GEORGE D. HERRON, until recently Professor of Applied Christianity in Iowa College, at Grinnell, Iowa, has resigned because his teachings about the rights of property and other matters are so opposed to the views of many of the friends and supporters of the institution that the future prosperity of the college has been seriously prejudiced on his account. His resignation, which has been accepted to take place at the end of the college year, was accompanied by a long letter, in which, strange to say, he gives a most interesting and unexpected example of the application of some of the principles he has taught. He makes no complaint, casts no injurious reflections. The spirit of his whole letter is one of gratitude to the authorities of the college for the support they have given him, and of toleration for the opinions of those persons who have thought his teachings to be mischievous. As to his beliefs and opinions he says:

> It is true that the doctrines of property which I hold are subversive of the existing industrial and political order. I do believe that our system of private ownership of natural resources is a crime against God and man and nature. ... The common and equal right of all men to the earth and its resources I expect always to teach, but I recognize that the constituency of this college is sincere in believing such teaching to be dangerous and untrue. I recognize fully the right of men to support only such freedom as they sincerely believe in, and I am unwilling to force them to even seem to support such freedom and teaching as they do not believe in.

The professorship which Professor Herron held was endowed expressly for him by a woman—Mrs. Rand—who gave $35,000 for the purpose. Far from desiring that this endowment should be given back, or that the conditions of it should continue to vex the college, Professor Herron has arranged with Mrs. Rand so to change the terms of the endowment that the money may be turned over to the uses of the college without conditions. After seven years of experience in teaching his notions of applied Christianity in Grinnell, he says:

> I question whether an existing college or university is any place for the sort of work I am trying to do. I do not know that a present-day educational institution can rightly make place for the mere apostle of an ideal, whether he be right or wrong.... As college education is now organized, I question any man's right to teach that which the college constituency does not want. He may as an individual teach the people who care to hear him, but not as a member of an educational institution which he does not represent. In any case, I am as sure of the right of men of wealth, and of conservative political and religious opinions, not to want me here, as I am of my own right to want to stay.

It would be hard to take a more disinterested view than that. Moreover, it is the right view. Professor Herron is right in resigning his professorship and relieving Iowa College of its responsibility for his teaching. A college is not the place for the promulgation of such views as he holds. A man who sets himself against the fundamental theories on which contemporary society rests ought to make his fight on his own hook, and carefully avoid making others incur such hardships or inconveniences as may be incident to his teachings. He has the satisfaction of freeing his mind, and that is often worth all that it costs. But that those who do not share that satisfaction should share the cost is not fair. Professor Herron has done right to resign, but the way he has done it is more than merely right. That is highly admirable, and must make his character respected even by those to whom his opinions seem pernicious.

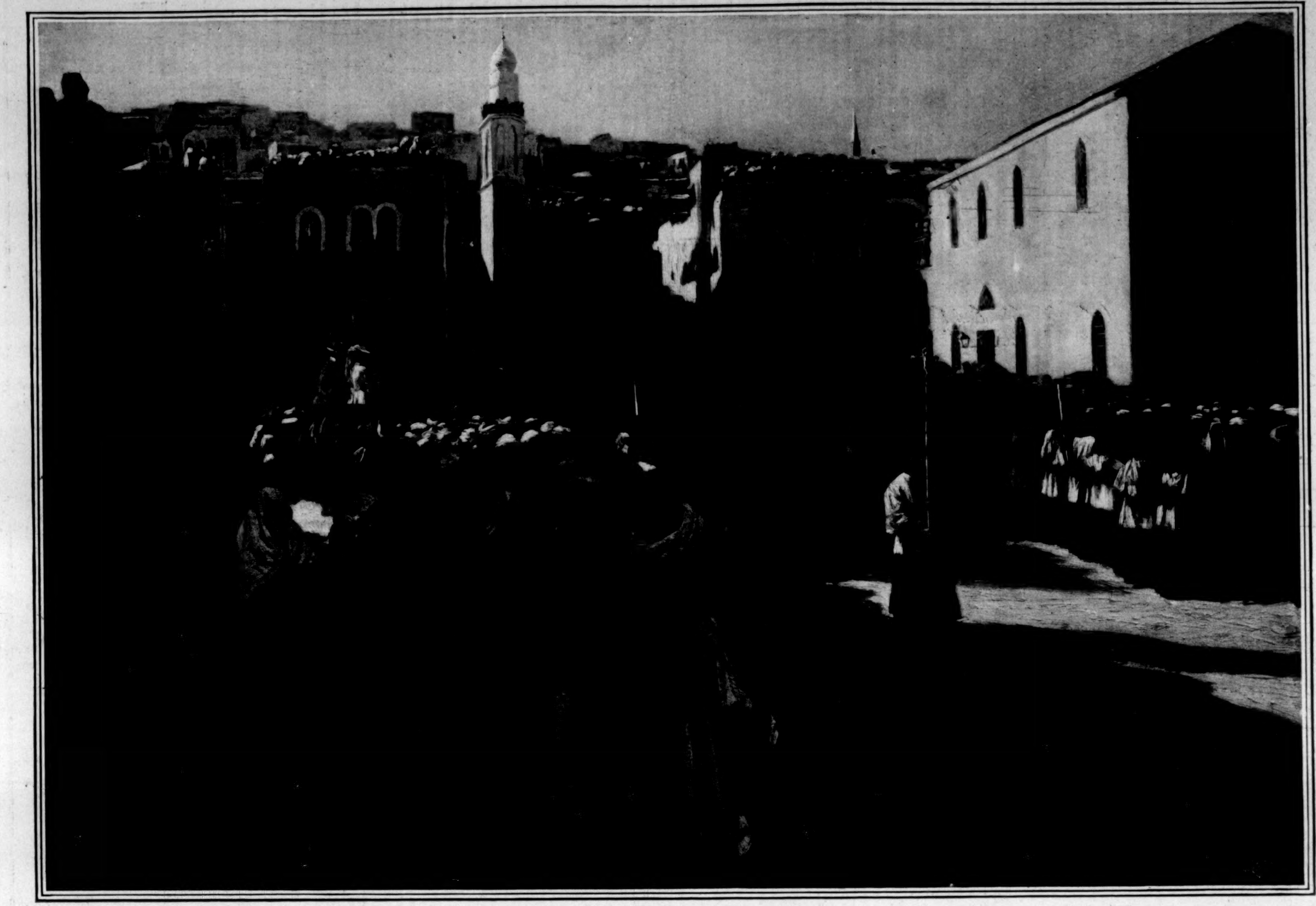
IN the WEEKLY for November 4 allusion was made to certain utterances attributed to Dr. George Adam Smith, of the Free Church College of Glasgow, which represented him as saying that in the State of Kentucky Calvinism had degenerated into an ignorant fatalism, with disastrous effects on conduct. As Dr. Smith was quoted in the newspapers, his remarks seemed to apply to the whole of Kentucky. He writes, however, to say that what he said concerned only "a few of the mountain people"—the same, doubtless, with whose feuds and shotgun civilization we are all familiar. As to the mountaineers in one or two Kentucky counties, all that he has said is undoubtedly true. The reasons for the backwardness of these people—isolation and moonshine whiskey—are well understood. The stock is good, but the environment for a century has been disadvantageous. Railroads, factories, schools, missionaries, and the general development of the country are already reaching and modifying the mountaineers, and it is likely that in the course of one or two more generations they will catch up with their brethren. It is regretted that the WEEKLY should have seemed to misrepresent Dr. Smith's impressions.

BELIEVERS in American civilization and American kindness are invited to consider the charge repeatedly made, and supported by a good deal of convincing evidence, that the captains and mates of American merchant-ships rank very nearly at the top in brutality to sailors. The New York *Evening Post* says that "inquiries made in New York lead to the conclusion that the reputation of American ships among sailors of all nationalities is so bad that men cannot be found to ship willingly with an American captain at the ordinary rate of wages." Mr. Morgan Robertson, a writer of sea-stories, many of which have to do chiefly with the brutalities of captains and mates, declares that the laws on our statute-books which assume to regulate the treatment of seamen are not enforced, and that if they were enforced "a large majority of American captains and mates would be sent to the penitentiary, and not a few to the gallows and electric chair." It is extremely difficult for seamen, no matter what abuse they have suffered, to get justice done them as against their officers. The captain of the *T. F. Oakes* came into New York from Hong-kong harbor in March, 1897, with his whole crew down with the scurvy. Six of his men had died. He ran short of provisions, and would not go into a port for more. The story had the traditional nine days' run in the papers. The captain was tried, and unusual efforts were made to punish him. They were imperfectly successful, for the scoundrel was acquitted, and all he suffered was inconvenience. The punishment of brutal officers seems never to be adequate even in the rare cases where there is a trial. Ordinary seafaring is doubtless a pretty bad job, and one avoided by men who can take care of themselves and have any choice of occupation, but it ought not to be a worse job on American ships than on others. We seem to need a Plimsoll somewhere.

THE fifty-sixth annual report of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor tells an interesting and gratifying story of the year's work of the association in its various departments. The department of relief aided 28,020 persons, at a cost of $27,000; the People's Baths at 9 Centre Market Place report 120,347 baths taken, and a balance over operating expenses for the first time; Hartley House, for children and young people, reports 60,050 attendances; the Cooper Union Labor Bureau found places thought to be permanent for 443 men and boys; the Fresh Air work, too, was exceptionally successful. The association asks for $60,000 for its relief and educational work during the coming year. Checks should be sent to Mr. Robert Shaw Minturn, 105 East Twenty-second Street.

THE question of Sunday golf is still being earnestly discussed in various parts of the country, not without some uncertainty as to ultimate decisions. About Boston there is some police interference, and more is threatened. On some noted links, as that of the Morris County (New Jersey) Club, Sunday golf is prohibited by the club. In most places it is tolerated so long as it is not too obstreperous. Some clubs allow golf on Sunday, but prohibit the employment of caddies—a limitation which has some reasonableness about it. The Staten Island Club recently arranged for a Richmond County championship tournament on Sunday, and encountered strong opposition. One of the three clubs interested refused, by vote, to participate, and the sentiment was fairly general that while golf for mere amusement and recreation was permissible on Sunday, the more strenuous exercise which championship competitions necessitate profane the Lord's day. It was objected too, and justly, that many good golfers would be restrained by their scruples from playing in a Sunday championship. The match was held, but it was not a satisfactory competition.

Sunday-keeping is very much a matter of detail, and varies according to circumstances and localities. The questions that arise about it turn, and must turn, nearly as often on considerations of expediency as of religion.



BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

FAMILIAR HAUNTS OF MARK TWAIN

Laura Hawkins
as a girl

THE town of Hannibal, Missouri, has had a number of things to distinguish it during its eighty years of existence: business men are acquainted with it as the one-time centre of the largest lumber trade on the Mississippi River; for lawyers it has furnished some of the most interesting criminal cases on record; the readers of sensational news know it as furnishing many opportunities to the lover of "scare-heads" in journalism; preachers have regarded it for years as a promising field for evangelistic effort; but literary people are interested in it chiefly as the boyhood home of Mark Twain and the scene of his earliest writings.

It has changed much since Tom Sawyer's "gang" made things lively for the sleepy little village of St. Petersburg. The town has reached out until it sweeps around Lover's Leap on one side and straggles up Holiday's Hill on the other. Widened, well-paved streets stretch out to the westward, well set with substantial business houses and modern dwellings. Walking along these streets you meet well-dressed women, brisk men, and decorous-looking children; and there is little to remind you of rollicking, incorrigible Tom and angular old-fashioned "Aunt Polly," who thumped his head and loved him with all the ardor of her warm old heart.

You say, with a sense of disappointment: "It is not what it was. The place has changed, and the people too." But wait a little. Let us walk out Main Street a few squares. You see that hill rising directly before you, with what seems to be the remains of an old quarry on one side and a few clusters of foliage clinging to the other? It requires a small effort of the imagination to clothe it once more with original forest. Obliterate the modern cottages scattered over it, restore the Welchman's cabin, and you have Holiday's Hill much as it was when Huck and Tom clambered over it on their way to the Haunted House to dig for buried treasure.

There to the left is a drug-store. It was a drug-store fifty years ago, with the same name beside the doorway, and the same druggist dispensing pills and powders from behind the same counter. The Hannibal *Weekly Journal*, owned and edited by Orion Clemens, was printed for a while in the rooms over this drug-store; and here, according to the recent statement of Mr. Samuel Moffett, "the thirteen-year-old boy served in all capacities, and, in the occasional absences of his chief, revelled in personal journalism, with original illustrations hacked on wooden blocks with a jackknife, to an extent which riveted the town's attention, 'but not its admiration.'"

Turn into one of the cross-streets and look about you. You are in the Hannibal of fifty years ago, picturesque and unpainted externally, cobwebby and deserted internally. Walk a short distance out Hill Street, and you come to the plain little frame house which was the home of the Clemens family during the greater part of their residence in Hannibal. Immediately in the rear of it, on North Street, is a tumble-down shanty which was the home of Thomas Blankenship, better known to the public as Huckleberry Finn.

One surviving member of this family remains—a sister of the illustrious Huck. She seems, however, to be little impressed with the distinction conferred on the family. When questioned as to the identity of her brother with Mark Twain's hero, she said:

"Yes, I reckon it was him. Sam and our boys run together considerable them days, and I reckon it was Tom or Ben, one; it don't matter which, for both of 'em's dead."

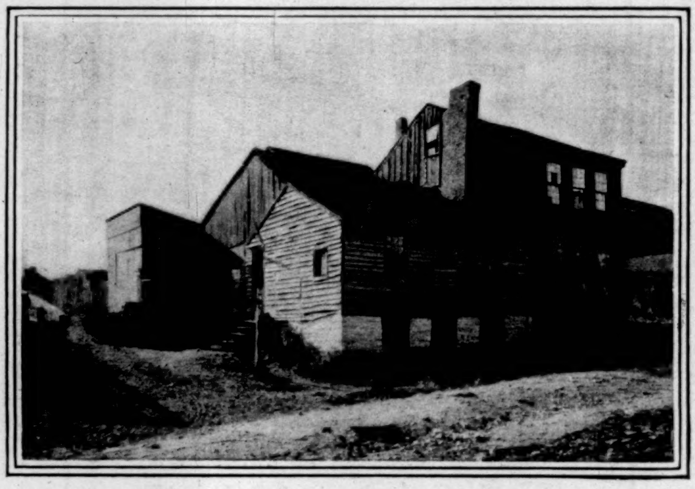
Evidently it was not given to more than one, in those days, to see the possibilities in a character like Huckleberry Finn.

"He was nothing more than a plain reprobate," one of the old "boys" declared. "I knew him, and I could never see anything picturesque about him. The principal exploit of his which I now recall is the fact that he once stole a dearly prized kite of mine. He had been regarding it with envious eyes for days, and at last, when he knew I was not at home, he went around and told my mother that I had sent him for the kite. Of course he got it, and that was the last I ever saw of it; but I had my satisfaction"—with a stern, almost ferocious, expression: "I punched his head!"

Evidently the memory of that theft still rankles, and renders the judge reluctant to acknowledge the fine points in a character like Huckleberry Finn, considered purely from a literary stand-point.

Turning back, you cross Main Street and come to what was once Water Street. You feel yourself miles and miles removed from the busy little city, which is still so close to you that sounds of its cheerful traffic are plainly audible. Not that this is really what it was, but, lying there in its desertion and decay, it is very suggestive of the drowsy, contented life of which Mark Twain wrote:

"After all these years I can picture that old time to myself now, just as it was then: the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer morning; the streets empty, or pretty nearly so, one or two clerks sitting in front of the Water Street stores, with their splint-bottomed chairs tilted back against the wall, chins on breast, hats slouched over their faces, asleep—with shingle shavings enough around to show what broke them down; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing around the sidewalks, doing a lively business in watermelon rinds and seeds; two or three lonely little freight-piles scattered about the 'levee,' a pile of 'skids' on the slope of the stone-paved wharf, and the fragrant town-drunkard asleep in the shadow of them; two or three wood flats at the head of the wharf, but nobody to listen to the peaceful lapping of the wavelets against them; the great Mississippi, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun, the dense forest away on the other side; the 'point' above town and the 'point' below town, bounding the river-glimpse and turning it into a sort of sea, and withal a very still, and brilliant, and lonely one."



THE HOME OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

A short distance below town, lying on this still and shining sea, is a wooded island which has been known by various names—the Jackson's Island on which "The Black Avenger of the Spanish Main" grounded his raft and landed his pirate crew on their first voyage of adventure and conquest. Since then it has been called Pete's Island, in honor of the chief of an older and more formidable band of pirates who had their rendezvous there. It has also been known as Glasscock's Island, and at present is Pearl Island.

You are perhaps a traveller, something of a mountain-climber, so you will not mind the walk to the top of Holiday's Hill, from which point we have a view of the river and town, with the wooded shore on the Illinois side. Let Mark Twain describe it for us, as he comes back to it after a number of years, with a vision broadened by travel and experience, and a heart warm with tender memories:

"It was a Sunday morning, and everybody was abed yet. So I passed through the vacant streets, still seeing the town as it was and not as it is, and recognizing and metaphorically shaking hands with a hundred familiar objects which no longer exist, and finally climbing Holiday's Hill to get a comprehensive view. The whole town spread out before me then, and I could mark and fix every locality, every detail. Naturally I was a good deal moved. I said, 'Many of the people I once knew in this tranquil refuge of my childhood are now in heaven; some, I trust, are in the other place.'

"From this vantage-ground the extensive view up and down the river, and wide over the wooded expanse of Illinois, is very beautiful—one of the most beautiful on the Mississippi, I think; which is a hazardous remark to make, for the eight hundred miles of river between St. Louis and St. Paul afford an unbroken succession of lovely pictures. It may be that my affection for the one in question biases my judgment in its favor; I cannot say as to that. No matter; it was satisfyingly beautiful to me, and it had the advantage over all other friends whom I was about to greet again—it had suffered no change; it was as fresh and comely and gracious as ever it had been; whereas the faces of the others would be scarred by the campaigns of life, and marked with their griefs and defeats, and would give me no upliftings of spirit."

Looking north from Holiday's Hill is a picturesque bit of country, the bluffs closing about a narrow gorge, through which flows the stream known in those days as the Still-House Branch. Here, through long lazy afternoons, Huck and Tom played Robin Hood, and here was located the Haunted House where "Injun Joe" found the buried treasure. We may believe this but little changed. A few houses cluster about the opening at the railroad, and as we stop to make some inquiries about localities a barefooted boy with a dilapidated hat two sizes too large for him comes and leans against the fence and regards us with frank, unflattering eyes. Another joins him, and we hear them addressed as "Buck" and "Bill." Seeing no prospect of diversion, they vault over the low board fence and disappear in the bushes which skirt the hill-side.

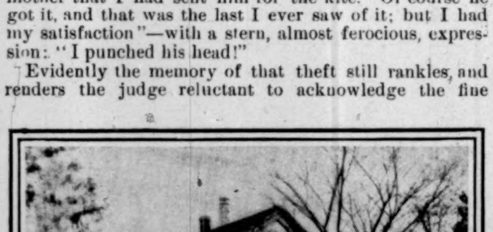
After all, we think, localities may change, but human nature, if let alone, remains about the same. We may build fine houses, and dress and groom, and prune and train, until we succeed in raising up a generation of children looking like fashion plates and acting like little old men and women, but give it half a chance and it springs up into the same rollicking, untamed creature of luxuriant fancy and inexhaustible resources as the two boys who have been the emulation and delight of several generations of children.

Perhaps this explains, in some degree, the unfailing interest which still attaches to these early books of Mark Twain. Other writers have given us excellent studies of human nature—of child nature—but the types are imperfect, and so wrought about by peculiarities of style, national characteristics, and a thousand and one things, as to make a critical literary taste necessary to their full appreciation. Not so in this case. Mark Twain has given us not the boy of the Mississippi Valley as he was fifty years ago, but a broad type which finds ready interpreters in every nook and corner of the nation and in every passing generation.

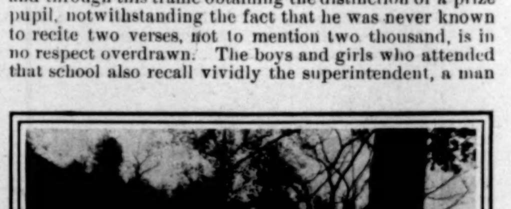
About two miles below town is the cave in which Tom had some of his most thrilling adventures. The opening lies well back in the side of a hill, with a pretty park and athletic ground around it, which are in frequent use for picnics and ball games. Passing inside, you thread the same labyrinth of narrow corridors, with rifts dropping off at your feet as if into the very bowels of the earth. Here is the spring of clear, cold water where Tom and Becky sat down to watch their last bit of candle go out, leaving them in dense and utter darkness. There is the corridor known as "Bat Alley," where myriads of those creatures cling to walls and ceiling, and, disturbed by the light of your torch, beat about your head in a manner far from comfortable.

The small stream known as Bear Creek, "so called, perhaps, because it was always so particularly bare of bears," skirts the town on the south side, and notwithstanding his statement that only an expert can find it, a number of present-day boys are intimately acquainted with all the swimming-holes, and Mark Twain's personal experience is frequently repeated: "I used to get drowned in it regularly every summer, and be drained out and inflated and set going again by some chance enemy, but not enough of it is unoccupied now to drown a person in. It was a famous breeder of chills and fever in my day. I remember one summer when everybody in the town had the disease at once. Many chimneys were shaken down, and all the houses so racked that the town had to be rebuilt."

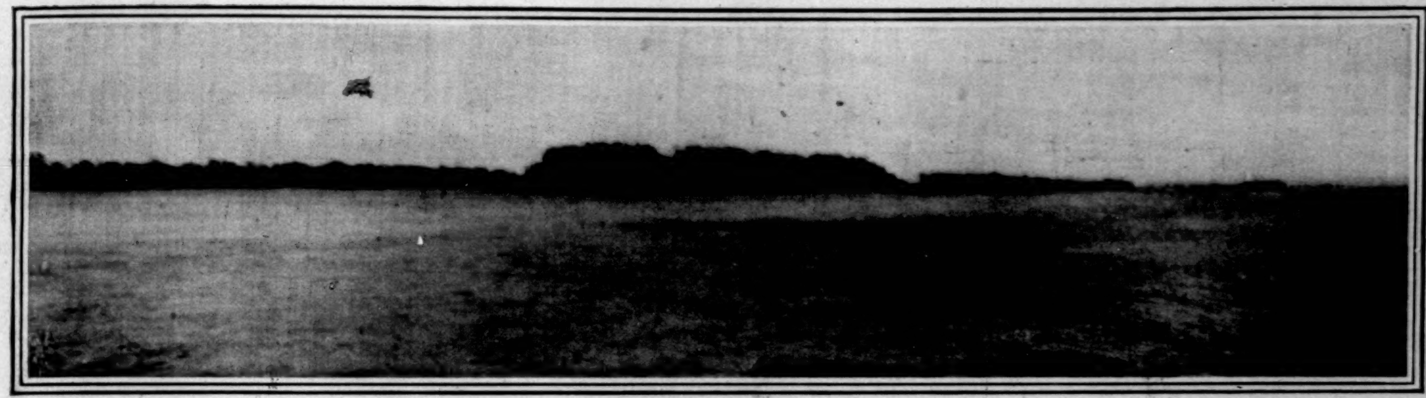
The shabby little brick church where the children of that day attended Sunday-school, and suffered through the eternity of a long Presbyterian sermon, is now used as a court-house. We have it on good authority that the picture of the painfully clean boy standing at the door of this church on Sunday morning, trading licorice, fish-hooks, and marbles for tickets of various colors and values, and through this traffic obtaining the distinction of a prize pupil, notwithstanding the fact that he was never known to recite two verses, not to mention two thousand, is in no respect overdrawn. The boys and girls who attended that school also recall vividly the superintendent, a man



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HANNIBAL, MO.



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE.



JACKSON ISLAND.

named Cross, to whom they affectionately referred as "Cross by name and cross by nature."

In searching for boyhood friends and companions of Mark Twain we are reminded of the condition of things in the village of St. Petersburg immediately after the supposed drowning of Tom Sawyer and Joe Harper, when disputes arose as to who saw the dead boys last in life, and those who could establish such claim "took to themselves airs of sacred importance."

"One poor chap, who had no other grandeur to offer, said, with tolerably manifest pride in the remembrance,

"'Well, Tom Sawyer, he licked me once!'"

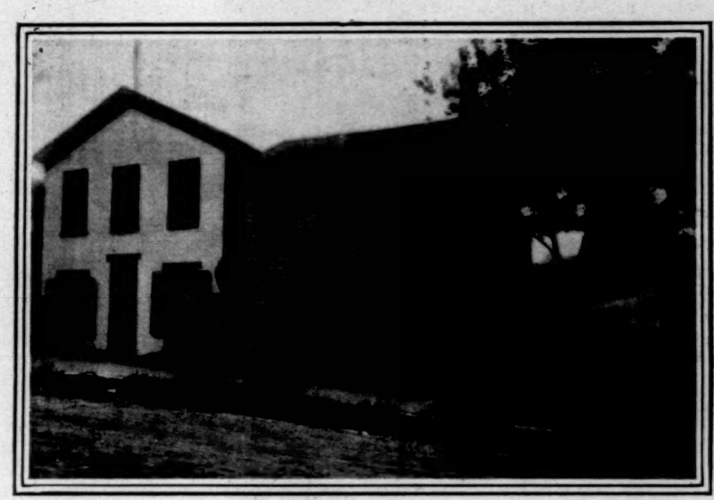
"But that bid for glory was a failure. Most of the boys could say that much, and so it cheapened the distinction too much."

By all odds the most interesting character connected with the history of those years is Mrs. A. L. Frazer, formerly Miss Laura Hawkins, presumably the Becky Thatcher of *Tom Sawyer*, and the Laura Hawkins of *The Gilded Age*. A very gentle and winsome lady she is, with wavy gray locks about her face, eyes as sparkling as any girl's, and a charm of manner which marks the genuine woman, no matter what station in life may claim her. Mrs. Frazer enjoys talking about her old playmate, not because he has grown great and famous, but because he *was* her old playmate. Her heart warms to the memory of those halcyon days, and in her regard there mingles no questioning of the world's opinions, no weighing of possible honors. It is one of those tender and unselfish friendships which some very lovable women are capable of inspiring and cherishing through a long lifetime.

"I remember very well when we moved into the house opposite where Mr. John M. Clemens lived," she said. "I remember also the first time I ever saw Mark Twain. He was then a barefooted boy, and he came out in the street before our house and turned hand-springs, and stood on his head, and cut just such capers as he describes in Tom's 'showing off' before Becky. We were good friends from the first. One of our favorite play-places was in the Clemens yard, where we built houses out of a heap of bricks. On one occasion he accidentally tumbled our house down on my hand and made blood blisters on every finger.

"On another occasion a crowd of boys and girls went out on the hills of what is now Palmyra Avenue, to spend a Saturday afternoon. The hill-sides were covered with trees and brush, and a favorite sport was to bend down slender saplings and ride, the smaller girls being taken on behind the larger ones. I was having a fine ride behind one of the big girls when she suddenly sprang off, and I was thrown to the ground, striking my head against a stone. I was taken home unconscious, and was very ill for some time, and I remember hearing the children talk about how scared and anxious 'Sam' was."

We can but wonder if it was this illness which so wrought on Tom's health and spirits, and if it was his own condition which he so feelingly describes as he tells of the boy hanging around the gate of the school-yard anxiously watching for the coming of Becky: "Presently Jeff Thatcher hove in sight, and Tom's face lighted; but he gazed a moment, then turned sorrowfully away. When Jeff arrived, Tom accosted him and 'led up' warily to opportunities for remark about Becky, but the giddy lad never could see the bait. Tom watched and watched, hoping whenever a whisking frock came in sight, and hating the owner of it whenever he saw she was not the right one. At last frocks ceased to appear, and he dropped down into the dumps; he entered the empty school-house and sat down to suffer. Then one more frock passed in at the gate, and Tom's heart gave a great bound. The next instant he was out and 'going on' like an Indian, yelling, laughing, chasing boys, jumping over fences at the risk of life and limb, throwing hand-springs, standing on his head, doing all the heroic things he could conceive of, and keeping a furtive eye out all the while to see if Becky Thatcher was noticing."



MARK TWAIN'S HOME.

If others in the town were unable to see Huck Finn with Mark Twain's eyes, the same difficulty did not obtain in this case, for his little sweetheart seems to have been a universal favorite. One of the old "boys" tells the story of how on one occasion three of the "gang" started out into the great world to seek their fortune, with the understanding that on their return one of the number should marry Laura Hawkins. How the lucky one was to be chosen he fails to relate, but it is safe to say that if the matter had come to settlement after the manner in which boys usually adjust difficulties, Mark Twain would have had at least "a fighting chance." But alas for the brave knights! When they returned the princess was gone! She might have been carried off in their absence by a dreadful ogre, or a rival prince might have spirited her away to his castle, but the unpoetical fact was that her father had moved away, and that was the end of this little romance.

On the event of his marriage, Mark Twain enclosed a card to the brother of Mrs. Frazer, and on the inner cover was written:

> **Mrs. ——— (married name unknown to me).**
>
> **(Formerly Miss Laura Hawkins, first sweetheart of one of the within named parties 29 years ago. Pardon the suggestive figures.)**

On the sloping hill-sides of beautiful Mount Olivet are to be found as many friends and boyhood companions of the great humorist as walk the streets of the busy little city two miles away. Here on the very summit, where a rift in the foliage on intervening hills opens a view of the great, placid, shining river, is the lot with its simple head-stones where the greater part of the Clemens family are sleeping. There is John M. Clemens, the kindly, dignified, if somewhat unfortunate father, about whom one hears only the tenderest and most respectful reminiscences; next to him the mother, from whom her distinguished son is said to have inherited some of the traits which have made him famous; Henry Clemens, the younger brother, who lost his life in a steamboat explosion at Memphis; and last in the row, Orion Clemens, the elder brother, under whose tutelage Samuel Clemens began his literary career.

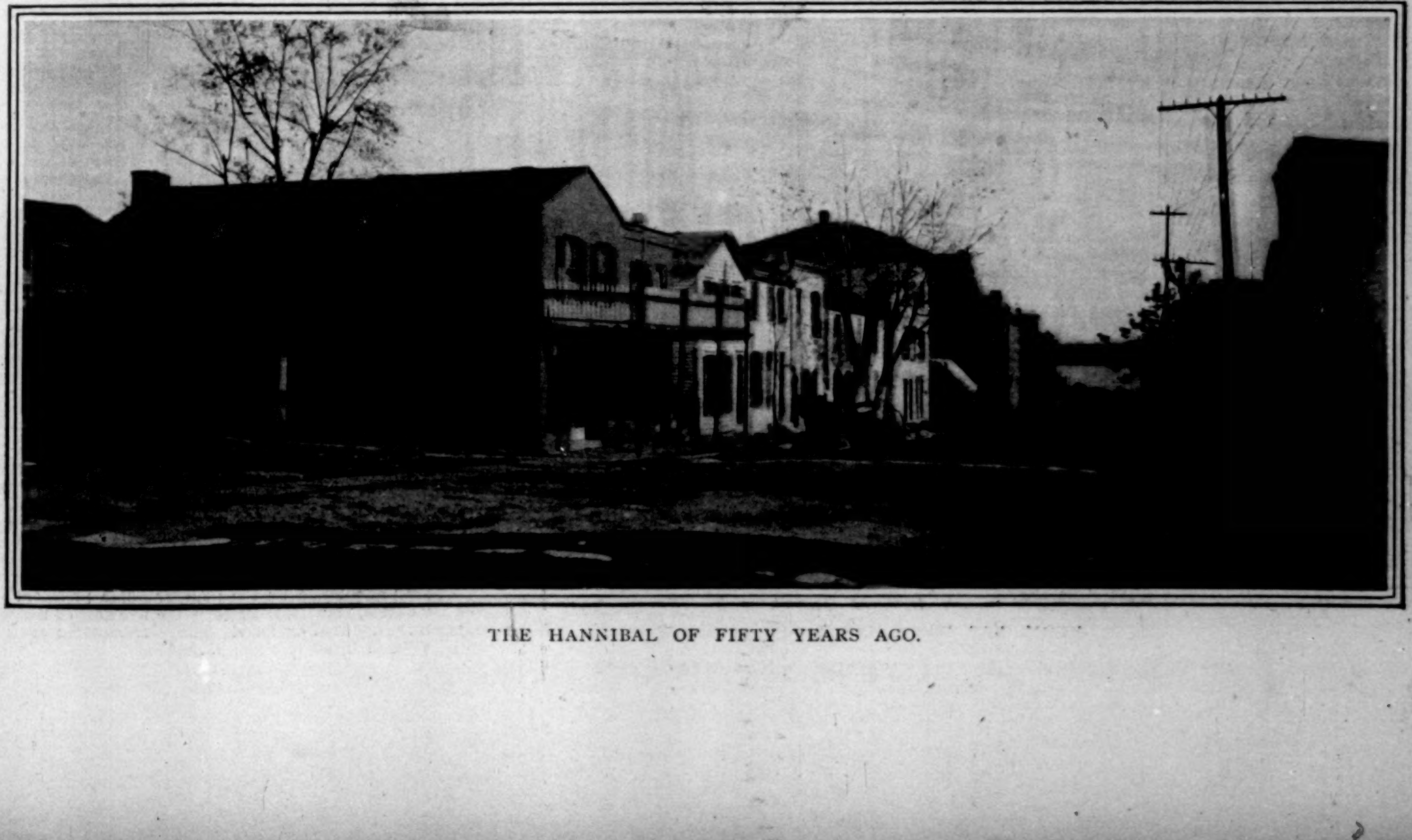
In his recent biographical sketch, Mr. Samuel Moffett says:

"Native character will always make itself felt, but one may wonder whether Mark Twain's humor would have developed in quite so sympathetic and buoyant a vein if he had been brought up in Ecclefechan instead of in Hannibal, and whether Carlyle might not have been a little more human if he had spent his boyhood in Hannibal instead of in Ecclefechan."

Without claiming an intimate knowledge of the facilities afforded by Ecclefechan for the development of native character, we venture the belief that not Ecclefechan nor any other locality could have furnished better facilities for the untrammelled development of this native genius than it enjoyed in Hannibal.

Before all and above all, Mark Twain is a great interpreter of human nature—not the groomed and polished species of the drawing-room, but the unpruned and untrained article which grew up spontaneously in such congenial soil as Hannibal afforded fifty years ago. Call it fatalism or faith, but circumstance, or Providence, usually places within a man's reach just the facilities necessary for the making of his individual character and the accomplishment of his peculiar work. Not all the universities in all the land could have done so much for Mark Twain as did the contact with primitive life and character in this river town, and the later and wider experience of a pilot on the Mississippi River.

ELIZABETH DAVIS FIELDER.



THE HANNIBAL OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Genevote (F. Watson, 1902). *Charlot Granger* (R. Goelet, 1902). *Corbineli* (A. S. Hills, 1900). *Fa Tremblaye* (B. F. Bell, 1902). *Paquier* (J. A. Dix, 1902). *Granger* (A. S. Dixey, 1902).

"LE PÉDANT JOUÉ," ACT III., SCENE IX.—BY CYRANO DE BERGERAC.
The Holiday Play of "Le Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard," presented in Cambridge and Boston.
Photograph by Notman.

The Holiday College Play

Classical Drama at our Universities.

WHEN the famous English dramatic critic, Mr. William Archer, was lately in America, studying our theatre and our drama, he visited the Harvard Club of New York, and was particularly interested by a programme of a theatrical performance of "Le Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard," which was framed and hung in a prominent position. The programme was beautifully printed, with rubrications, and was embellished by a copy of Nolin's engraving of Molière, and by pictures of members of the "Cercle" as they appeared in a representation of "Le Malade Imaginaire." When Mr. Archer learned that the Cercle Français gives holiday performances of French classical plays every year, and that its pieces are mainly chosen from the French classical drama, he expressed some little pleasure and great surprise; and these emotions seemed sensibly increased when he learned that there is at Harvard a "Deutscher Verein" equally devoted to German literature and drama, and an English club that from time to time has given representations of Elizabethan plays, and that, moreover, though the student organizations are carried on under the patronage of the professors of the various modern languages, they are in no way a part of the studies required for a degree. Mr. Archer seemed particularly impressed with the fact that American college men are permitted to choose their pursuits with great freedom, not to say levity, which is certainly true; and he seemed to think also that in consequence of this the standard of scholarship is laxer than in Scotland and England, which is as certainly not true. All of these productions are given with the utmost attention to archæological accuracy, and are scrupulously rehearsed. As a means of education they are as commendable as the productions of Greek tragedies that are given from time to time in England—and in America as well, for the matter of that—and are done with quite as much seriousness of purpose.

College Burlesque.

The levity of undergraduate life finds vent in musical burlesques, which have perhaps reached their highest development in the Hasty Pudding plays given yearly at Harvard during the holiday season. These are more interesting than the classical revivals, in that they are a direct expression of undergraduate life, and often have a delight quite their own. At Oxford, burlesques are forbidden by decree of the vice-chancellor, whose dignity is apparently not proof against the shafts of undergraduate wit. In consequence the comedies of Shakspere suffer yearly at the hands of the Oxford University Dramatic Association. The performances of the O. U. D. A. are certainly not characterized by levity; or, if they are, the levity is not intended. The leading critics in the land run up from London to see them—Mr George Bernard Shaw or Mr. Max Beerbohm, of *The Saturday Review*, Mr. A. B. Wakely, of almost anything, and even Mr. Archer himself. If everything does not go well, it is not for the lack of sage counsel. The undergraduates, however, are apt to laugh in their sleeves at all this fuss and pother; it is well known that the actors are apt to be chosen for their personal popularity or for athletic distinction. In a well-remembered production of "The Merchant of Venice," the part of the *Prince of Morocco* was taken by Charles Fry, whose main distinction was that he held a world's record, had played on four different university teams, and had captained three of them. The most vivid memory of a memorable performance was the marked emphasis of the speech with which Mr. Fry opened the golden casket: "*O Hell!* What have we here?" He never failed to bring down the house, and many an undergraduate sat in the pit again and again to hear him. At Harvard the fellows write a new play every year, and compose the music for it. I know nothing that so plainly indicates the durability of professional dignity at Cambridge as the fact that it annually survives the Pudding play. It may not be well to argue that these plays have any great degree of artistic merit, but they may be counted upon to have a full measure of the racy spirit of adolescence; and in the palmy days in which public performances were given in New York few people were ever too refined or too intelligent to be amused by them. Several of the plays, first and last, have found their way to the public stage, and the music has sometimes gained national currency.

College Holiday Plays and the Drama.

In point of fact, college holiday plays have always exerted a strong influence on the drama. They were popular in the universities of the Middle Ages, and became the first point of contact between academic life and the growing current of popular literature. As early as the fifteenth century they are frequently mentioned. Two of the first comedies in the language—"Ralph Roister Doister" and "Gammer Gurton's Needle"—came respectively from Eton and from Cambridge; and by the end of the sixteenth century—the very culminating-point of English dramatic literature—the universities were in close contact with the dramatic world of London. Most of the actors and playwrights of London were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, and many of the plays of Shakspere and his contemporaries were produced at the universities. A series of holiday satirical plays, the Parnassus Trilogy, produced about 1600, at St. John's College, Cambridge, gives us rough-and-ready sketches of the leading dramatists and actors of London. The allusions to Shakspere are invaluable as showing the precise esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. He is greatly admired by a certain dupe named *Gullis*, and he seems to have been thought very gay—indeed, if the truth be told, somewhat improper—the work most prominently mentioned being "Venus and Adonis." At this time, of course, he had not written the series of great tragedies; and the academic judgment of him may have been affected by the well-known snobbery of the undergraduate; for Shakspere did not enjoy the distinction of being a college man.

Granger. *Chateaupert* (H. B. Stanton, 1900).

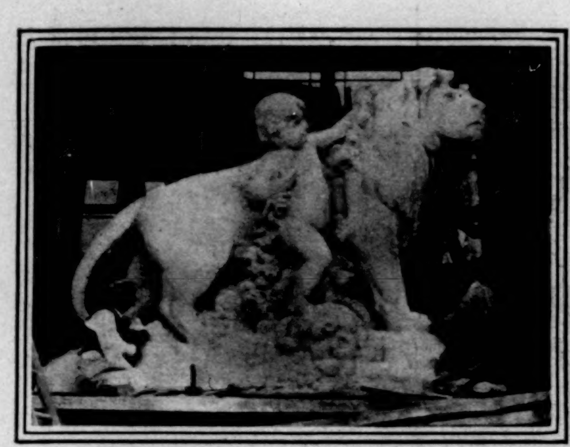
FROM ACT I., SCENE I.
Photograph by Notman.

Granger. *Corbineli.* *Paquier.*

FROM ACT III., SCENE I.
Photograph by Notman.

A College Skit by Cyrano de Bergerac.

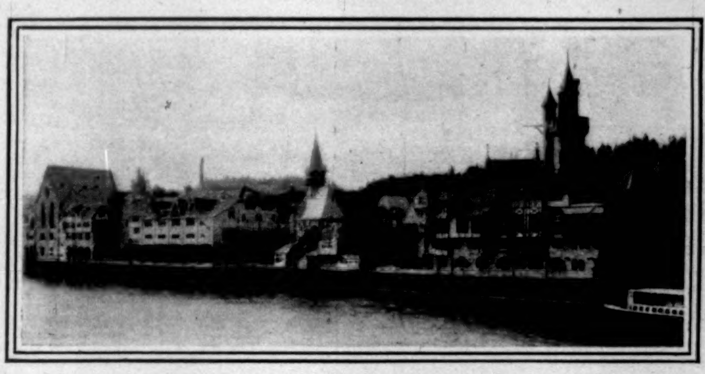
That this intimacy between the academic and dramatic worlds was as characteristic of France as of England is strongly evidenced by the very play produced this year by "Le Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard"—"Le Pédant Joué," by Cyrano de Bergerac. The play is said to have been written when Cyrano was an undergraduate; and it is thought that the *Pédant* is a caricature of the irrepressible poet's academic chief, the principal of the Collège de Beauvais. It is a comedy of intrigue of the kind Molière began by writing, and, after the manner of the time, contains several elaborate ballets. It has been adapted for presentation by the undergraduate president of the "Cercle," Mr. H. B. Stanton, the five acts of the original being reduced to three. The performances are to take place in Cambridge and in Boston.



STATUE OF "PEACE," BY GEORGES GARDET.

PALACE FOR VISITING NOBILITY.

MONSIEUR BOUVARD, CHIEF DIRECTOR OF THE EXHIBITION.



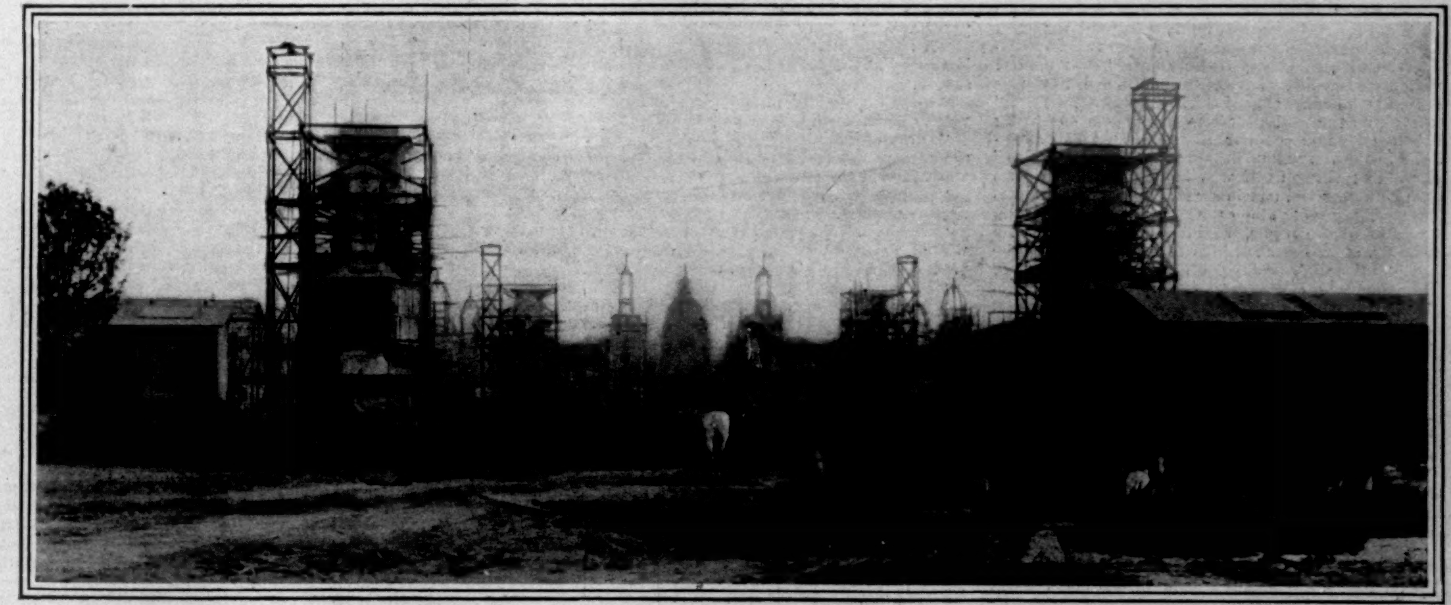
ANCIENT PARIS, FROM THE PONT DE L'ALMA.

The U. S. Building.

PAVILIONS FOR FOREIGN NATIONS ALONG THE SEINE.

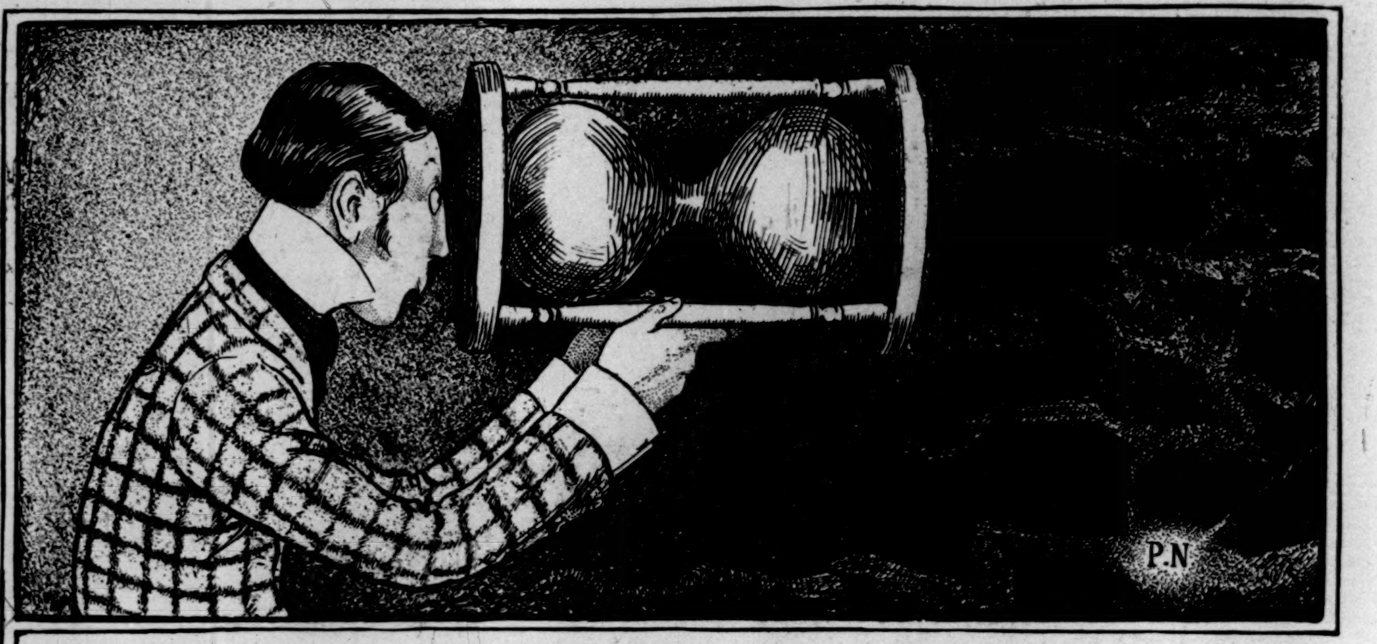
THE ART GALLERY.

LOOKING DOWN THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES.



LOOKING TOWARD THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON FROM THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

VIEWS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY.



A. GLANCE. AHEAD.

Being. a. Christmas. Tale. of A.D. 3568

By. John. Kendrick. Bangs.

JUST how it came about, or how he came to get so far ahead, Dawson never knew, but the details are, after all, unimportant. It is what happened and not how it happened that concerns us. Suffice it to say that as he waked up that Christmas morning Dawson became conscious of a great change in himself. He had gone to bed the night before worn in body and weary in spirit. Things had not gone particularly well with him through the year. Business had been unwontedly dull, and his efforts to augment his income by an occasional operation on the Street had brought about precisely the reverse of that for which he had hoped. This morning, however, all seemed right again. His troubles had in some way become mere memories of a remote past. So far from feeling bodily fatigue, which had been a pressingly insistent sensation of his waking moments of late, he experienced a startling sense of absolute freedom from all physical limitation whatsoever. The room in which he slept seemed also to have changed. The pictures on the walls were not only not the same pictures that had been there when he had gone to bed the night before, but appeared, even as he watched them, to change in color and in composition, to represent real action rather than a mere semblance thereof.

"Humph!" he muttered, as a lithograph copy of "The Angelus" before him went through a process of enlivenment wherein the bell actually did ring, the peasants bowing their heads as in duty bound, and then resuming their work again. "I feel like a bird, but I must be a trifle woozy. I never saw pictures behave that way before." Then he tried to stretch himself, and observed, with a feeling of mingled astonishment and alarm, that he had nothing to stretch with. He had no legs, no arms—no body at all. He was about to indulge in an ejaculation of dismay, but there was no time for it, for, even as he began, a terrifying sound, as of rushing horses, over his bed attracted his attention. Investigation showed that this was caused by an engraving of Gérôme's "Chariot Race," which hung on the wall above his pillow—an engraving which held the same peculiar attributes that had astonished him in the marvellous lithograph of "The Angelus" opposite. The thing itself was actually happening up there. The horses and chariots would appear in the perspective rushing madly along the course, and then, reaching the limits of the frame, would disappear, apparently into thin air, amid the shoutings and clamorings of the pictured populace. Three times it looked as if a mass of horseflesh, chariots, charioteers, and dust would be precipitated upon the bed, and if Dawson could have found his head, there is no doubt whatever that he would have ducked it.

"I must get out of this," he cried. "But," he added, as his mind reverted to his disembodied condition, "how the deuce can I? What 'll I get out with?"

The answer was instant. By the mere exercise of the impulse to be elsewhere the wish was gratified, and Dawson found himself opposite the bureau which stood at the far end of the room.

"Wonder how I look without a body?" he thought, as he ranged his faculties before the glass. But the mirror was of no assistance in the settlement of this problem, for now that Dawson was mere consciousness only, the mirror gave back no evidence of his material existence.

"This is awful!" he moaned, as he turned and twisted his mind in a mad effort to imagine how he looked. "Where in thunder can I have left myself?"

As he spoke the door opened, and a man having the semblance of a valet entered.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dawson," said the valet—for that is what the intruder was—busying himself about the room. "I hope you find yourself well this morning?"

"I can't find myself at all this morning!" retorted Dawson. "What the devil does this mean? Where's my body?"

"Which one, sir?" the valet inquired, respectfully, pausing in his work.

"Which one?" echoed Dawson. "Wh—which— Oh Lord! Excuse me, but how many bodies do I happen to have?" he added.

"Five—though a gentleman of your position, sir, ought to have at least ten, if I may make so bold as to speak, sir," said the valet. "Your golf body is pretty well used up, sir, you've played so many holes with it; and I really think you need a new one for evening wear, sir. The one you got from London is rather shabby, don't you think? It can't digest the simplest kind of a dinner, sir."

"The one I got from London, eh?" said Dawson. "I got a body in London, did I? And where's the one I got in Paris?" he demanded, sarcastically.

"You gave that to the coachman, sir," replied the valet. "It never fitted you, and as you said yourself, it was rather gaudy, sir."

"Oh—I said that, did I? It was one of these loud, assertive, noisy bodies, eh?"

"Yes, sir, extremely so. None of your friends liked you in it, sir," said the valet. "Shall I fetch your lounging body, or will you wish to go to church this morning?" he continued.

"Bring 'em all in; bring every blessed bone of 'em," said Dawson. "I want to see how I look in 'em all; and bring me a morning paper."

"A what, sir?" asked the valet, apparently somewhat perplexed by the order.

"A morning paper, you idiot!" retorted Dawson, growing angry at the remark. The man seemed to be so very stupid.

"I don't quite understand what you wish, sir," said the valet, apologetically.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" said Dawson, amazed as well as annoyed at the man's seeming lack of sense. "Well, I want to read the news—"

"Ah! Excuse me, Mr. Dawson," said the valet. "I did not understand. You want the *Daily Ticker*."

"Oh, do I?" ejaculated Dawson. "Well, if you know what I want better than I do, bring me what you think I want, and add to it a cup of coffee and a roll."

"I beg your pardon!" the valet returned.

"A cup of coffee and a roll," roared Dawson. "Don't you know what a cup of coffee and a roll is or are? Just ask the cook, will you—"

"Ask the what, sir?" asked the valet, very respectfully.

"The cook! the cook! the cook!" screamed Dawson. His patience was exhausted by such manifest dulness.

"I—I'm sincerely anxious to please you, Mr. Dawson," said his man; "but really, sir, you speak so strangely this morning, I hardly know what to do. I—"

"Can't you understand that I'm hungry?" demanded Dawson.

"Oh!" said the valet. "Hungry, of course; yes, you should be at this time in the morning; but—er—your bodies have already been refreshed, sir; I have attended to all that, as usual."

"Ah! You've attended to all that, eh? And I've breakfasted, have I?"

"Your bodies have all been fed, sir," said the valet.

"Never mind me, then," said Dawson. "Bring in those well-fed figures of mine, and let me look at 'em. Meanwhile turn on the—eh, *Daily Ticker*."

The valet bowed, walked across the room, and touched a button on a board which had escaped Dawson's vigilant eye—possibly because his vigilant eye was elsewhere—and, with a sigh of perplexity, left the room. The response to the button pressure was immediate. A clicking as of a stock-ticker began to make itself heard, and from one corner of the bureau a strip of paper tape covered with letters of one kind and another emerged. Dawson watched it unfold for a moment, and then approaching it, took in the types that were printed upon it. In an instant he understood a portion of the situation at least, although he did not wholly comprehend it. The date was December 25, 3568. He had gone to bed on Christmas eve, 1898. What had become of the intervening years he knew not—but this was undoubtedly the year of grace 3568, if the ticker was to be believed—and tickers rarely lie, as most stock-speculators know. Instead of living in the nineteenth century, Dawson had in some wise leaped forward into the thirty-sixth.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "Where have I been all this time? I don't wonder my poor old body is gone!"

And then he started to peruse the news. The first item was a statement of governmental intent. It read something like a court circular.

"It is pleasant to announce on Christmas morning," he read, "that the business of the Administration has proven so successful during the year that all loyal citizens on and after January 1 will be paid $10,000 a month instead of only $7600 as hitherto. The United States Railway Department, under the management of our distinguished Secretary of Railways, Mr. Hankinson Rawley, shows a profit of $750,000,000,000 for the year. Mr. Johnneymaker, Secretary of Groceries, estimates the profits of his department at $600,000,000,000, and the Secretary of War announces that the three highly successful series of battles between France and Germany held at the Madison Square Garden have netted the Treasury over $500,000 apiece—no doubt due to the fact that Emperor Bismarck XXXVII. and King Dreyfus XLVIII. led their troops in person. The showing of the Navy Department is quite as good. The good business sense of Secretary Smithers in securing the naval fights between Russia and the Anglo-Indians for American waters is fully established by the results. The twenty encounters between his Indo-Britannic Majesty's Arctic squadron and the Czar's Baltic fleet in Boston Harbor alone have cleared for our citizens $150,000,000 above the guarantees to the two belligerents; whereas the bombardment of St. Petersburg by the Anglo-Indians under our management, thanks to the efficient service of the Cook excursion-steamers direct to the scene of action, has brought us in several hundred millions more. It should be quite evident by this time that the Barnum and Bailey party have shown themselves worthy of the people's confidence."

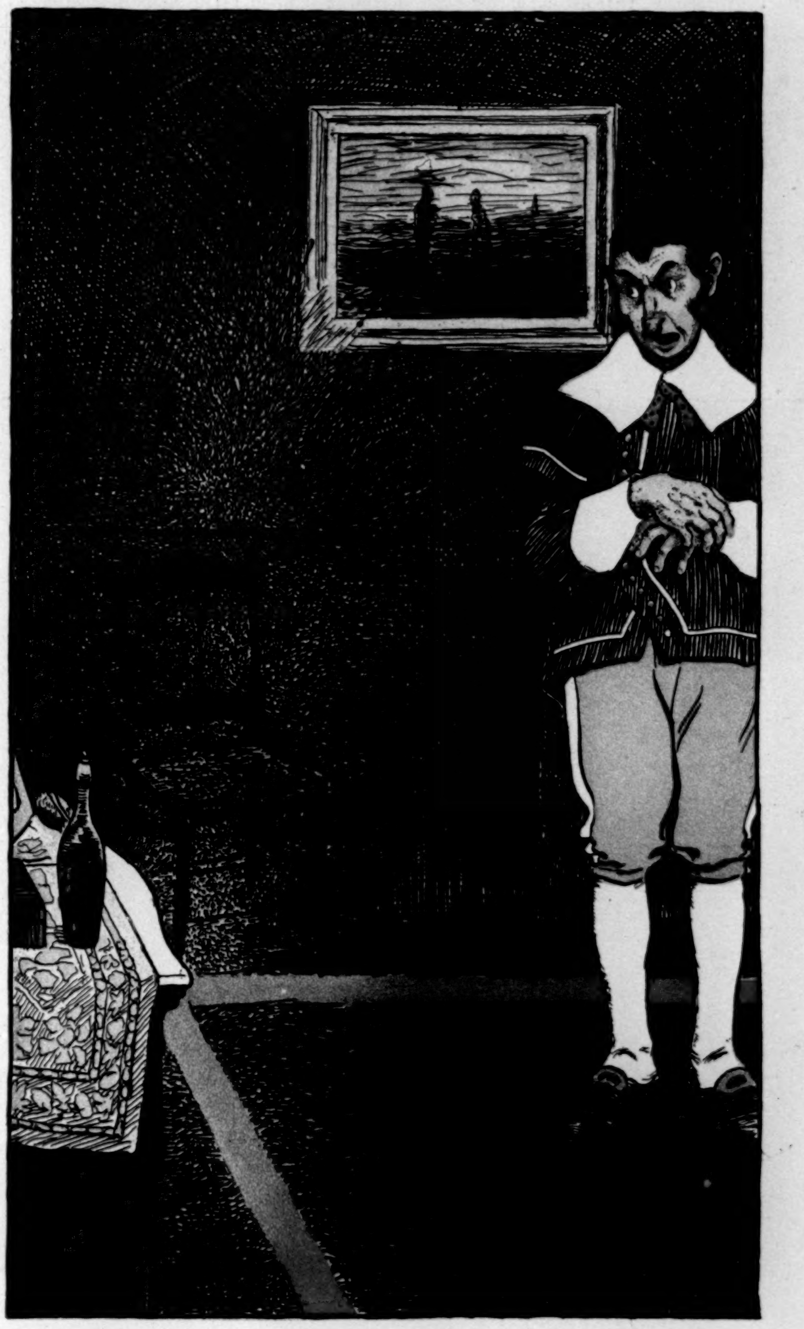
Dawson forgot all about his possible bodily complications in reading this. Here was the United States gone into business, and instead of levying taxes was actually paying dividends. It was magnificent.

One might have thought that the unexpected announcement of the possession of an income of $120,000 a year would be sufficient to destroy any interest in whatever other news the *Ticker* might present; but with Dawson it only served to whet his curiosity, and he read on:

"The acquirement of the department stores by the government in 2433 has proven a decided success. Floorwalker-General Barker announces that the last of the bonds given in payment for the good-will of these institutions have at last matured and been paid off. This too out of the profits of four centuries. It is true that the laws requiring citizens to patronize these have helped much to bring about this desirable effect, and some credit for the present wholly satisfactory condition of affairs should be given to Senator Barca di Cinchona, of Peru, for having, in 2830, introduced the bill which for the time being covered him with execration. The profits for the coming year, on a conservative estimate, cannot be less than eighteen trillions of dollars—which, as our readers can see, will add much to the prosperity of the nation."

"Worse and worse!" cried Dawson. "Floor-walker-general—compulsory custom—eighteen trillions of dollars!" And then he read again:

"It will be with unexpected pleasure this Christmas morning, too, that our citizens will read the President's proclamation, in view of the unexampled prosperity of the past year, ordering a bonus of $15,000 gold to be delivered by wagon to every family in the land as a Christmas present from the Administration. This will relieve the vaults of the national Treasury of a store of coin that has been somewhat embarrassing to handle. The delivery-wagons will start on their rounds at six o'clock, and it is expected that by mid-day the money will have been wholly distributed. Residents of large cities are requested not to keep the carriers waiting at the door, since, as will be readily understood, the delivery of so much coin to so many millions of people is not an easy task. It is suggested that barrels of attested capacity be left on the walk, so that the coin may be placed into these without unnecessary delay. Those who still retain the old-fashioned coal-chutes can have the gold dumped into their cellars direct if they will simply have the covers to the coal-holes removed."



"'GOOD-MORNING, MR. DAWSON,' SAID THE VALET."

Dawson could hardly believe the announcement. Here was $15,000 coming to him this very morning. It was too good to be true, he thought; but the news was soon confirmed by the valet, who interrupted his reading by bursting breathlessly into the room.

"What on earth are we going to do, Mr. Dawson?" he cried. "The Christmas present has arrived. The cart is outside now."

"Do?" retorted Dawson. "Do? Why, get a shovel and shovel it in. What else?"

"That's easier said than done, sir," said the valet. "The gold-bin is chock-full already. You couldn't get a two-cent piece into the cellar, much less 3000 five-dollar gold pieces. They'd ought to have sent that money in certified checks."

Dawson experienced a sensation of mirth. The idea of quarrelling as to the form of a $15,000 gift struck him as being humorous.

"Isn't there any place but the gold-bin you can put it in?" he demanded. "How about the silver-bin, is that full?"

"I don't know what you mean by the silver-bin," replied the valet. "People don't use silver for money nowadays, sir."

"Oh, they don't, eh? And what do they do with it—pave streets?"

The valet smiled.

"You are having your little joke with me this morning, Mr. Dawson," he said, "or else you have forgotten that all we do with silver now is to make it into bricks and build houses with 'em."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried Dawson. "Really?"

"Certainly, sir," observed the valet. "You must remember how silver gradually cheapened and cheapened until finally it ruined the clay-brick industry?"

"Ah, yes," said Dawson. "I had temporarily forgotten. I do remember the tendency of silver to cheapen, but the ruin of the brick industry has escaped me. This house is—ah—built of silver bricks?"

"Of course it is, Mr. Dawson. As if you didn't know!" said the valet, with a deprecatory smirk.

"Ah—about how much coal—I mean gold—have we in the cellar?" Dawson asked.

"In eagles we have $230,000, sir, but think there's half a million in fivers. I haven't counted up the $20 pieces for eight weeks, but I think we have a couple of tons left, sir."

"Then, James— Is your name James?"

"Yes, sir—James, or whatever else you please, sir," said the valet, accommodatingly.

"Then, James, if I have all that ready cash in the cellar, you can have the $15,000 that has just come. I—ah—I don't think I shall need it to-day," said Dawson, in a lordly fashion.

"Me, sir?" said James. "Thank you, sir, but really I have no place to put it. I don't know what to do with what I have already on hand."

"Then give it to the poor," said Dawson, desperately.

Again the valet smiled. He evidently thought his master very queer this morning.

"There ain't any poor any more, sir," he said.

"No poor?" cried Dawson.

"Of course not," said James. "Really, Mr. Dawson, you seem to have forgotten a great deal. Don't you remember how the forty-seventh amendment to the Constitution abolished poverty?"

"I—ah—I am afraid, James," said Dawson, "that I've had a stroke of some kind during the night. All these things of which you speak seem—er—seem a little strange to me, James. There seems to be some lesion in my brain somewhere. Tell me about—er—how things are." Am I still in the United States?"

"Yes, sir, you are still in the United States."

"And the United States is bounded on the north by—?"

"Sir, the United States has no northerly nor southerly boundary. The Western Hemisphere is now the United States."

"And Europe?"

"Europe has not changed much since 1900, sir. Don't you remember how in the early years of the twentieth century the whole Eastern Hemisphere became European?"

"I remember that we took part in the division of China," said Dawson.

"Oh yes," said James, "quite so. But in 1920 don't you recall how we swapped off our share in China, together with the Dewey Islands, for Canada and all other British possessions on this side of the earth?"

"Dimly, James, only dimly," said Dawson, astonished, as well he might be, at the news, since he had never even imagined anything of the kind, although the Dewey Islands needed no explanation. "And we have ultimately acquired the whole hemisphere?"

"Yes, sir," replied James. "The South-American republics came in naturally in 1940, and the Mexican war in 2363 ended, as it had to, in the conquest of Mexico."

"And tell me, what are we doing with Patagonia?"

"One of the most flourishing States in the Union, Mr. Dawson. It was made the Immigrant State, sir. All persons immigrating to the United States, by an act of Congress passed in 2480, were compelled to go to Patagonia first, and forced to live there for a period of five years, studying American conditions, after which, provided they could pass an examination showing themselves equal to the duties of citizenship, they were permitted to go wherever else in the States they might choose."

"And suppose they couldn't pass?" Dawson asked.

"They had to stay in Patagonia until they could," said James. "It is known as the School of Instruction of the States. It is also our penal colony. Instead of prisons, we have a section of Patagonia set apart for the criminal element."

"And the negro?" asked Dawson. "How about him?"

"The negro, Mr. Dawson, if the histories say rightly, was an awful problem for a great many years. He had so many good points and so many bad that no one knew exactly what to do about him. Finally the sixty-third amendment was passed, ordering his deportation to Africa. It seemed like a hardship at first, but in 2863 he pulled himself together, and to-day has a continent of his own. Africa is his, and when nations are at war to-day they hire their troops from Africa. They make splendid soldiers, you know."

"What's become of Kruger and—er—Rhodes?" Dawson asked. "Turned black?"

James laughed. "Oh, Rhodes and Kruger! Why, as I remember it, they smashed each other. But that is ancient history, Mr. Dawson."

"Jove!" cried Dawson. "What changes!" And then an idea crossed his mind. "James," said he, "pack up my luggage. We'll go to London."

"Where?" asked James.

"To the British capital," returned Dawson.

"Very well, sir," said James. "I will buy return tickets for Calcutta at once, sir. Shall we go on the 1.10 or the 3.40? The 1.10 is an express, but the 3.40 has a buffet."

"Which is the quicker?" Dawson asked.

"The 3.40 goes through in thirty-five minutes, sir. The 1.10 does it in half an hour."

"Great Scott!" said Dawson. "I think, on the whole, James, I won't try it until to-morrow. Calcutta, eh!" he added to himself. "James," he continued, "when did Calcutta become the British capital?"

"In 2964, sir," said James.

"And London?" queried Dawson.

"I don't know much about those island towns, sir," said James. "It's said that London was once the British capital, but sensible people don't believe it much. Why, it hasn't more than twenty million inhabitants, mostly tailors."

"And how many citizens does a modern city have to have, to amount to anything, James?" asked Dawson, faintly.

"Well," said James, scratching his head reflectively, "160 or 200 millions, according to the last census."

"And New York reaches to where?" Dawson asked, in a tentative manner.

"Oh, not very far. It's only third, you know, in population. The last town annexed was Buffalo. The trouble with New York is that it has reached the limits of the State on every side. We'd make it bigger if we could, but Pennsylvania and Ohio and New Jersey won't give up an inch; and Canada is very jealous of her old boundaries."

"Wisely," said Dawson. And then he chose to be sarcastic. "Why don't they fill in the ocean with ashes and extend the city over the Atlantic, James? In an age of such marvellous growth so much waste space should be utilized," he said.

"Oh, it is," returned the valet. "You of course know that all the West Indies are now connected by means of a cinder track with the mainland?"

"And is the bicycle-path to the Azores built yet?" demanded Dawson, dryly.

"No, Mr. Dawson," replied James. "That was given up in 2947, when the patent balloon tires were invented, by means of which wheelmen can scorch wherever they choose to through space, irrespective of roads."

Dawson gasped. "For Heaven's sake, James," he cried, "I need air! Bring up the bodies, and let me get aboard one of 'em and take a sleigh-ride in the Central Park. I can't stand this much longer."

The valet laughed heartily.

"Sleigh-rides have gone out in the Central Park, sir. When Mr. Bunkerton started his earth heating and cooling plant snow was practically abolished hereabouts, Mr. Dawson," said he. "It's never cold enough for snow—always about 70°."

"Ah! The earth is heated from a central station, eh?" asked Dawson.

"Heated and cooled, sir. What with the hot and cold air running through flues from Vesuvius and the north pole into a central reservoir, an absolute mean temperature that never varies from one year's end to another has been obtained. If you wish to take a sleigh-ride you'll have to go to Mars, sir, and just at present the ships running both ways are crowded. They always are during the holiday season. I doubt if you could secure passage for a week."

"Bring up the bodies!" roared Dawson. "I can't express myself in this disembodied state. Mean temperature everywhere; income provided by government; no taxes; no poor; gold dumped into the cellar; houses built of silver; sleigh-riding at Mars. *Bring up the bodies!* Do you hear? The mere idea is wrecking my mind. Give me something physical, and give it to me quick."

Dawson's emotion was so overpowering that the valet was really frightened, and he fled below, whence he shortly reappeared, pushing before him a small wheeling vehicle in which sat three villanous-looking bodies, and a fourth which Dawson with a gasp of relief recognized as his own.

"I thought you said I had five of these things?" he demanded, inspecting the bodies.

"So you have, sir. The one you wear for evening, sir, is being pressed. You fell asleep in it the other night, sir, and got it all wrinkled."

"That golf fellow's a gay-looking prig!" laughed Dawson. "Let me try him on."

The valet stood the body up, and opening a small door at the top of the skull, ingeniously concealed by the hair, invited Dawson to enter. Without even knowing how it came about, Dawson soon found himself in full possession. Then he walked over to the glass and peered in at himself.

“Humph!” he said. “Not much to look at, am I? Bring me a driver.”

James obeyed, and Dawson tried the swing.

“Why, the darned thing's left-handed!” he said, after some awkward work. “I don't like that.”

“You picked it out for yourself, sir,” replied the valet. “You said a left-handed player always rattled the other man, and besides it was the only one you ever had that could keep its eye on the ball.”

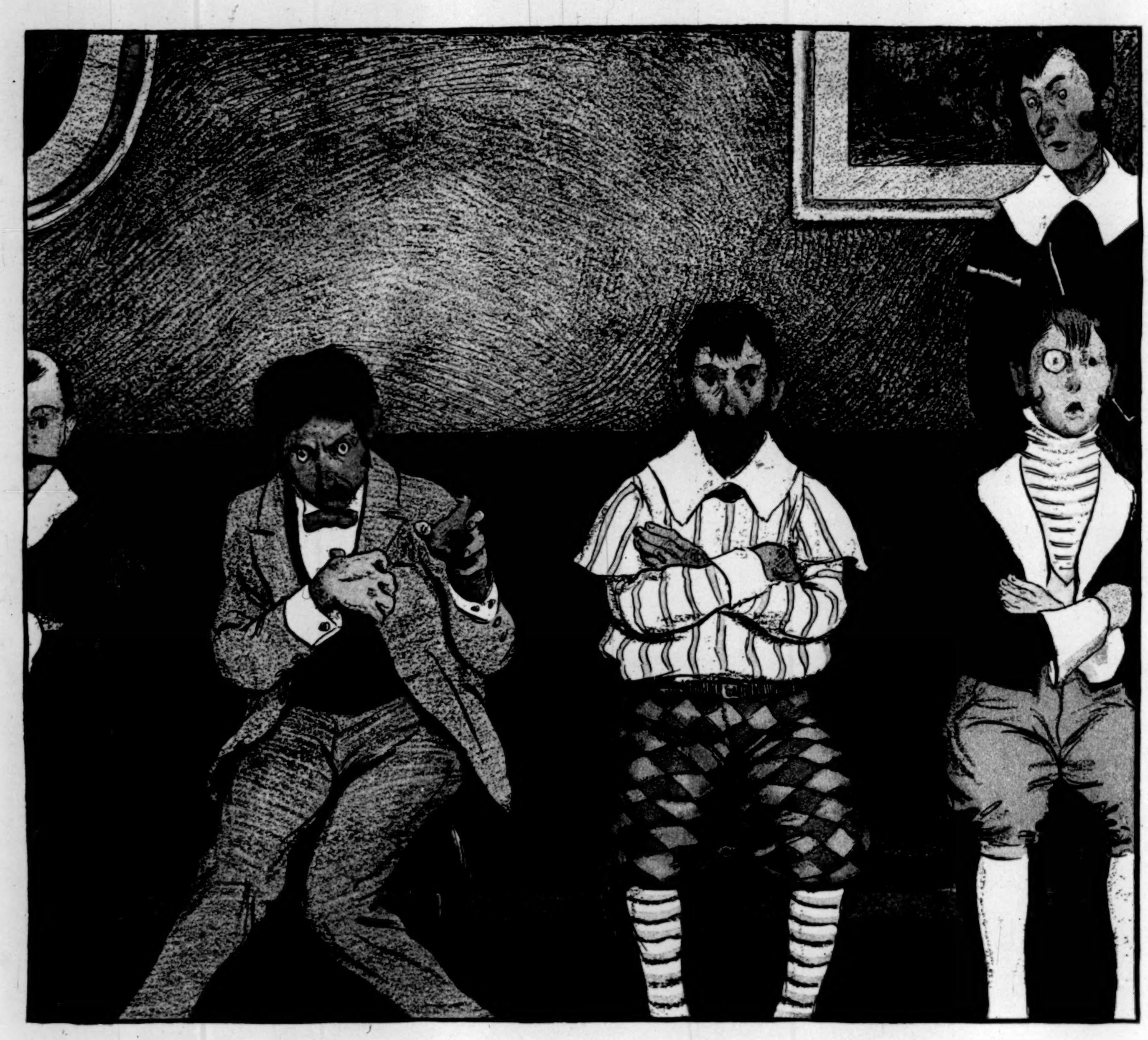
“Let me out! Let me out!” screamed Dawson. “I don't like it, and I won't have it. I'm suffocating. Open my head and let me out.”

The valet unfastened the little door, and Dawson emerged. “What's that tough-looking one for?” he asked, after a pause during which his brain throbbed with the excitement of his novel experience.

“Prize fights,” said James.

“And the strange-looking thing that appears to have been designed for a fancy-dress ball?”

“Nobody knows what you intended that for, Mr. Dawson. You had it sent up yourself from the bodydasher's last week, sir.”



“THREE VILLANOUS-LOOKING BODIES, AND A FOURTH WHICH DAWSON RECOGNIZED AS HIS OWN.”

“Well, take it away,” roared Dawson. “This may be 3568, but I haven't lost my self-respect entirely. Give it to—ah—give it to the children to play with.”

“Really, Mr. Dawson,” said the valet, anxiously, “wouldn't I better ring up the President, and have him send a doctor here from the Department of Physic? You seem all astray this morning. There aren't any children any more, sir.”

“Wha—what? No *children?*” cried Dawson.

“They were abolished three centuries ago, sir,” explained the valet.

“Then how the deuce is the world populated?” demanded Dawson.

“It was sufficiently populated at the time the law abolishing children was passed, sir.”

“But people die, don't they?”

“Never,” replied the valet. “When Dr. Perkinbloom discovered how to separate man's mental from his physical side, by means of this little door in the cranium, all the perishable portions of man were done away with, which is how it is, sir, that for convenience' sake, after the world was as full of consciousness as it could be comfortably, it was decided not to have any more of it.”

“But these bodies, James, these bodies?”

“Oh, they are manufactured—”

“But how?”

“That, sir, is the secret of the inventor,” replied the valet, “a secret which he is permitted by our government to retain, although the factories are maintained under the supervision of the Tailor-General.”

Dawson was silent. He was absolutely overpowered by the revelation.

“James,” he said, after a pause of nearly five minutes, “let me—let me back into my old self just for a moment, please. I—I feel faint, and sort of uncomfortable. I feel lost, don't you know. I can grasp some of your ideas, but—Christmas without children! It does not seem possible.”

The valet respectfully raised up the original Dawson, opened the little door in the top of its head, and Dawson slipped in.

“Now lock that door,” said Dawson, quickly, once he was safe inside. The valet obeyed nervously.

“Give me the key,” said Dawson. “Quick!”

“Yes, sir,” said James, handing it over, eying his master anxiously meanwhile.

Dawson looked at it. It was a fragile bit of gold, but gold did not appeal to him at the moment, and before the valet could interfere to stop him he had hurled it far out of the window into the busy street below, where it was lost in the maze of traffic.

“There,” said Dawson; “I guess you'll have a hard time getting me out of this again. You needn't try. And meanwhile, James, you can kick those other bodies out into the street and dump the gold into the river; after which you may present my compliments to your darned old government, and tell it that it can go where the woodbine twineth. A government that abolishes children can go hang, so far as I am concerned.”

James sprang toward Dawson as if he had been stung. His face grew white with wrath.

“Sir,” he hissed, passionately, “the words that you have spoken are treason, and merit punishment.”

“What's that?” cried Dawson, wrathfully.

“Treason is what I said,” retorted the valet, aroused. “If I thought you were in your right mind and knew what you were saying, I should conduct you forthwith to the police-station and inform against you to the Secretary of Justice.”

“Get out of here, you—you—you impertinent ass!” cried Dawson. “Leave the room! I—I—I discharge you! You forget your position!”

“It is you who forget your position,” returned the valet. “Discharge me! I like that. You might just as well try to discharge the President of the United States as me.”

Here the valet gave a scornful laugh, and leered maddeningly at Dawson. The latter gazed at him coldly.

“You are my servant?” he demanded.

“By government appointment, at your service,” replied James, with a satirical bow. “You have overlooked the fact that the government since 1900 has gradually absorbed all business—every function of labor is now governmental—and a man who arbitrarily bounces a cook, as the ancients used to put it, strikes at the Administration. Charges may be preferred against a servant, but he cannot be deprived of his office except upon the report of a committee to the Department of Intelligence. As the President is your servant so am I.”

Dawson sat down aghast, and clutched his forehead with his hands.

“But,” he cried, jumping to his feet, “that is intolerable. The logic of the thing makes you, while your party is in power—”

“Your Governor,” interrupted the valet. “Come,” he added, firmly. “You called me an impertinent ass a moment ago, and my patience is exhausted. I shall inform against you. If you aren't sent to Patagonia before night, my name is not James Wilkins.”

He laid his hand on Dawson's shoulder roughly. A shock, as of electricity, went through Dawson's person. His old-time strength returned to him, and turning viciously upon the impudent fellow, he grasped him about his middle with both arms, and after a struggle that lasted several minutes, dragged him to the window and hurled him, even as he had the key, down into the street below.

This done, he fell unconscious to the floor.

A year has passed since the episode, and Dawson has become the happiest man in the world, for on his return to consciousness, instead of finding himself in the hands of a revengeful valet, backed by a socialistic government, the past had been restored to him and the future relegated to its proper place. It was only the other night that he spoke of the value of his experience, however.

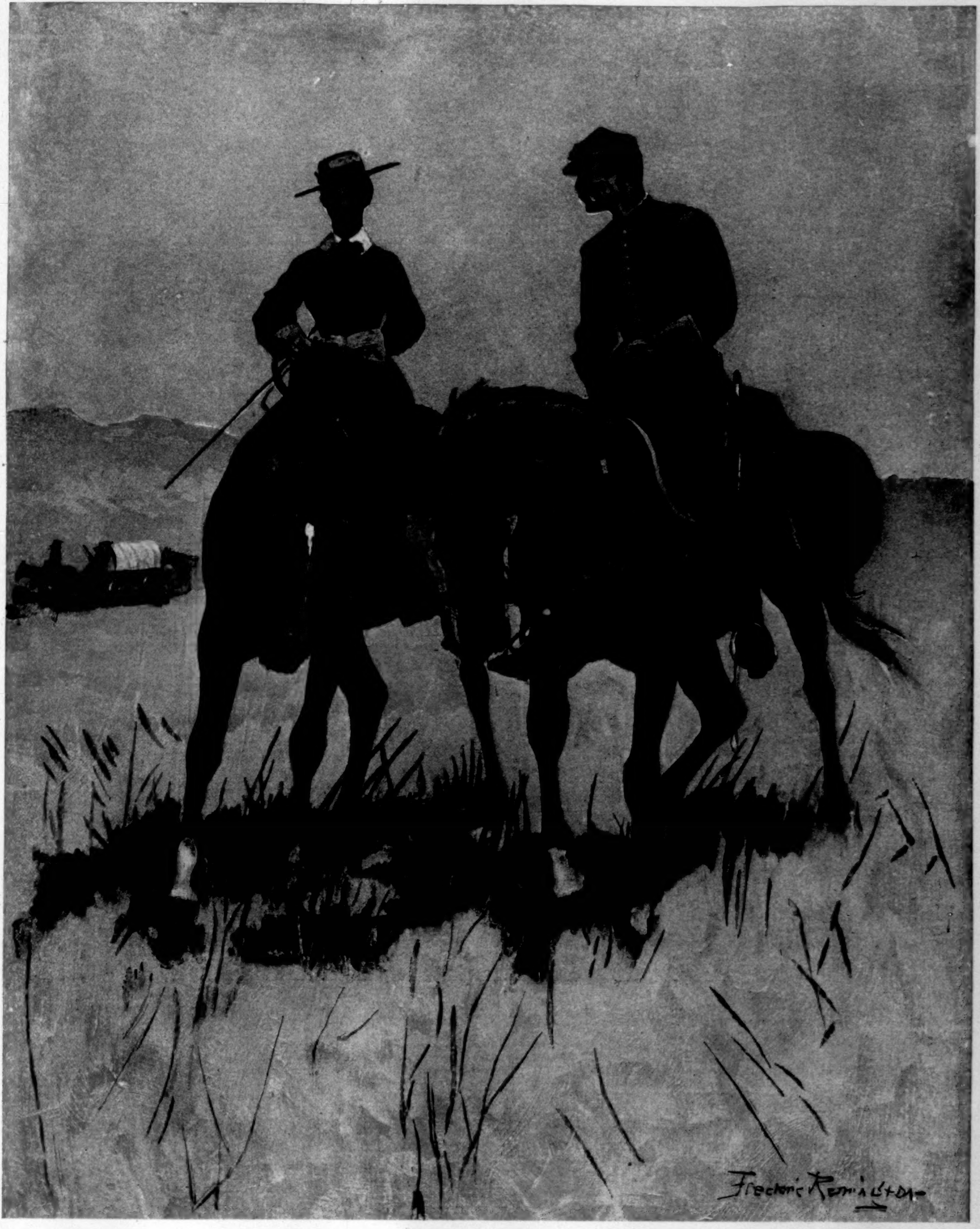
“It has made me happier in spite of my many troubles,” he said. “If there's anything that can make the present endurable it is the thought of what the future may have in store for us. A guaranteed income, and a detachable spirit, and no taxes, and a variety of imperishable bodies are all very nice, but servants with the manners of custom-house officials, and children abolished! No, thank you. Curious dream, though,” he added, “don't you think?”

“No,” said I, “not very. It strikes me as a reasonable forecast of what is likely to be if things keep on as they are going. Especially in that matter of our servants.”

“Maybe it wasn't a dream,” said Dawson. “Maybe, time having neither beginning nor ending, the future is, and I stumbled into it.”

“Maybe so,” said I. “I think, however, you'll have some difficulty in finding that $15,000 again.”

“I don't want to,” observed Dawson. “For don't you see I'd find James Wilkins's dead body beside it, and, in spite of its drawbacks, I prefer life in New York to the possibility of Patagonia.”



THE MILITARY SEARCH FOR BELLE McKEEVER

By Fitz-James McCarthy (Fitz-Mac)

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

I.

THE ORDERS IN THE CASE.

GENERAL STONEMAN'S ORDER.

General Orders No. 47.

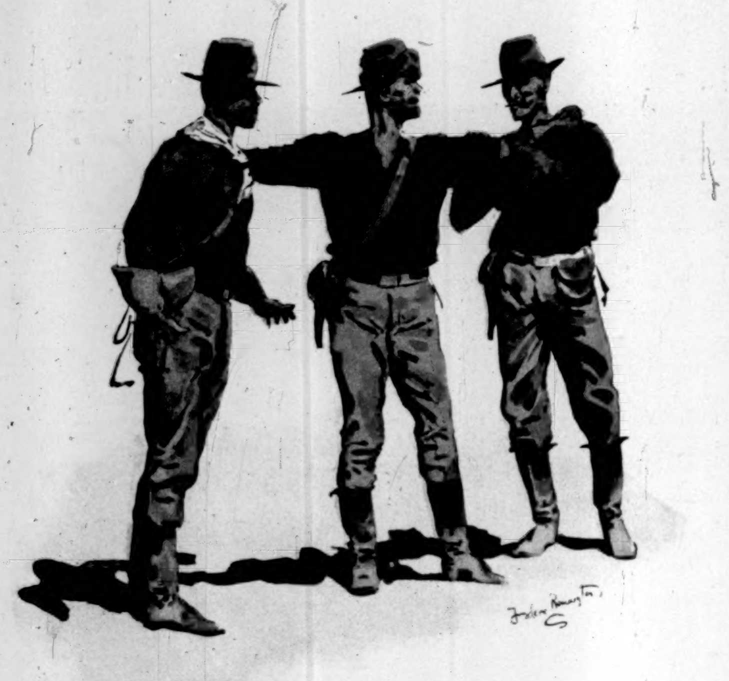
HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA,
WHIPPLE BARRACKS, PRESCOTT, ARIZONA *September 14, 1869.*

FOR the information of the military forces in this department, and to the end that the accompanying general orders may be carried out the more intelligently, the following facts in the case of the massacre of the McKeever party at the big bend of the Gila, on the 5th instant, are promulgated, viz.: The party consisted of Mr. Abner McKeever, wife and daughter, seven colored servants, former slaves of the family, and three hired white men. The party were well armed, but, supposing themselves beyond danger, had stored their guns in the wagons, and had only their belt weapons ready for use. They appear, however, to have made a heroic defence. The Indians lay in ambush in the mesquite brush of the Gila bottom about the ford, and attacked the party about sundown, as they were pitching camp for the night. With the exception of the daughter who was carried off, and a young negro lad who escaped and gave the news of the massacre, all of the party were slain.

The assailants are believed to have been a renegade band of the Tonto Apaches, but the evidence of this is not conclusive. There appears to be some reason to suspect that the murderers were led by some villanous white man or Mexican disguised as an Indian, whose personal object may have been the capture of the young lady.

The McKeever family were people of wealth and refinement, who were emigrating from Texas to California, where they intended to establish a stock ranch. The daughter, Miss Belle McKeever, was a most interesting young lady, of striking beauty, well educated, and high spirited.

As the family, with their stock and freight train, had followed the military route from the Rio Grande westward, and had made calls of courtesy or visited by invitation at nearly all the points on the route, their identity is well known. After leaving Tucson they had struck north to the valley of the Gila, and moved slowly, to give their stock the benefit of the grass and water. While their caravan loitered leisurely along north of the Gila



"'WE ARE DOOMED.'"

and in the Salt River Valley, to allow the stock to flesh up, the family visited Camp McDowell by invitation and remained nearly a week.

As all military men are aware, the probabilities are strong that the young lady has not survived till now the awful experience of the massacre of her family, and the hardships and horrifying outrages to which she would pretty certainly be exposed by the savages. Yet the mere possibility that she may yet be alive renders it important that the most energetic watchfulness and caution be observed to rescue her or secure her surrender from her captors.

Besides a train of three heavy "schooners," containing household goods and stores, the family were driving a considerable herd of young cattle, and a bunch of more than a hundred young unbroken Texas mares, with two fine thoroughbred Kentucky stallions, as a foundation in their California enterprise. The wagon stock consisted entirely of mules, and none of these were taken. But the father and daughter had a pair of fine bay Kentucky saddle-horses for use when they chose not to ride in the carriage with Mrs. McKeever. There were also about thirty broncos, broken to the saddle, and used by the herders.

This fine bunch of young horses was undoubtedly the booty that incited the Indians to the massacre of the party. All the broken saddle stock was taken, but the savages succeeded in driving off only about a third of the bunch of young mares, the rest probably having stampeded under the leadership of the spirited stallions, and returned to the vicinity of the massacre. It may prove of the utmost importance, as looking to the rescue of the young lady or learning her fate, that all should bear vividly in mind the brands of the stolen stock, so as to recognize them wherever seen. The unbroken mares and the stallions appear to have been a purchased brand, and to have originally borne simply a bar-in-heart mark on the left shoulder. Beneath this was the purchase-bar, and under the purchase-bar the Abner McKeever brand, a flying A-bar-K (A—K).

The bronco stock and the two Kentucky saddle-horses bear simply the McKeever brand (A—K) on their right hips.

After the massacre the marauders struck northward through the Har-qua-halla Desert, in the general direction of the low mountain range of that name, but, as usual, divided up into several parties, and crossed and recrossed to confuse and blind their trail, making it very slow to follow, especially as much of that desert is bare, crumbled scoria.

A small military force attending the east-bound mail, which happened to be intercepted by the negro boy who escaped, arrived at the scene of the massacre before daylight, and with the aid of the boy identified and buried the victims, and notified Camp McDowell and Fort Yuma, which responded promptly; but having thirty-six hours the start, and being able to travel by night, the Indians had every advantage in that torrid and waterless desert region over pursuers who can only follow their trail by daylight, under the scorching sun.

If the supposition is well founded that the savages were led by a white man or Mexican, whose personal object was the capture of the young lady, there may be reason to hope that she has escaped outrage by the Indians and may be rescued alive.

All the forces in this department are ordered to visit and examine the tribes within their several commands, and to energetically follow up any clew to the young lady that may be discovered. It should be pursued with caution, and every effort should be made to secure a friendly surrender of the captive, lest the fear of punishment tempt those who hold her to murder her in order to obliterate the evidence against those who engaged in the massacre.

All forces within this department are also ordered to take possession of any stock bearing either the A—K or the bar-in-heart brand, and to arrest any parties, whether Indian, Mexican, or white, having such stock in their possession, and hold them till they give a satisfactory account of themselves.

If the young lady be dead, and her body can be identified with certainty, it will be recovered, and interred with those of her parents at Camp McDowell.

All forces in charge of any of the different Apache tribes will exercise special watchfulness, as experience has shown that outrages like this, directed to the purpose of securing riding-stock, have frequently preceded a general outbreak of the tribe.

By command of
Brev. Maj.-Gen. Stoneman.
B. W. Stone,
Brev. Lieut.-Col., U. S. A.,
Acting Assist. Adj.-Gen.

Special Orders No. 437.

War Department,
Washington, D. C., *Oct. 12, 1869.*

Urgent and anxious inquiries are daily reaching this department, both by wire and mail, from their relatives and friends in Texas, as well as from the political authorities of that State, concerning a family named McKeever, evidently people of wealth and high standing, who appear to have been massacred by the Apaches at a ford of the Gila River, in Arizona, between Camp McDowell, in the Salt River Valley, and Fort Yuma, on the Colorado, while *en route* to California, whither they were immigrating.

The party, it appears, fell into an Apache ambush at the ford, and all were slain, with the exception of one negro lad who escaped, and the daughter, who, it is claimed, was carried off alive. There is a disposition to ascribe the disaster to the carelessness and inefficiency of the army in Arizona, in its lax control of the Indians. The deepest concern is felt for the fate of the young lady. You will direct energetic and solicitous action to be taken to rescue her by all the forces in the Territory, and in order that the inquiries of anxious friends may be authoritatively answered, you will report the case in detail as soon as practicable to the department.

William W. Belknap,
Secretary of War.

To the Commanding Officer,
Headquarters of the Army,
Washington, D. C.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ORDER

Special Orders No. 318.

Headquarters of the Army,
Washington, D. C., *October 13, 1869.*

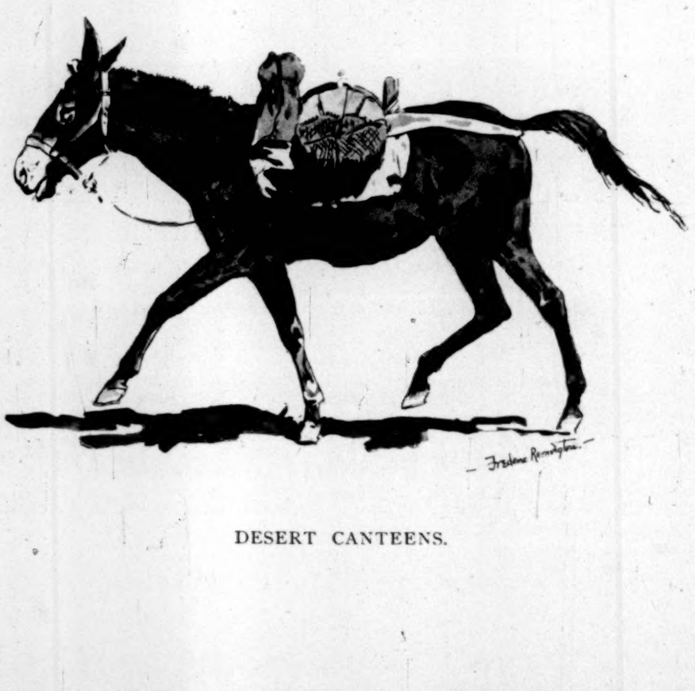
Special Order No. 437 of the War Department is enclosed for your instruction. You will order such an investigation of the massacre as will fix the responsibility where it belongs, and take prompt action to secure the surrender of the young lady if living.

Your attention is directed to the complaint that the disaster is attributable to the carelessness or inefficiency of the forces in Arizona in their control of the Indians. Take energetic action to capture and bring to justice the perpetrators of these murders, and if the tribe to which they belong show a disposition to conceal them and abet their acts they should be given a lesson they will not forget.

You will report in detail as promptly as possible on the fate of the young lady, in order that the War Department may be able to respond to the anxious inquiries of friends. If there be reason to suppose she is still alive, the most diplomatic caution should be observed in the efforts to secure her surrender. If her captors be too much alarmed for their own safety, they may make away with her to destroy the evidence against themselves.

By command of General Sherman.
William D. Whipple,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

To the Commanding Officer,
Department of Arizona.

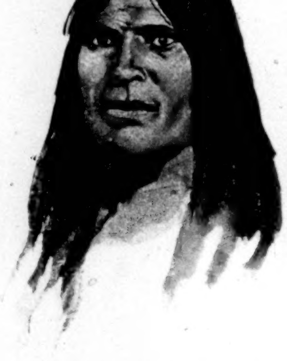


DESERT CANTEENS.

II.

It will be observed that General Stoneman had anticipated the orders received from the War Department through General Sherman by almost exactly a month, so far as those orders related to the rescue of Miss McKeever. In fact, even General Stoneman's orders, as he was perfectly aware, were a mere formality. He knew too well the spirit of the military forces on the frontier in their attitude toward such Indian outrages to doubt that everything was being done that could be done to rescue the girl and to bring the murderers to punishment. It is evident that his chief purpose was to promulgate the facts of the case officially—especially in the important matter of the stock brands—so that the search might proceed not upon doubtful rumor, but upon exact knowledge. The McKeever family had left a strong and delightful personal impression at all the military posts they had visited *en route.* The lovely daughter, indeed, must have been, in an innocent way, a bit of a coquette, for her beauty had left an aching void in more than one young officer's breast. Instead of confessing that she was engaged to a young cavalry captain of the dispersed Confederate army, and that she was to marry this young man as soon as the family arrived in California, where he had already established himself, she smiled upon them in dances on barrack floors, and sighed regretfully at parting, with downcast, guileful glance, leaving them miserable, but not without hope. It was all roguish, innocent coquetry. Who will blame her? Youth comes but once, and the bloom of her lovely youth was blighted so soon and so wofully! It is certain that half a dozen young officers, at least, burst into tears at news of the awful fate that befell her, and begged to be permitted to rescue her or to perish in the attempt. Three of them, indeed, came as near as possible to perishing.

Lieutenant Wheelock's military career was forever ruined by the attempt. "Wheelock the Invincible," he used to be called at West Point—a deep-grained, earnest, taciturn fellow, tall, lank-limbed, and lantern-jawed, overstudious and hollow-eyed; his ungainliness redeemed, however, by a simple and unconscious ease of movement, by a head of flowing, dark brown curls, by a dark, cheek-sweeping, brigandish mustache, and by a kindly, tolerant, appreciative smile—a smile of infinite variability, a truly captivating smile. He had a truth-telling and truth-compelling gaze that was not generally agreeable to shallow and insincere people, but he was liked by nearly all in the army who knew him, and loved by many. He had a chivalrous, tolerant, patient spirit, but his military ambition was known to be profound. Poor fellow, what a fate!—to be driven, one may almost say, out of the army in disgrace, and all for love of this guileful, lovely, unfortunate Belle McKeever, who was engaged to marry another man.



THE OLD WATER-SCOUT.

But she had not, truth to say, been guileful with Wheelock. It came to be known somehow that she had told him of her engagement. He was certainly the only one she told, and a shrewd army woman who heard of it remarked, rather deeply, "Then she must have either loved him or detested him." But Belle McKeever was too fine-spirited and penetrating a girl to detest a man of Edgar Wheelock's rare quality. She may have been confessing to him—with soft tears in her lovely proud eyes, one can imagine—that something he desired was impossible. He had met her at Fort Bowie, which is on the eastern border of the Territory, and got himself detailed to guard the party with a troop through the dangerous Chirracahua country. We may suppose—we may even hope for love's dear sake—that the young pair got many a chance during those four or five days to ride apart and converse with each other privately; for it is better to love and not to win than never to love at all.

Wheelock pleaded for himself, and the lovely girl shed some tears, but said no and no and no—it was impossible; it was too late; she could not allow herself even to think of it. Then she told him of her engagement to that ex-rebel in California. Yet Wheelock did not despair. He was not the sort of a soldier to take a girl's first word for the impossible. He got himself transferred to Fort Yuma to meet her again as the party passed into California, and where in two days more, but for the horrible disaster, he would have met her.

When the courier rushed up from the river to the quarters and blurted out the news of the butchery without giving the details, Wheelock was lying in a hammock, with several officers sitting about. The others sprang to their feet in amazement, and it was some minutes before any one observed that he had fainted. It was hardly noticed at the time, for in ten minutes he was ready for the saddle; but it was remarked upon after his misfortune, by those who pitied him and shrewdly conjectured the cause of his fainting.

He commanded the troop that rushed to the scene of the massacre from Fort Yuma. From that fruitless effort he returned a worn and haggard ghost of himself, with desperation and anguish written upon every feature, but with a fierce purpose burning in his heart. It was he who discovered the circumstance which gave color to the theory that a white man or Mexican had led the Indians to the massacre. That circumstance was the finding of a well-made wig of Indian hair at the point on the trail, a few miles from the ford, where a part of the stock driven off appeared to have stampeded and broken away from the captors. Though it proved nothing absolutely, it suggested a white man in disguise. The theory, too, accounted for the anomaly in Apache warfare of carrying off the girl as a prisoner instead of murdering her on the spot.

The clew suggested a new hope, but also a new horror, to Wheelock's mind. Other people said: "Pshaw! it can't be Don Pablo! He quit his tricks when he sold that mine last year. That made him rich. He got $160,000. He has left the country."

Don Pablo was at that period both a mystery and a terror in Arizona. Some claimed to recognize him as a Texan who had served as a colonel in the Confederate army and had been cashiered for gross irregularities. Others asserted that he was a Frenchman who had served on Maximilian's staff, others still that he was simply a Mexican bandit, while amongst all there was some doubt that he was anything more than a myth—a name behind which several different highwaymen concealed themselves.

III.

"FOR BETRAYING THE HONOR
OF THE SERVICE
IN THE FACE OF DANGER
BY CONDUCT
DISGRACEFUL IN AN OFFICER
OF THE ARMY."

The above is the form in which Lieutenant Wheelock inscribed his reasons in the resignation which he handed to his Colonel, and which the Colonel had promised to indorse "approved." He had not, however, promised to approve it in any such form, and he did not. It would have brought the young man to trial by court martial. He sympathized profoundly with Wheelock's despair and anguish, and undertook to manage matters so that he could leave the post at once, and avoid meeting military people while his resignation awaited the action of the Secretary of War. The Colonel was far from sharing the over-sensitive young man's opinion that he had disgraced himself, but, on the whole, he sincerely believed, no doubt, that it would be best for the Lieutenant's happiness to retire from the army.

Kindly, but very unwisely, the Colonel managed it, and when the mistake was discovered it was too late to retrieve the injury inflicted. The broken-hearted young officer had vanished.

When Wheelock returned to Fort Yuma from the scene of the massacre, after the first splendid but fruitless dash into the desert, he had formed a theory as to what course the marauders would take, and he immediately obtained permission to raise a squad of volunteers and to go upon the forlorn hope of rescue. The officers, who did not understand his theory, nor share his belief that the young lady was the captive of the notorious Mexican bandit, said the undertaking would be futile. "If the young lady was not dead before then, there was no reasonable hope of rescuing her from her captors by arms. Diplomacy was the only course that would save her. The Indians would slay her without compunction at the first sign of a rescue."

The women, however, said: "Don't discourage him. Who knows? and it is perfectly beautiful of him! What a splendid soldier! What an adorable lover! Poor girl, she'll worship him forever if he saves her. Only think—it might have been one of us!"

But all knew, if they had reflected, that the captive must be located and the identity of her captors established before any diplomacy could be inaugurated.

Wheelock's heart was consumed between anxiety and hope. If his theory was correct, the Apaches were not in possession of the young lady at all. They had scattered in small bands with the stolen stock, to meet at some distant point. He had been a keen student of Indian habits. Their interest was not in the captive girl, but in getting the horses beyond rescue. It was everything, in the young lover's view, that the captive girl was in the hands of one who understood, as the savages could not, the small limit of endurance possible to a civilized and refined white woman under such harrowing circumstances. It was most unlikely that he would endanger concealment by allowing any considerable number of Apaches to follow him to his refuge. Two or three at most were all Wheelock expected to encounter if he came upon the bold bandit's trail.

Within a few hours from the time of reaching the fort he was again in the saddle, accompanied by a volunteer detail of five troopers, including Sergeant McNulty.

All the region surrounding Fort Yuma, both in Arizona and California, an area larger than all New England, is a volcanic desert, not strictly verdureless, but nearly so. The rains are extremely infrequent and light, though sometimes torrentlike. It is not, however, a desert of drifting sand, except in rare spots, but of volcanic scoria, more or less crumbled, and in spots supporting a varied and interesting flora of the cactus family, which requires next to no water for its existence. The whole country is dotted with volcanic cones or buttes, sometimes so connected as to form little mountain ranges a few miles in length, and occasionally rising in sharp and picturesque pinnacles to a commanding altitude, all of them verdureless, bare volcanic rock. But, so far from being repulsive to the vision of the mere spectator, the region is one of the most beautiful and interesting on earth. The atmospheric effects are magical, and contribute a charm that is incommunicable by words. The dreamful, hazy, throbbing air, whose heat is so terrible to endure, wraps all the scorched and blistered gauntness of the scene in a diaphanous veil of cerulean blue, which at a little distance changes every scar to beauty. Every day there are hours when those scorched and blistered volcanic buttes seem to be fairy islands resting in the entrancing calmness of a turquoise sea. All is beauty to the idle spectator; all mockery and alluring horror to the drouth-tortured wayfarer on those desert trails—treacherous mirages that beguile faith and betray hope.

In many of these volcanic buttes there are natural rock cisterns or tanks, locally called water-pockets, where the waters of the infrequent rains are caught and retained for long periods. The Yuma Indians, whose faculties have been sharpened by ages of necessity, have acquired an instinct for finding these water-pockets when they do not happen to know where they are, as in the nearer mountains they mostly do.

Wheelock had taken an old Yuma along as water-scout. It was nearly sundown when the party started, and by morning they had reached the northern base of Castle Dome mountain, which shows in such wondrous beauty forty miles to the northeast of Fort Yuma. Here there was water, and here they were to rest during the heat of the day, and go forward afoot by night, with two pack-mules to carry their supplies of dried meat and hardtack, and the large canteens of water which it was necessary to take along.

The next two nights they travelled in the same way, but on the third morning it became necessary, after a rest, to proceed by daylight, as from there on the trail they were seeking might at any moment be "picked up." The water at this point was very alkaline and distressing to drink. The Indian assured them they would be able to reach good water before sundown; but unfortunately they did not take the trouble to have him indicate exactly where it was to be found, and that day the first of that series of far-reaching disasters which wrecked more than one life happened. About noon the old water-scout, while creeping on all-fours after a rabbit which he had chased among some rocks, was struck in the neck by a huge rattlesnake. Every effort was instantly made to save his life, for all realized the danger in which they would be without him. But the fangs of the serpent had struck too deep, and the wound was too close to the brain. Their efforts delayed but could not avert the result. In half an hour he was senseless; by three o'clock he was dead.

Sergeant McNulty fully realized the danger, and wisely advised the immediate abandonment of the expedition, or that they should at least retire to the good water at Castle Dome, and send for another water-scout. But the Lieutenant, who saw the death of all his hopes in such a course, so strongly appealed to them to push on and search for the water to which the old guide had been leading them, that his desire prevailed. They had lost three precious hours of daylight working to save the life of their poor scout, and it was doubtful at best if they could find the water ahead before the next morning, even if they came to it. They did not, and their suffering became excruciating. They spent most of the night climbing over the rocky cone to which they had directed their course, but found no water. Their tongues were so swollen, their throats so parched, that they were only able to speak in husky, strident whispers. Soon after sunrise one of them uttered a hoarse screech, and pointed to a beautiful little lagoon about a mile away. They looked; they ran; they fell, and scrambled to their feet again. They covered a mile, and still it was a mile beyond. It seemed to recede as fast as they advanced. Finally Sergeant McNulty caught the two most badly affected by the shoulder, stopped, and turned upon Wheelock with a look of despair, which said as plainly as words, "We are doomed." The Lieutenant, understanding his meaning, answered from the bitterness of his soul—"God is against us; He is against that poor girl."

The lovely lake was a mirage of the desert.

The motives that induced the party to separate none could clearly recollect. It seems, however, to have been by amicable arrangement. Two of the men were already in a troublesome and menacing condition. The desert madness was taking possession of them. They would stop at intervals and lift their feet without moving forward, as if working a tread-mill. The world seemed to be slipping backward, with a ponderous, bewildering motion under their feet. This illusion is one of the first and least harmful symptoms of the madness. The glaring intensity of the direct and reflected sunlight on the bare desert compels the walker to droop his eyelids, till only the monotonous ashen earth in front of his footsteps is visible. After the victim reaches what we may call this world-moving stage, he is liable at any moment to become frantic, dangerous to himself or his companions if he be armed.

It is probable that Wheelock assented to McNulty's attempting to return with these affected men. One of the privates, however, a tall blond German named Carl Schwinke, refused to leave him alone, but decided to remain and help him search for the water to which the Indian had expected to lead them. When the moment for parting came, Rufus Swanson, one of the affected privates, also refused to go with McNulty, having gotten an insane suspicion that it was a scheme of the sergeant's to murder him. Wheelock and Schwinke, therefore, had to take charge of him.

It was on the eleventh day after setting out that McNulty's party reached the fort. The pluck of the stout little Irishman had pulled them through. All were in a terrible condition. They had reached the water after unspeakable suffering, but their mouths were in a horrible state from having chewed the green cactus that grows in spots on the desert, to get the scanty juice. It probably saved their lives, but the infinitesimally fine needle-like fuzz that covers the plant had penetrated and stuck in the membrane of the lips and mouth, causing it to swell enormously and painfully, and to bleed when they moved their jaws.

IV.

A CAREFUL description was obtained from McNulty, and a mounted relief party with an Indian guide was sent out immediately after Wheelock and his companions, but only the Lieutenant and the German were found. The trail was followed to the point at which the parties had separated, and from there on, without much difficulty, to a water-pocket in a low butte, at no great distance, where the Wheelock party had camped. It was evidently the water to which the Indian had been guiding them. From this point they had pushed on, with a close, clear trail, showing strength and confidence, toward a butte some fifteen miles distant, where again they had found water and camped. It was evident that they had here reconnoitred for the Apache trail, leaving and returning to the water a number of times.

The failure of food and the exhaustion of their horses now compelled the relief party to think of themselves. They cachéd a part of their rations at the water, leaving a conspicuous note with it for Wheelock, and began their retreat. What was their surprise on reaching the Castle Dome tank to find Schwinke crouching by the water. The Lieutenant was found a little distance away. Both were crazy, and in a frightful physical condition. The state of their mouths showed that they had been at some time reduced to chewing the cactus. Their lips were enormously swollen and festering, and their hands were also covered with sores caused by the large thorns of the cactus, which they had handled without caution. Their jaws were smeared with blood.

The German was suspicious of the men, and fought frantically when they laid hands on him. He also seemed to cherish a deep spite against the Lieutenant, who had retired from the water to avoid fighting with him.

Wheelock's condition was not violent. He seemed only to have fallen into a gloomy dementia, and at intervals repeated over and over, in a husky voice, communing with himself: "God has forsaken the world. He has left the poor girl to her fate! Poor girl! Poor girl!"

When asked about Swanson, the Lieutenant at first said he did not know what had become of him, but the German cried out at him fiercely—"He's dead, and you know it." Wheelock gave a demented glance of interrogation at the companion of his sufferings, and muttered: "Yes, I suppose he is dead, poor fellow. Yes, he's certainly dead; but what does it matter? God has forsaken the world."

"You know well enough how he died!" screamed the German. "Oh, you know!"

"Yes, I'm sure he must be dead," was all the reply the Lieutenant would make.

Schwinke's recovery was rapid in the hospital, but it seemed impossible to inspire Wheelock with a desire to live. The German was an intelligent man, and much better educated than the average private soldier. He was considered also to be a fellow of conscientious disposition and most respectable character, though there had been noticed a distinct, if only slight, tendency to "crankiness"—a tendency of his mind to run to extremes. He had not the coarse common-sense, the trustworthy judgment, of McNulty, for instance, though in mental culture much his superior. As soon as he was able to be out of bed—in three or four days—he was called up and questioned as to the fate of Swanson. There was no suspicion of anything wrong, and he would not have been examined at all if Wheelock had been able to report. His reticency and confusion when questioned, however, aroused suspicion, and he finally confessed that in the extremity of their thirst the three of them had first killed the mule to drink its blood, and that the following day himself and Wheelock had killed Swanson, who had gone mad, for the same purpose.

The Colonel called in several officers and the surgeon, and the fellow repeated the awful tale. They had severed the jugular vein at the neck while the victim was sleeping, the German said, and had put their parched lips to the gash. There was a general exclamation of horror from all who heard. He was cautioned not to speak of the matter among the soldiers, and was placed under a friendly guard. The next day he was called up again, at the instance of the surgeon, and questioned as to the gold sand that had been found in his pockets when his clothing was removed at the hospital. It was immensely rich, and there was quite a quantity of it. A little also had been found in the Lieutenant's pockets. Schwinke was unable at first to recollect how they had come by it, but finally said he thought Swanson had given it to them, or that they had taken it from his clothing.

The anxiety was so intense that the surgeon and the Colonel undertook to question Wheelock, gently and soothingly, at his bedside, without waiting till he got out. His mind seemed clear, though unable to stand any strain of thought. He seemed to have no idea they were examining him, and talked in a desultory, careless, despondent way of the trip. He thought Swanson had deserted and taken the pack-mule with him—no, he could not recollect what made him think so, but some circumstance had fixed the impression in his mind—had he turned up yet? Perhaps he had not deserted the army, but had only deserted the party to save himself. He had a cheap opinion of Swanson, but it wouldn't do to hold a man strictly accountable in such suffering. Schwinke?—oh, Schwinke, poor fellow, behaved nobly, like a soldier—no, no, we didn't fight; that is not how our faces came to be bloody, if they were bloody—no, Schwinke and I did not fight—toward the last he got suspicious and quarrelsome, but, you know he wasn't responsible, poor fellow. Yes, I believe he menaced me at the tank, and I went a little way off and lay down, so as not to irritate him. Out of his mind? Oh, undoubtedly, a maniac—seemed to be enraged by the idea that I wanted to keep him away from the water. Gold-dust in my pockets? Was there gold-dust in my pockets? I don't know how I came by it, I am sure. Perhaps Schwinke gave it to me; I seem to recall that he did give me a handful, but the impression is vague. Is Schwinke doing well?—tell him to come to see me."

"It will spoil his life when he knows," said the Colonel. "It will gall him forever. His pride is very sensitive. And he will have to know; he will probably recollect when he recovers completely—don't you think? But really it isn't a question of honor; the man was insane."

"Oh, certainly insane."

"But it will break him up just the same."

"Men live through everything."

Both were right. It broke his heart of soldierly honor, and he lived through it—like a gentleman, not like a cad.

The Colonel called him in alone, when he was able to get up, and put Schwinke's statement at him as tenderly as the thing could be done. He stared at the Colonel with blanched face and immovable gaze for a long time, as if he had been stricken by a shock of palsy. His head wabbled with that pitiful motion as when the will has been paralyzed by a shock.

Seeing admission in every attitude and feature of the young man, the elder one, who had expected some attempt at denial or palliation, was deeply touched, and called out hurriedly to him: "Don't speak, Mr. Wheelock. Don't speak till you have advice. You are not fit to speak. Not a word; not a word now. See your friends first." But

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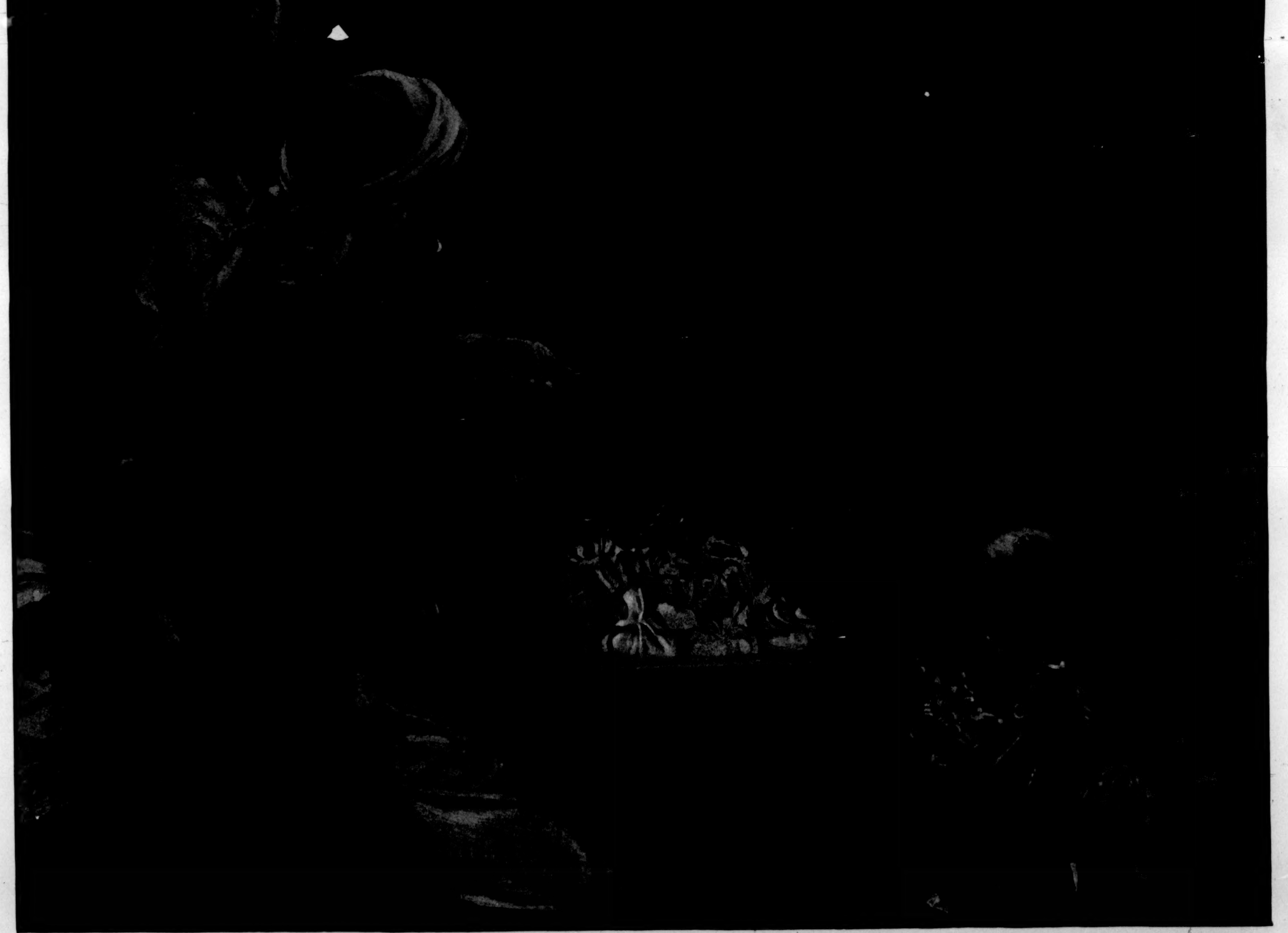

SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY CHRISTMAS NUMBER*, NO. 2243, DECEMBER 16, 1899

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HOW THE BUCCANEERS KEPT CHRISTMAS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HOWARD PYLE.

after a gasp or two Wheelock got his voice, and spoke in tones of passionless despair: "God has forsaken me. I—I have no friends whom I wish to consult about speaking the truth. He has forsaken her—both of us. What had we done? What had we done, Colonel? She was engaged. Say I made her regret it—ever so little perhaps. Is that a sin—an unpardonable sin? God has forsaken us. I think he has forsaken the world."

"I believe," said Wheelock, after a pause, "that Schwinke has told the truth. I have thought of it since you spoke to me the other day. My mind has run upon it. I am convinced it is true. That is how the blood came on our faces. I seem to recollect now. I must have been crazy, of course, for the thing left no impression on me, or hardly any, but it impressed Schwinke, a man in the ranks. It horrified him. He accused me of it bitterly, over and over. What feeling the fellow has! And all the while, I recollect, I thought he was crazy, and tried to soothe him. It never troubled me a minute, till after you spoke the other day. It seemed to me all the while that Swanson had stolen away with the pack-mule and left us. Colonel, I must get away. I cannot face the ranks. The officers would pity me and conceal their abhorrence, but the privates would despise me as an officer who had murdered one of their comrades to save his own life."

The unique thing about Wheelock's case—the thing that gives it such a deep psychological and medico-legal interest, that makes it one of the most remarkable studies ever presented in the transferrence of thought impressions from mind to mind, is that it was not true. It was pure delusion, transferred to Wheelock's mind from Schwinke's mind indirectly, through the Colonel's and the surgeon's. He had not killed Swanson at all. The fellow had deserted, and taken the mule with him. Schwinke knew this as well as Wheelock at first, but the impression faded from his mind under the influence of suffering, and was supplanted by the delusion that the Lieutenant had killed him, and that they had both drunk his blood. It is easy to see how this delusion may have been engendered by thirst-suffering. But it is not so easy to see how the impression could be established in Wheelock's mind in a roundabout and indirect way after he had so long resisted the direct and reiterated accusations of the German.

There was a certain horrifying likelihood, to people in that arid region, about the accusation that knocked the eye out of their judgment. The radical but slowly progressing insanity that developed in Schwinke was what finally suggested, months later, the idea that it might be all delusion, and started the effort to exculpate Wheelock.

There were moments, hours even, from first to last—for Schwinke lived fourteen years after being placed by the War Department in an insane-asylum—when the poor fellow would relate as simply as a child how he had come by that little packet of coarse placer gold which he always carried in his pocket, tied up in a piece of buckskin. Some one had long ago explained to him how he could easily blow or wash the sand out of it, but he always answered that such a course would "spoil the gold," and that he must send it home to Germany and have it refined. If, without exciting him, you could draw him on to explain, he would tell you that he was out in the desert with two companions, near Fort Yuma, looking for a stolen girl—"the damned Apaches had stolen her"—and water was scarce, and they were scouting for a trail, each going out by himself and returning to a rendezvous near a water-pocket, which was in a conspicuous butte. One time one of the fellows—"it was that damned scoundrel Swanson"—was gone two days, and when he came back he told how, a long way beyond, he had found a great water-pocket, almost dry, at the lower end of a long, rusty, whitish vein extending up the mountain and worn down like a trench. The sand in the water-pocket was damp, and he got in and scraped a hole with his fingers to see if there was water below, and there was, and he filled his canteen and drank all he could; and then he noticed that the sand was very heavy and yellow, and all at once he knew it was gold, and gave a shout, and filled the pockets of his blouse with it, and hurried back to tell them. To-morrow he would take them to it. The tank was deep and broad, and there was gold enough to make them all rich, rich, rich—rich as the German Kaiser, maybe. But the officer in command—that was the brave Lieutenant Wheelock—said no; they must keep up the search for the trail to find the stolen girl. And that night Swanson skipped away with the mule and left them, taking the large desert canteens which the mule carried, and leaving them only their two army canteens, which will not hold enough to do you a half-day in the desert, nor half of half a day. But in stealing away Swanson had taken the wrong blouse, and so the gold in his pockets fell to Schwinke.

V.

THE military search for Miss McKeever may be said to have ended with the woful disasters of Lieutenant Wheelock's forlorn hope. All that was done officially after that may more properly be termed the effort of the War Department to rehabilitate Lieutenant Wheelock.

The report on the case called for by the War Department, and which of course is open to all who choose to inspect it, covers only the facts here stated, in which the military were officially concerned. The poignant heart-history which has embalmed the affair in the memory of so many of those who happened to hear the whole tale is of course not alluded to. But you will find the old chief of the document division of the War Department—if you have been responsibly introduced and he finds your emotional tone in harmony with his—able to give all the details embraced in this inadequate little history of the case even more fully in some instances than are here stated. He is a man of prodigious memory for the documents under his care. He can give you almost the exact language of any or all of the official papers in this case without going to the files.

Of course not a word about love is mentioned in all those military papers. His knowledge of the details of the case has been derived from conversation with the military officers then stationed in Arizona, when business or courtesy brought them to the department.

"Has the department any positive information that the young lady was ever found?"—the excellent and amiable Chief of Division has the habit, rather embarrassing to a questioner, of repeating your question reflectively after you aloud like that, as if cautious to avoid any indiscreet admissions, but he answers promptly: "Yes—oh yes! the department has information that is both positive and ample. In fact, the department has seen the lady in person. You see, when Lieutenant Wheelock disappeared from Fort Yuma he went among the Indians in search of her. It proved not so hopeless, after all. He found her. There is a report on file here from him which, though not official—you see Wheelock had resigned and was not under orders—the department always regarded as authoritative, showing that he found her among a small band of Hualapia Indians who live by agriculture on a narrow strip of river bottom deep down in that abysmal cañon of the Rio Colorado in northern Arizona. She had been crazed by grief and was gray, but was recovering her mental and bodily health. These people were kind to her. They had purchased her as a curiosity of the Mohave tribe, among whom she 'had been left by some bad Indians.' When Wheelock found her she was sane, but afflicted by a deep melancholy—no wonder, poor girl, with her bright and promising life so completely wrecked! She knew him at once, his report says, and brightened up immediately. One can imagine the poor, broken girl's feelings at sight of him—how, forgetting the ruin that woe had made of her beauty, she went up to him, smiling with somewhat of the old charm of confident grace in her manner, and taking him quietly by the hand before her Indian friends, said, 'Dear friend, you expected me to be surprised; but I am not surprised, because I have never doubted; [illegible]mething here—laying her hand upon her bosom—has a[illegible] while assured me it would be you if anybody.' The[illegible]t blind to the wreck of her beauty, but seeing tha[illegible] exquisite witchery and charm of manner and voice and mind remained, opened his arms without a word—what adequate word could he utter after such a simple and exquisite confession of faith in his love, in his loyalty, in his manliness?—and clasped her to his breast gratefully, and perhaps with a sob, thinking of the wreck of his own life. How much each of those bruised and broken and despairing lovers must have seemed to the other at that moment! There is really a great deal of romance in these files—most of it, to be sure, the romance of ambition, but occasionally a case like this of love wounded, bleeding, suffering, of honor crushed and in despair. Was it not pitiful that a noble, sensitive fellow like Lieutenant Wheelock should have suffered so many years of needless shame and self-abhorrence when all the while she knew that he had not killed Swanson, and could have cleared up the mystery by a word had she known that he was accused, or that he accused himself?

"When that newspaper statement, or confession, or whatever you choose to call it, made by Swanson in the Denver *Daily News* to elicit public sympathy in his horrible distress came to my attention (you can find it in the issue of February 19, 1883, second page, a column and a half in length)—when that paper by accident—unless you might call it by the direction of Providence—fell into my hands, I remembered his name, and I knew the scamp was a deserter from the army, and, in a way, the cause of all poor Lieutenant Wheelock's years of shame and seclusion from mankind. I got an interview with the Secretary, laid the matter before him, and he did me the honor to share my view of the department's duty in the case, and ordered the scamp's arrest for desertion. The purpose was not to prosecute him—so many long years had elapsed, you know—but to secure in legal and indisputable form a confession of his identity, and the circumstances of his desertion of Wheelock and Schwinke, taking with him the only means the party had of carrying water. The Secretary was good enough to authorize me to prepare the orders myself and to keep him posted as matters progressed. He was a very kind-hearted man, and his sympathies were easily enlisted in behalf of poor Lieutenant Wheelock. We got what we wanted. The fellow was really not quite so bad at heart as I had thought. He had not in the first instance meant to desert the army, but had been captured—while going back to a remarkable gold deposit which he had discovered, and about which he told so many lies—by the very band that had the poor young lady captive—that notorious white bandit and three renegade Apaches. Lieutenant Wheelock, you see, had really guessed their plans with wonderful accuracy.

"Swanson, the scamp, was quick and sharp, and saved his life by telling the leader that a large force was moving upon him but a few miles away. This probably made it seem imprudent to kill him there, and they immediately fled northward, taking him with them, a captive. When he concluded that their ultimate purpose was to kill him, he watched his opportunity and shot the leader. His escape was a marvellous and thrilling adventure.

"The next thing, and the only thing, that remained to be done was to hunt up and notify the poor young man whose life had been spoiled by that singular hallucination. Think of it! Poor Lieutenant Wheelock had never seen a waking moment, since the delusion was so mysteriously impressed upon his mind, in which his heart had not grieved over it and his bruised sense of soldierly honor bled. Fourteen years of that depressing sorrow—think of it!

"Did we find him? Oh yes. It was not so difficult as you might think, although it might have proved difficult enough if I had not remembered some things of which the department has no record. Wheelock's statement to the department after he found the young lady was very guarded in expression, and was intended only to enable us to inform inquiring friends authoritatively that the young lady had been found, and to put an end to any further search for her.

"The statement was written on the house paper of the Lick Hotel, San Francisco, and bore a date about eight months after the massacre, but the department was requested not to give any address to inquirers, as the writer and the young lady had married, and would be leaving for distant parts very soon.

"I had a brother at that time assistant assayer in the San Francisco Mint. I sent him a statement of the case, and requested him to learn at the Lick Hotel, if possible, where the young couple had gone, but cautioned him not to bring suspicion on them by pressing inquiry too closely, because it was only a sentimental and personal interest of my own in an unfortunate but perfectly honorable man.

"It happened strangely that my brother recognized them instantly from my statement, although they had taken the common and unnotable name of Wilson. The young man had brought six sacks of placer gold to the mint for assay and coinage. Each sack weighed about 100 pounds avoirdupois, but the deposit contained a good deal of sand and iron pyrites, and was worth only about ninety tho[illegible]sand dollars. Upon referring to the records he f[illegible] had been credited to 'The Gold Tank Mine, Ari[illegible]ritory,' and the deposit had been made by 'Edgar [illegible] Wilson.' He had personally seen and been introduced to the couple, as the young man had obtained permission to see and explain to the lady the smelting and assaying processes. They were courteous, but reserved in speech, and both had the air of people of culture who had been roughing it. The only thing notable about them—except a peculiarly sad and reserved tenderness for each other—was that, though both were plainly quite young, both were more or less gray, so that, as my brother remarked, one instinctively gave his sympathy to them. No one at the hotel knew where they had gone, but they had left the day succeeding Wheelock's letter to the department. They might pretty certainly be traced through the bank, but that would expose them to suspicion, unless the motives and circumstances were fully explained.

"I dropped the search, only making a mental memorandum of the name 'Edgar W. (Wheelock) Wilson.' His name was Edgar Wilson Wheelock."

VI.

"TWO or three years later some privates, who had been stationed at Fort Yuma, at the expiration of their terms went prospecting for mines. Afterwards, meeting their old officers, they related that they had come upon Lieutenant Wheelock living on a cattle ranch near the Owens River, on the Eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains, in the northern part of Inyo County, California, a very remote and inaccessible region, thinly inhabited. They were sure it was he, although they had only got a glance at his face as he rode by on horseback while they were swapping some gold specimens for grub. They thought he recognized them and wished to avoid them, so, knowing he had his reasons, they did not press themselves upon him. The stranger told them the horseman's name was Wilson, and they found his place, which was a beautiful spot, though lonely, called Wilson's Ranch. I learned this from the officers as they visited the department.

"Now what do you think I did to get sure track of him, so as to find him instantly if I should ever want to? I went to the Interior Department and got one of its most valuable books on cattle diseases, directed it to Edgar W. Wilson, Big Pine, Inyo County, California, took it to one of the Senators from that State, and asked him to frank it to a friend of mine who was a constituent of his. Then I got it registered—all this at chance, you know, to discover if Big Pine was his post-office. It proved to be. When the register ticket was returned with his receipt signature, I compared the Edgar W. with the Edgar W. Wheelock signed to his letter to the department. After that I sent him many valuable and interesting public prints which an intelligent man so situated would enjoy.

"Well, you see, when the identity of that scamp Swanson was officially established, and the history of his connection with Wheelock's forlorn hopes, and his desertion and capture and all that, was obtained under oath in rigid form, the Secretary of War was good enough, at my suggestion, to detail one of the Lieutenant's old classmates and friends at the Point, Captain Myron Sibly, to convey the documents to him with the compliments of the Secretary of War, ostensibly to obtain his formal verification of the statements so far as his knowledge extended—but of course that was only to give a pretence of business to the affair, and not have it look as if the great War Department of the United States was influenced by romantic sentiment.

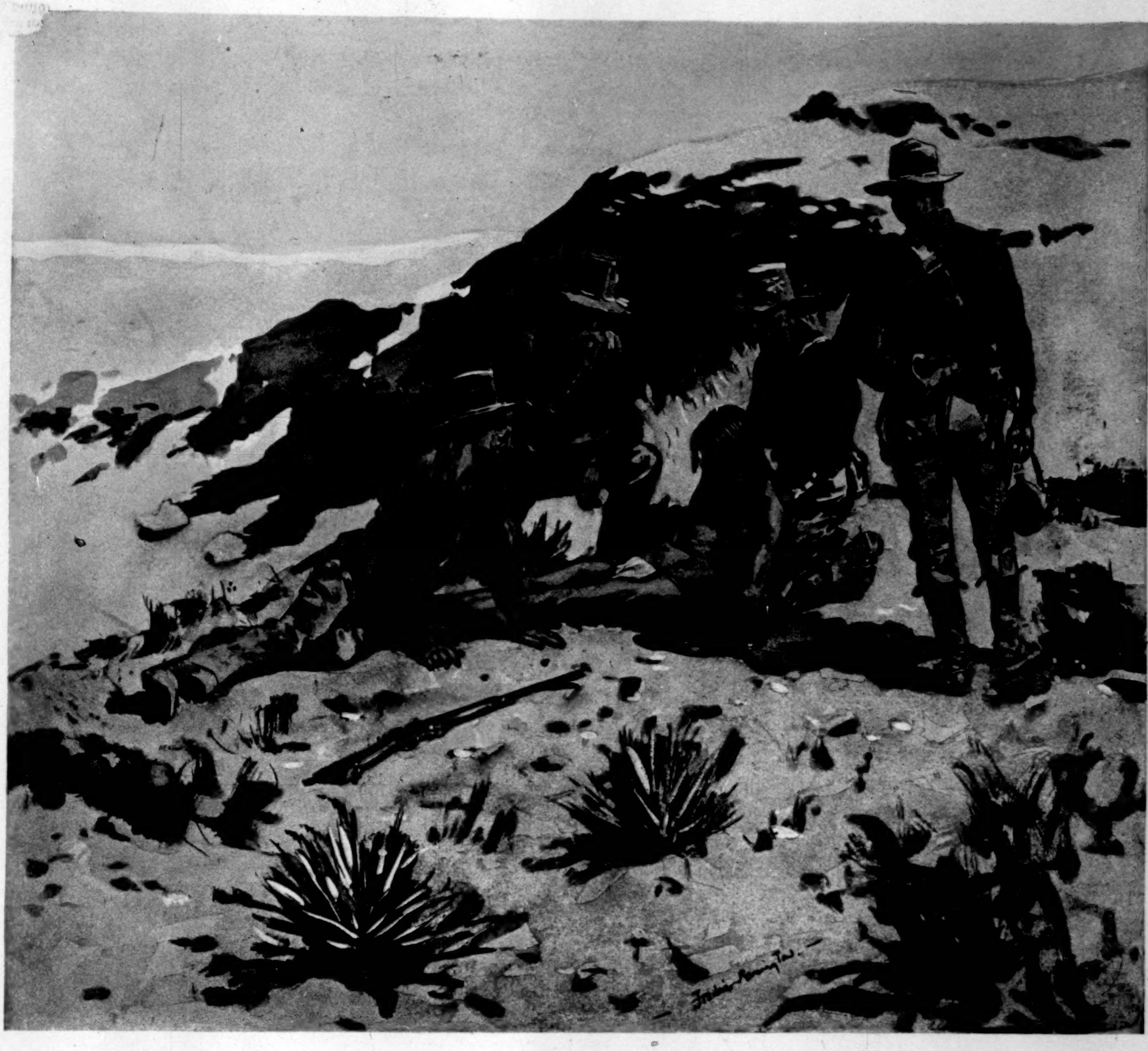
"Well, he couldn't believe it at first, and insisted that it must be all a friendly scheme of brother officers who pitied his misfortune. But when the lady read the document her astonishment and self-reproach knew no bounds. She blamed herself for all the shame and sorrow that had clouded his life those long years. 'Oh, why have we not spoken? If he had only told me!' she cried, '[illegible] if I had told him!'

"She corroborated Swanson's statements of his capture and subsequent events.

"Was not that a remarkable instance of delicacy of feeling? Both of them, you see, had refrained from speaking of the cause of their suffering to each other, and had done their best to blot the abhorrent memories of that epoch out and to forget them—to begin life anew with each other and for each other. The effort had certainly not been a failure; for in a tenderly melancholy way they had passed a sweet life together, each thinking only of the other, and doing all that watchful tenderness can do to make a broken life endurable. He had been afraid to tell her why he had left the army, lest in spite of herself she should abhor him. His only hope of making her happy, he thought, was in keeping the horrible truth from her. As for her, she adored him with a sense of reverential awe, and feared to speak of her own terrible experience, lest it should wound and blunt the delicacy of his regard for her to know that she could go through it all and live.

"Wheelock was stunned with amazement, and even after his wife's corroboration remained dazed and incredulous, walking about with both hands at his brow and muttering: 'Oh, this can't be true! If it is, I have been insane. Have I been insane?—dear love, have you noticed that I was insane? Have I shown it? Ah! you have noticed it, Belle. It has distressed and frightened you. Confess, love—it is you who appealed to my friends to concoct this scheme to save me. You have guessed the secret I tried to keep from you. I have talked in my sleep, perhaps—confess it, love, did I talk of it in my sleep? I have often feared I might; it has been such a weight upon me. Ah, well, I do not care that you know, since it does not change your feelings; but, dear wife, has it not distressed you? You have been very kind, dear—I think you have been kinder of late, since you discovered my secret—but has it not cost you an effort not to shrink from me? I had better have told you, but, dear love, I was afraid you would abhor me, and I knew I was dear to you, and did not wish to spoil your happiness—you have had so much grief.'

"Captain Sibly told me the wife behaved with great discretion and intelligence. Her influence over him was soothing and steadying. She did not irritate him by argument, but conversed with Sibly before her husband,



"IN HALF AN HOUR HE WAS SENSELESS; BY THREE O'CLOCK HE WAS DEAD."

as if Wheelock perfectly understood, upon the accuracy of Swanson's account of his capture as she remembered it, and about the singularity of poor Schwinke's delusion. She said she had suffered enough from thirst herself to be able to understand how such suffering might engender an insane idea and fix it permanently in the mind. Her own dreams for months after the massacre had all been of cold springs, at which she had flung herself down and drank, drank, drank. It helped amazingly to clear the Lieutenant's mind of doubt when he found that Schwinke had the hereditary taint of insanity in his blood—that he was the victim, after that desert experience, of other delusions, and made other accusations against comrades and officers, till he had to be sent to an asylum.

"Did I ever meet my hero and heroine? Yes; they came on to Washington with Captain Sibly, and called at the department to thank the Secretary, who was so generous as to disclaim all merit for the happy result, except that of consenting and signing the orders; though I assure you that was not true at all—he was a man of exquisite sentiment and of generous heart. He told them of my interest. The Secretary called me in and presented me. Oh, I can never forget those beautiful tears! She said, 'Edgar, I must kiss him to show my gratitude.' It was no hysterical gush, I assure you; she was perfectly dignified, and her tears were flowing calmly. It was a touching tribute, and I saw the Secretary wipe his eyes.

"Poor Wheelock embraced me also, and said, in a few choking words: 'You know, this is much more than saving a soldier's life. It is all that the best and tenderest of brothers could do.' We had a most beautiful friendship as long as they lived.

"Dead? Yes, they have both been dead five years. Such anguish as theirs may be survived, but it shortens the life. Yet they had twenty years—twenty years—of beautiful and devoted love together, and they died as they had wished, together. He expired in the morning, and before night my daughter, almost a young woman, found her kneeling lifeless by his body, with her head upon his breast.

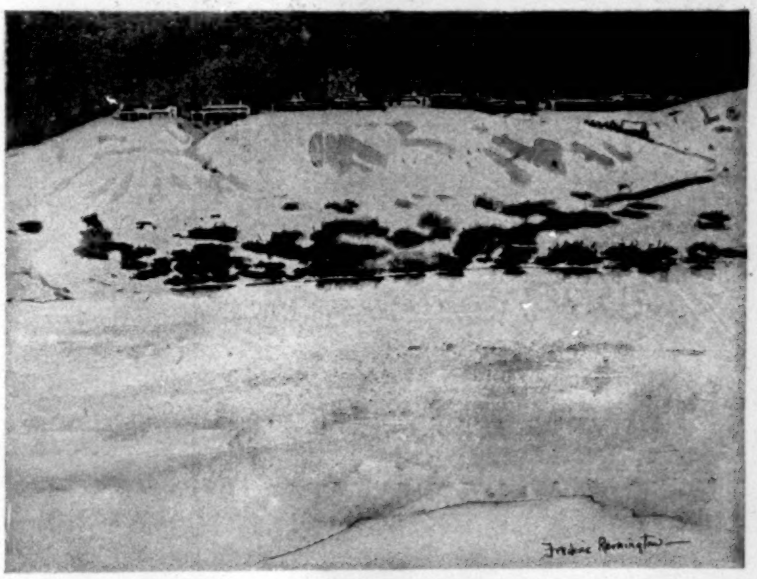
"It was a very calm and beautiful death. My boy and girl had been out there with them over a year, and my wife and I went out immediately. It was necessary. He had made me executor, and our children inherited their property. I am glad to say my children had deeply felt the peculiar loveliness of their devotion to each other, and had the delicacy of sentiment to bury them together in one grave and one coffin, under the trees they had planted about that beautiful home they had made for themselves in the wilderness. It has been very sweet to my wife and me to think our children loved them and understood them so well.

"You see, my wife always shared this sad little War Department romance with me. It began when we were courting and were not quite sure we could have each other; for I was poor and a low-salary clerk then, and she was beautiful, and her dear old father and mother were ambitious to have her do better. We used to talk this affair over together with tears of sympathy, and imagine what we would do for each other in such an awful situation. I remember that neither Emma nor I ever believed for an instant that our heroic Lieutenant had killed that scamp Swanson to save his own life. She made me promise to pray for them.

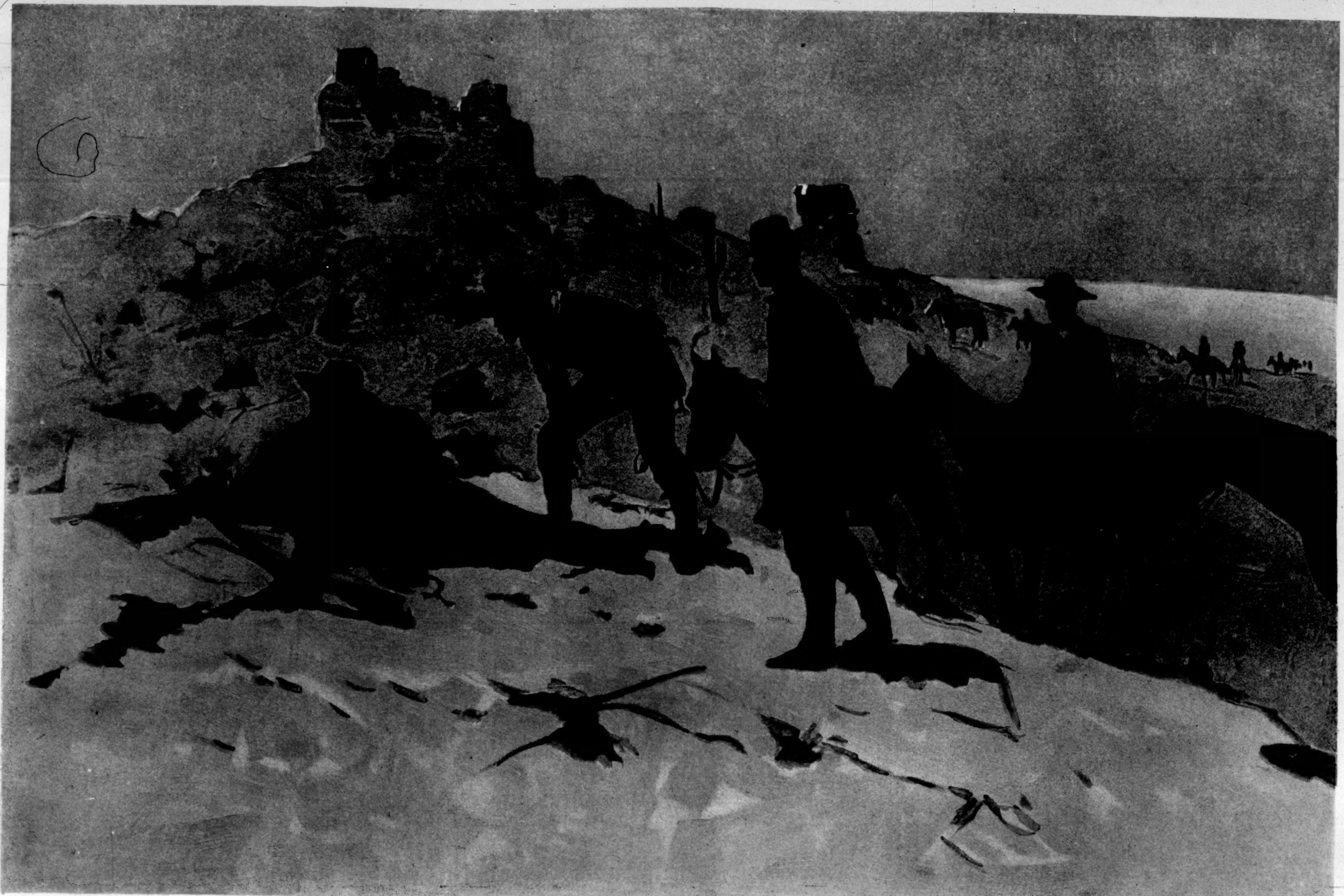
"Emma was such a good girl and believed so implicitly in the power of prayer—as she does to this day, blessed woman!—that I couldn't refuse to promise her; and then I loved her so much and so awfully seriously that I couldn't think of breaking my promise—that would have seemed a kind of infamy. So I actually did pray that Lieutenant Wheelock might find the woman he loved as I loved Emma, and rescue her from danger.

"If it did not do them any good, it certainly helped my lovely Emma and me out of our difficulty; for when her mother found out what we were up to she began to plead for us, and then her father gave in and accused her of being the ambitious one.

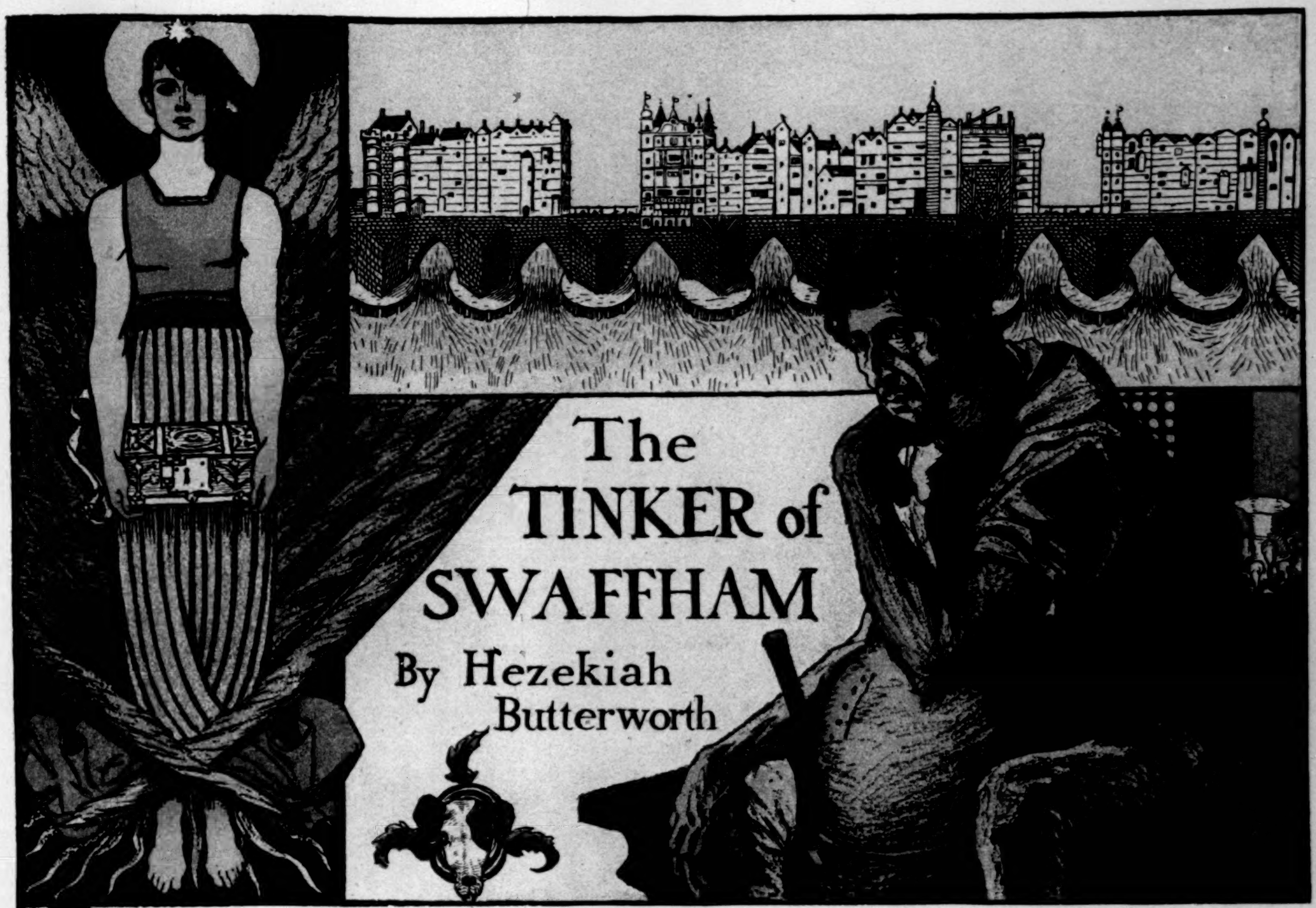
"But Emma has always believed that our prayers did help them. She said that was the thing that fixed the matter in my memory and enabled me to do the little I did. Perhaps it was. I am sure I wouldn't like Emma to think I doubt it."



OLD FORT YUMA.



"HE SEEMED TO HAVE FALLEN INTO A GLOOMY DEMENTIA, AND REPEATED, ... 'GOD HAS FORSAKEN THE WORLD!'"



The TINKER of SWAFFHAM

By Hezekiah Butterworth

ILLUSTRATED BY E. HERING

"CHRISTMAS is kept in other worlds than this!"

The speaker was a very "olde, olde man," as he was called by the rustic people of Norfolk Downs.

Sounds are suggestions. My name is Holiday Holme. A London friend, to whom I had been introduced, said to me, in the shadowy days of the gatherings of the evergreens before the same evergreens bloomed with Christmas light:

"Come, go with me to Norfolk, and spend the holidays. That is an ideal place for holiday amusements; nothing can be better than the Christmas tales in the halls of the windy and wintry levels of the coast and the Wash. I could secure you an invitation to Holkhan Hall—Holy Home—'Holiday Home' I call it—in the days of festival winter greenery. One of the wings of this hall—seventy feet long and sixty wide—is devoted to hospitality, and is called the Strangers' Department. Christmas in England will nowhere be merrier than there."

He added: "And you shall hear the old story-teller of the place, who is almost as old as the oaks. His name is Colin—old Colin. He has a curious theory that will interest you. He is not a spiritualist, but he thinks that those whom we help here, but who cannot return our gifts in this life, will repay us when they go to the life beyond; that their spirits will come back to their benefactors when the latter are in trouble, with *suggestions* of good thoughts and pleasant dreams. It is all very curious; and he has one story of a fortune that came from one of those spirit-inspired dreams, that I would much like you to hear. Children like a part of the story, and so do many older people. We have too many stories of avenging ghosts told by the yule-logs. Let me offer you something more cheerful this year. Do you want to know how I came to think of this? Your name sounds so like that of Holy Home given to the castle."

He was a portly, merry man, all generosity and hope, one who found his own happiness in that of others.

"Norfolk Downs," had an alluring sound. Then he told me about the Walpoles who had been historic there; of poor Amy Robsart of Mickle's ballad—

The dews of summer night did fall,
  The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
  And many an oak that grew thereby.

He told me of Castle Acre Castle, and the strange, strange story of the Miracle Cross of Baldwin of Constantinople, that had found a rest amid the blazing lights of a golden altar in that wild land; he told me much of Holy Home and its park of three thousand acres, and of the earl there who launched a ship built from the oaks of acorns that he had himself planted. Of the surpassing beauty of the wealth of the Hall, created as it were out of the sands for the residence of the romantic Leicesters, he told me so much that I said:

"Yes, yes, yes! Say no more. I would wish to go there for the holidays if it cost me the greatest sacrifice, instead of the easy gates opening before me. I am interested in *that* subject, too; that must be a new kind of a story—Colin's!"

So away to Norfolk of the sands and the sea winds and wide castles and halls, along the Ouse that Cowper loved, in view of Houghton Hall of a score of legends. To an American all of the land had the charm of novelty; everything seemed to wear a garment of a thousand years.

The gates opened to me to Holiday Home, and there I met Colin, who recalled the ancient Merlin, the weaver of mystic fables. I told him that I had often wished to hear an English Christmas tale told in the spirit of old, in an ancient hall, such as children and old women best liked to hear; that I had heard of his hopes that the happy influences of the festival of the Nativity were not confined to the visible world, when he said, as I have quoted,

"Christmas is kept in other worlds than this. The souls of those we have helped remember us then."

Do they? Do they, Colin of the inspiring hope? I do not know. But I was eager to hear his strange story.

Christmas was in the air. The stars changed to crystal, and the winds of the sea blew the snow and sleet over the Norfolk Downs. Around us the castle with its rustling leaves of dead ivy rose high in the air. The firelight in the hall fell upon masterpieces of art, so many of them that it would be tedious to speak of them.

Old Colin leaned on his cane while he spoke, and he rested his chin on his cane when he came to a pause, and looked around him to see if his favorite wonder-tale made the impression of the theory that he wished to illustrate. He thought of his theory—the others only of the story.

He thus began, his hand trembling on his cane:

"It was a big heart and a merry eye that had the tinker of Swaffham, whose name was Timothy Tyng, whose story I am about to tell. It was a simple shop that he had, and he was accustomed to roam the country 'round when the leaves were green and the larks mounted up in the blue sky out of the daisies, crying out in the lanes and byways,

'—old brass to mend?'

Then, further on his way,

'—old brass to mend?'

And did his work well, this same old Tinker Tyng of Swaffham; and if any were too poor to pay him for his work, he would set a patch on a kettle for all such and say: 'I will get my pay in the Kingdom of God. I am going there.' And he travelled on."

Colin here rested his chin upon his cane.

"A faithful wife had this same Tinker Tyng, only it vexed her that her goodman should go about the country doing so much work for nothing at all. The Kingdom of God was a far-off country to her, and she was not so sure as he about the Paymaster there who would make right all of the unpaid debts of the wronged and the poor. She used to say that her goodman meant well, but was a 'little touched in mind,' and that it was the greatest distress of her life to reprove him, it hurt him so.

"A wonderful little dog had this same man Tinker Timothy Tyng. The little dog's name was Ling.

"The tinker's forge joined a shed which was all bloom and bees in the summer-time, and the shed was a part of the cottage, which was red with honeysuckle in summer and green with ivy all the year. Now in the yard was an ancient apple-tree, and the tinker tied the wonderful dog to the apple-tree nights, and allowed him to go with him as often as he wandered about the country. The dog had a queer sense of what was false and what was true, which I call the second sense, and he threw up his head and set up a howl when he heard the goodman or his wife, or others, saying false or foolish things, like the dog in the children's story. The dog was the wonder of many towns, and many people had only to open their mouths to hear him howl.

"Now one day when the tinker was building a fire in the morning, and his wife came down to reprove him for his slowness, he jumped up, and said:

"'Wife, I'm in luck. I've something to tell you to make your ears tingle. I've dreamed a dream.'

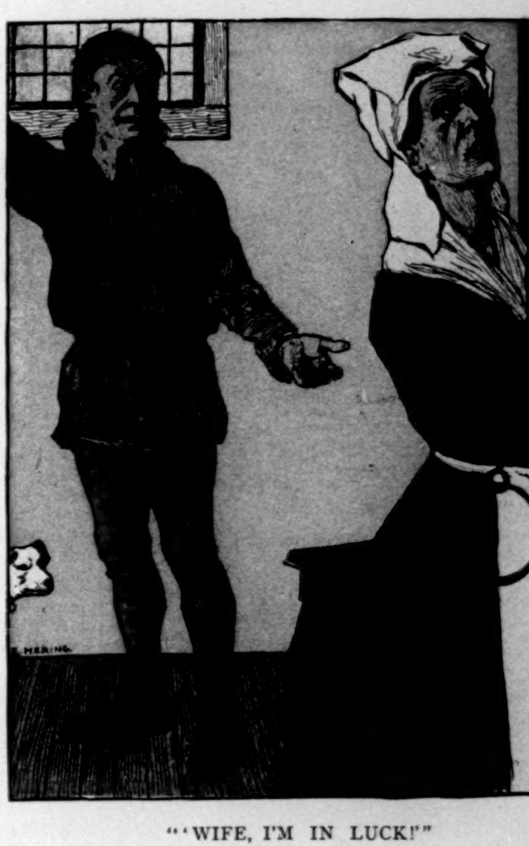
"'Oh, you poor, poor soul!' said his wife, lifting her hands and bobbing her cap border in agitation. 'You are always dreaming dreams. Is there a shilling in it?'

"'Yes, a thousand sovereigns!'

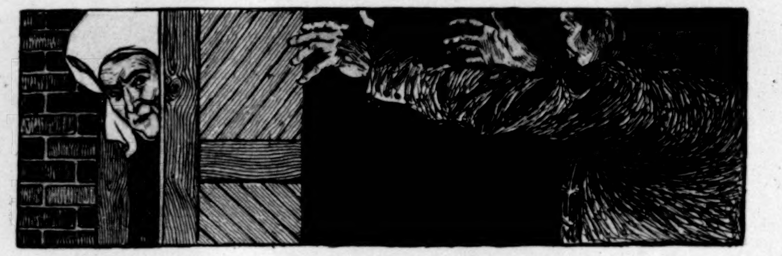
"'As many as that?—and there might as well be as many in a dream. It costs no more to dream large than small, and those who dream the largest get the most of nothing, I am told. Now what was your dream?'

"'I dreamed that a lovely Spirit came to me—oh, so lovely! with a white star on her face—and that she said that she had been drawn back to me.'

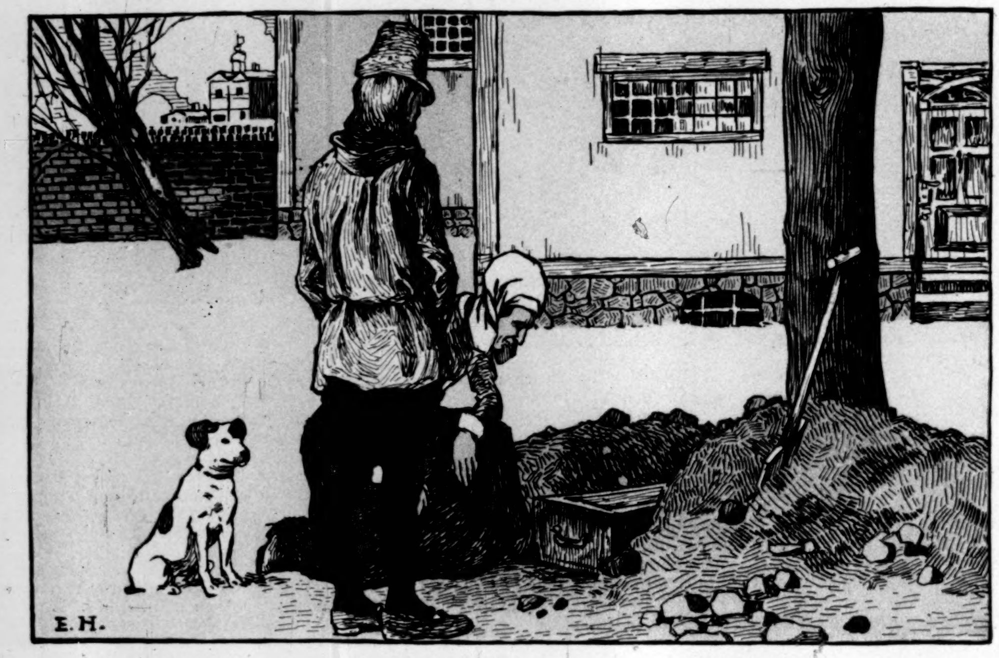
"'Oh, my simple, simple man, how I wish that these



"'WIFE, I'M IN LUCK!'"



"'OH, YOU POOR, POOR SOUL!'"



"THEY FOUND A FORTUNE FROM PERU."

things were so! But it does nothing but to make you kind-hearted to believe them.' (Here the dog howled.) 'If I could only believe them, my tongue would not be so sharp. But what did the Spirit that was drawn back to you tell you about that thousand sovereigns? That is the point. If we only had that much gold we might make a Christmas present to the Queen. Now what did the Spirit say?'

"'Let me have your ears. There are wandering dreams and fixed dreams. Now this was a vivid dream—an open vision. Listen now. The Spirit told me to go to London *when London Bridge is green*, and stand there and hear the waves go by. That then some one would come to me and tell me where a fortune could be found that would make me as rich as a lord. Then the Spirit said, "This is a true dream. Your heart drew me back to you." What do you think of that now?'

"'If you were to dream it again to-night it would be a sign.'

"The dog was silent.

"The tinker dreamed the same again that night, and his goodwife began to wonder if it were not indeed a sign.

"'If you were to dream it again it would be a sure sign,' said she, her cap border bobbing in a more lively and steady way.

"The dog looked wise.

"The tinker dreamed the dream again.

"Then he sat down by his forge, and said: 'Goodwife, come here; let me take your two hands in mine. There is coming an end to all our poverty and troubles. I am going to London. I must go *when London Bridge is green!*'

"'When is that, man? London Bridge is never green, man!' (The dog howled.) 'Never an ivy climbed there, man; never a holly bloomed there. Ah, I am afraid that it is addled that you are, man! London Bridge is never green; amid all the sunshine of May day, no flower girl ever stops there.' (Here the dog howled again.) 'The waves go by, everything goes by, on London Bridge. Nothing ever waits there. So it is with this poor weary life. It is surely addled that ye are, man.'

"Here the dog howled again.

"He sat silent, holding her hand in his leather apron, which I suppose was half a century old.

"'You have been a true wife to me,' said he, 'though you have scolded me.'

"'The Lord forgive me; I had to.'

"Here the dog howled twice.

"'Suppose I should not find the fortune,

'Tis all one, 'tis all one,
Whether money we have or none.'

"'No, no, man; that's not true.'

"The tinker continued in the thought of the old ballad of the wayfarers,

'He who money has may take a wife,
He who none has leads a happier life.'

"'No, no; that is not true, man. You said that I had been true to you.'

"The tinker added,

'He who money has abroad may roam,
He who none has may be a fool at home.'

"'Yes, yes; that is true, man, and that is what you have always done.'

"And here the dog howled three times.

"The woman drew her hand away suddenly and leaped up and began to dance. 'I have thought of it; I see it in my mind. Oh, my goodman, the mate of my heart, there *is* a time *when London Bridge is green!*' (The dog tried to dance, but he could only rattle his chain.) 'Didn't you see it in your vision?'

"'No, no. Sit down, goodwoman. When, when is ever London Bridge *green?*'

"'On the night before Christmas. They let the sellers of evergreen linger there. Carts of evergreen-trees stop there, the children with wreaths of ivy, with holly berries. I can hear them all crying: "Christmas greens! Christmas greens!" The waters go by, but the world stops there—that one night London Bridge is green; and the Mayor does not order the way to be cleared. No, no, not that night. The trees meet there; the bells ring; Big Tom rings; the chimes of St.-Martin's-in-the-Fields; the bells of Bow. And three days from to-night is that same eve. Take off your leather apron and hurry away to London, or you will miss your chance this year.'

"Tinker Tyng leaped upon his feet and dropped his apron on the floor where he stood. He put on his Sunday frock and hat, and untied the dog.

"'No, no, goodman; leave the dog to me.'

"But the dog set up a howl that might have hurried the clouds over the moon, and the tinker slipped the chain, and the two were soon on their way on the stage road to London town.

"They slept under hay-stacks two nights, and the third found them at Whitehall, where they beheld the two giants Gog and Magog. Parliament was in session, and as they passed Westminster the dog howled three times and once more, which Tinker Tyng thought wondrous strange.

"About the streets of London wandered Tinker Tyng and his little dog Ling all the afternoon of Christmas eve. They came to London Bridge at last, and, oh, joy of joys! the place looked as though the green woods of England were holding a convention there, and as if each forest had sent its most beautiful tree. London Bridge was green, and the little dog seemed to understand it all, for he nearly wagged off his tail, he was so full of joy. And the bells rang, and the snow began to fall gently, very gently on the evergreens, and the peddlers of wreaths and green crosses and crowns.

"Timothy Tyng and his dog Ling found a place amid all the wagons of greenery at last, and the happy tinker stopped over one of the piers to hear the waves go by.

"The waves went by, and the people went by by tens and hundreds and thousands, vanishing, vanishing, vanishing into the night. Each one carried some green tree or bough or wreath amid the gently falling snow. The little dog did not howl so much as once, for all that the people said was wise and such as tended to make the world happy.

"On moved the trees over London Bridge, a long procession of green, hour by hour. Many of them stopped there. The snow ceased to fall in the mild air; in the early darkness all the bells of London rang, the chimes pealed, the churches were lighted, and there was a light in every window in big, big London, in all the wilderness of homes. Now London is the world." Here Colin paused, and rested his chin on the top of his cane again.

"The tinker stood there, and the waves went on, and the people went on, and the green trees went on, and the moon rolled out of the clouds full upon Father Thames.

"The tinker waited for the mysterious stranger to come to speak with him, the stranger that the Spirit that returned thanks for some past help had promised in the dream. But the feet hurried by; all feet were in a hurry to get home. When people have evergreens for the hearts at home they hurry, and the little dog Ling had to shrink up to keep out of the way of the feet that were all of a hurry.

"At nine o'clock London was all ablaze, and the bells rang again, and the procession of green things began to melt away. The carts went on, the peddlers, the boys with green wreaths and crosses. At last only the watchman seemed to be left, and no one had said a single word to Tinker Tyng.

"'Was I indeed daft?' he said, to himself.

"Then little Ling howled, for he knew that his master's senses had been sound.

"The moon rolled on amid the clouds, and the waves continued to go by. Boats went by with the waves, and the boatmen sang merrily, to the chimes of St.-Martin's-in-the-Fields,

'God rest you, merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay,
For Christ our Lord and Saviour
Was born on Christmas day.'

"Near midnight all was moonlight and silence. The world was at home now.

"A woman came flying, as it looked, along the bridge. She held a child by the hand. She had no tree, green bough, or wreath.

"The child was crying, and burst out in a voice of agony: 'Oh, mother, I am so hungry! Give me something to eat! Oh, mother, mother!'

"The mother paused over one of the arches of the bridge, and said, 'My God!'

"'I am so hungry!' cried the child again. 'Give me something to eat!'

"'How can I when I have but one cake for your poor sick father?'

"Tinker Tyng felt for his leather purse. It was gone.

"Had he been robbed? Could it be, and that, too, on the night when the air was all music and when London Bridge was green?

"A white face of a man arose as if from the Thames through the air. The man was dripping with water. He really came up by a rope ladder for boatmen or watchmen on the side of the bridge. But to Tinker Tyng he seemed to have ascended like a merman out of the sea.

"He dropped down upon the bridge.

"'I can't stand that,' he said. 'My heart can't suffer to hear a child cry for bread, and a woman say she has none to give! I have two pence left. I'll give her those, and then I'll go back and let the tide rise over me and cover me forever.'

"He spoke to the tinker.

"'Where's your heart, man? Where's your purse, man?'

"'Heavens knows!' said the frightened tinker, who thought that he had met an apparition. 'All my money is gone!'

"The man gave the woman the two pence.

"'Here,' said he, to the woman. 'Poverty and I are about to part. I had gone down under the arch to die—to let the tide cover me. See how wet I am, woman. And the waves went by. They rose and rose, and then I heard you say what you said to your crying child. I had two pence left. I could not let you go by. So up I come. Here I am. Now I'll go down again. Now I have not a penny—all is gone!'

"The tinker seized the man.

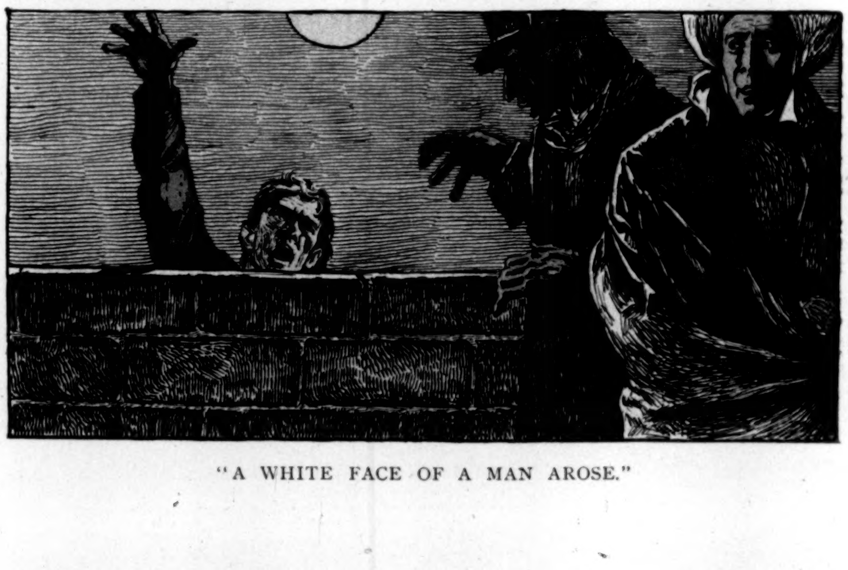
"'You are too good to die. The world needs that heart of yours. I want to speak with you. Hold! hold!' He caught the man.

"'Man, what brought you here?' asked the man.

"'A dream.'

"'I dreamed a dream last night myself. But I give no heed to visions or dreams. I've dreamed my last dream. Hear the waves go by. What did you dream, stranger?'

"'I dreamed that a Spirit came to me.'



"A WHITE FACE OF A MAN AROSE."

"'So did I.'

"'It had a white star on its face.'

"'So did mine.'

"'It told me to go to London Bridge when the bridge was green.'

"'Mine told me that.'

"'And that I would see a stranger. I was sent here to save you. You have helped women and children before.'

"'Heaven knows I have. I've given my life to people in distress. The world has my last penny now.'

"'"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." I was sent to save you. The world needs you here. There are others that will cry out as with the woman when you alone will hear.'

"'What did the Spirit say more?' asked the tinker.

"'It said that there was a tinker in Swaffham,' said the man.

"'And what of him?'

"'That he had a scolding wife and a little dog which he kept tied up to an old apple-tree before a way-side smithy.'

"'Was that all?'

"'It said that the little dog had a second sense.'

"'Was that all?'

"'It said that there was a Spanish money-jar that was buried under that apple-tree, in an iron box, in the days when the galleons came over to the Wash from Holland. Lord, look there! that little child is coming back again! See the woman stride along!'

"The child tugged at the mother's hand as the two were passing.

"'Let me kiss the man.'

"The child ran to the stranger, who caught it in his arms, and they kissed each other.

"'Stranger, whoever you may be, I can't drown myself now. My heart turns warm again. Why was I driven to think of such a thing?'

"It was midnight. The chimes were ringing. The moon was clear. The waves went glimmering by.

"'I must go and find a fire,' said the man.

"Then the stranger went away. He was cold.

"London Bridge was empty now, save for the tinker and little Ling.

"'Alas! I am ruined!' said the tinker, again feeling for his leather pocket-book.

"Little Ling howled again, and as he opened his mouth the leather purse dropped out of it, which, when the tinker saw, he said:

"'Thank Heaven and the sun and all the stars! I'll go back to Swaffham this very night. What will my goodwife say now?'

"He started towards Norfolk, with little Ling at his heels."

Here Colin rested his chin again, but added, "You may wink and blink, but the story of these two dreams is true."

Colin lifted his chair nearer the fire.

"Tinker Tyng hurried away in the frosty air through the silent streets, with the little dog at his heels. The watchman called after him, but he did not stop to reply. He hurried on so fast that the little dog was tired. He was not like the man who ran

Fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

"No, no! no, no!

"It is almost a hundred miles from London to the country of the Wash and the castles and halls of the river Ouse. But what of that?

"He travelled all night.

"He heard the chimes of bells ringing in the morning in the frosty air everywhere.

"'I'm coming,' he said, and ran on, his little dog after him. They say that there is a picture of him and his little dog in one of the windows of an old church somewhere near Castle Acre Castle, or near King's Lynn, or somewhere near the Wash. If not of him, it is of one like him; *he* gave the ancient church the altar.

"He heard the Christmas bells ringing at Cambridge, and he answered, 'I'm coming,' and he hurried on; the stars have pity on that little dog's legs!

"At Ely he heard the bells all ringing, and he said, 'I'm coming, all ye bells!'

"Then the little dog's legs gave out, and he sat down in a church porch to rest, just as the children were singing their Christmas carols.

"He saw the towers of Castle Acre Castle gleaming afar from the hills at last, and he dropped upon a mile-stone, near the inn. The little dog Ling had not spoken a word on all the way.

"As he rested, the innkeeper's daughter invited him to the door of the inn and gave him cakes, and an ancient minstrel with one leg played a tune on a fiddle and sang him a ballad of the place, which caused the little dog Ling to howl and howl and howl. And this was the last part of the queer ballad that so exercised the little dog's nerves:

The colonell sent for him back again,
  To quarter him in the van-a;
But Sir John did sweare he wouldn't come there,
  To be killed the very first man-a.

To cure his fear he was sent to the rear,
  Some ten miles back and more-a,
Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
  And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

But, now there is peace, he's returned to increase
  His money, which lately he spent-a;
But his lost honor must lie still in the dust,
  At Berwick away it went-a.

"Tinker Tyng arrived at home on the third or fourth day, and his goodwife Sukett, for such was her name, began to scold, and little dog Ling began to howl again, and so she grew quiet.

"Her eyes were as big as pease when he sat down beside her to tell the story, and as big as buttons when he had told half, and nearly as big as sovereigns when he had told the whole.

"'And now I'll get the shovel and the pick and we will go, and I will help you dig,' said Sukett, joyfully.

"They dug, and the dog laughed, and they found a fortune from Peru right there under the apple-tree at the way-side in front of the smithy, in an old Spanish money-jar, which was enclosed in a great iron-bound money-chest.

"The tinker gave away much of his gold, and that made the bell-towers ring, and he and his wife Sukett and their little, knowing dog Ling were happy for Christmases many and merry."

Colin rested his chin, and added:

"Is the story true? Yes, all stories are true whose spirit is true. You must make people grateful in this world if you want good spirits to come to you in the night and whisper in your spiritual ear, like to the improving experience of Tinker Tyng and his little dog Ling *when London Bridge was green.*"

I spent three days amid the wonders of Holy Home, or Holiday Home, and studied the pictures, the statues, and the works of art from everywhere. I attended the service in the chapel, and rode in the nine-mile park. But wherever I went I was haunted not by the very "olde" man's story, but by the spirit of it, and I wondered if it were true, and if Christmas indeed is kept in other worlds than this, and if we can indeed do anything that will call those that loved us back again "when London Bridge is green"! Let us do all we may, in view of the happy prophecy, to-day and on all days. The years are not many, but memory is long, and blessed memories never die!

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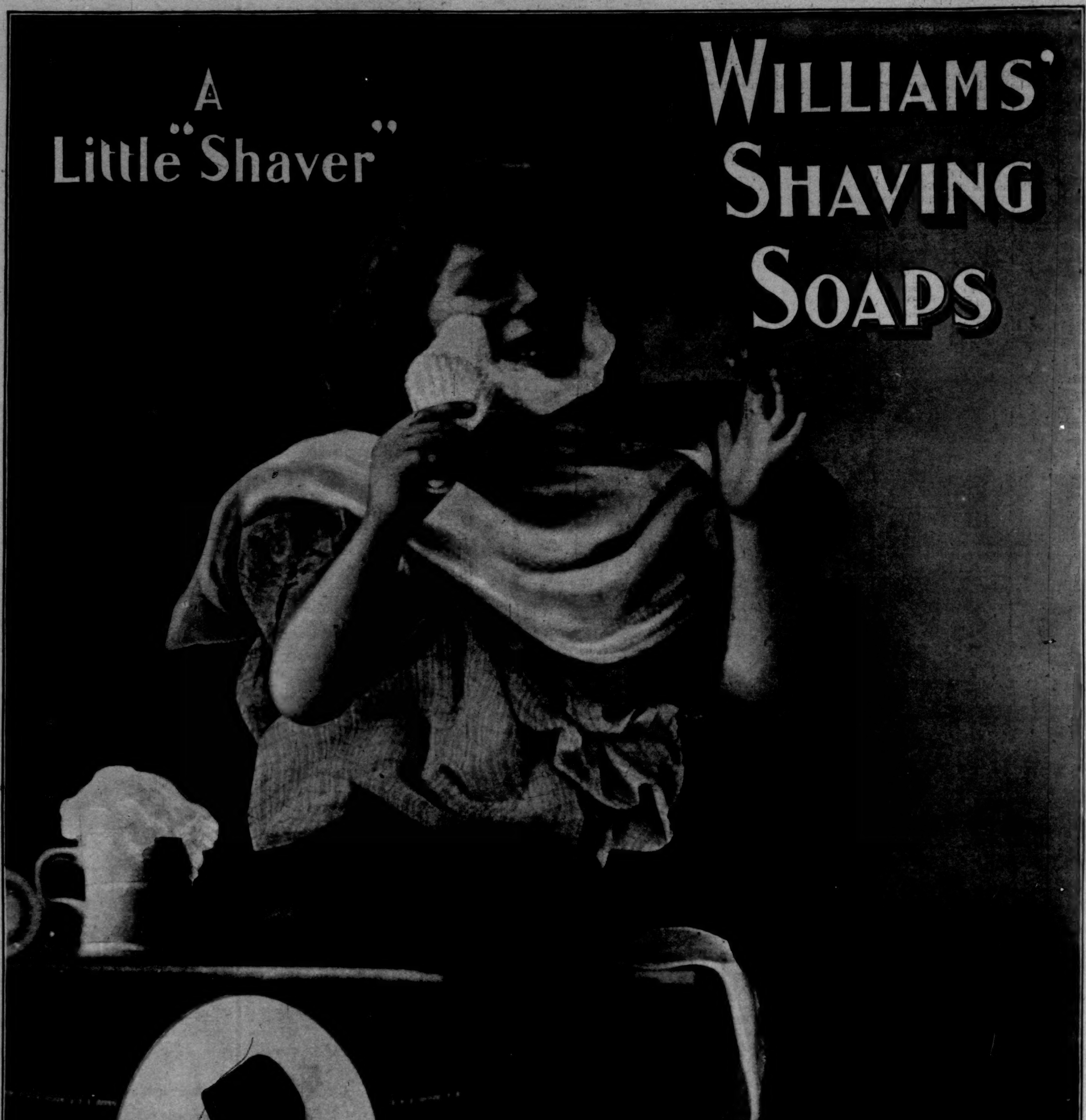

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THE NATIVE TROOPS OF GUAM.

A STREET IN THE VILLAGE OF ASAN, GUAM.

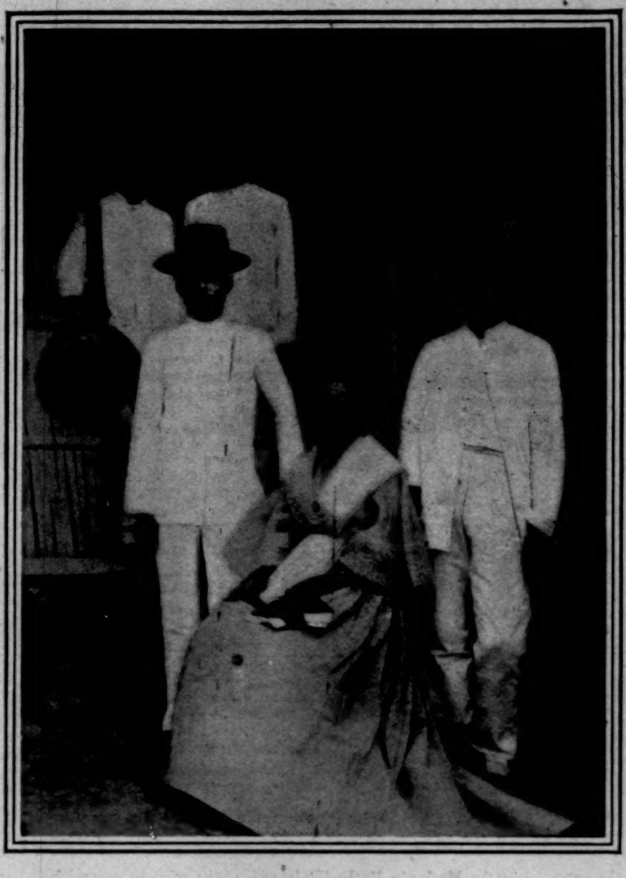
THE NATIVES OF GUAM. *By Ensign C. L. Poor, U.S.N.*

WHEN, under the most amusingly opera-bouffe conditions ever experienced in modern warfare, the United States steamship *Charleston*, on June 20, 1898, captured the beautiful but isolated and sleepy old Spanish island colony of Guam in the western Pacific, the place was governed by a lieutenant-colonel of the Spanish army, Don Juan Marina, supported by a staff of four army and one naval officers, and a garrison of fifty-four Spanish soldiers, with a native militia of fifty-four men, these latter being armed with old Remington rifles, and organized as artillery crews for four old brass field-guns.

Upon the departure of the *Charleston* the Spanish officers and soldiers were removed, and the island was left nominally in charge of its leading citizens and the native soldiery. This condition of affairs prevailed until late this spring, when the United States steamship *Nanshan*, a purchased collier, brought Lieutenant Kaiser, U.S.N., to the island. Except for short periods of time when the United States steamship *Bennington* and the United States steamship *Brutus* were in the harbor, the peace and rule of the island were in the hands of the natives; and most excellently did they perform their duty—so well that it augurs most favorably for the future well-being of this colony, though the warmth of our reception and genuine interest shown in our government by these cleanly and intelligent people are sufficient evidence of that.

During all this time the native troops have maintained their organization and discipline, keeping their clothes and equipments clean and in order, posting their sentries, and carrying out their routine—all in a most praiseworthy manner. They are a soldierly, intelligent body of men, and will undoubtedly be a valuable auxiliary to the new marine garrison that has arrived on the United States steamship *Yosemite*. Their best sphere of usefulness would be as a police force and as rural guards in the outlying villages, thus relieving the marines of this isolated and monotonous duty. The natives of Guam are in pleasing contrast to the Filipinos. Though originally, in great part, from the same stock, they have inherited all of the virtues and few of the vices of these people. There is in the blood of these people a considerable proportion of Spanish, South American, and American stock, the last being due to the whaling-vessels that used to frequent the island in large numbers to obtain fresh water and to recuperate their crews. It is not at all unusual to hear English spoken, even in the interior of the island, and, in fact, it is quite as common as Spanish. In personal appearance the natives resemble the Filipinos, though of greater stature and more robust, while the hair is not so bristling and porcupine-like, and brown or even blond hair is occasional evidence of the mixture of races. The intelligence, as indicated by their faces, is much more marked than in the natives of the Philippines. The women, when young, have well-rounded figures and an excellent carriage, which redeems to a great extent their shortness of stature and consequent tendency to dumpiness. In my long walks about Agaña I have noticed many that were very comely and some that were decidedly pretty. As they age they do not become unduly fat, or later on repulsively haggard, as is the case with so many tropical natives.

Their dress is neat and clean, and in their personal habits they are modest and tidy. For the women the costume consists of a short chemise, or jacket, with low neck and short sleeves. This is made of white material of varying degrees of fineness. For more ceremonial occasions it is embroidered around the neck and upon the sleeves, and is sometimes bordered with lace. It fits closely to the stayless figure. Upon occasions of the greatest importance an elaborate jacket of the beautiful and expensive juña cloth, with flowing sleeves and wide collar, is worn over the chemise. With this is worn a skirt of varicolored calico or cotton stuff, generally of some bright hue. The feet are usually bare, small heelless slippers of colored leather being occasionally seen. The hair is drawn back from the forehead into a knot, and hats are never worn. In church a white cloth is worn as a veil over the head.



A FAMILY GROUP AT AGAÑA.

The men dress simply and comfortably, generally in suits of white drilling, such as are common all through the East. The Filipino custom of wearing a white shirt with long and flowing tails is in favor among the poorer natives.

One of the first things evident to us is the decided antipathy of the natives for the Filipinos. There are few of them upon the island, and these are not at all regarded with favor. In truth, they seem to be quite as unruly here as they are in their home, and their qualities make them about the only disturbing element in this peaceful, well-disposed people. The only prisoner in the jail of the place was an ugly-looking Filipino who had murdered a German trader about a year ago, and was sentenced to a long term of confinement. When we were visiting the jail the keeper showed us his solitary prisoner, and then carelessly left the door of the cell, a large room with wooden-barred windows and apparently very insecure, wide open while he showed us about elsewhere. When we commented on this he said that no precautions were necessary, for no one on the island would harbor the prisoner or aid him in any way, should he attempt to escape, and that he would soon be returned to custody by the people.

Last March the few Filipinos on the island began to foment and incite trouble and insurrection, saying that the Americans were not coming, and that the islands were to be given back to Spain. Their efforts were fruitless, for the loyal and pacific natives immediately compelled these men to leave the island and go to the islands to the northward.

As to the mental and moral characteristics of our new citizens, all that we know so far is of a favorable nature. They are cleanly, intelligent, and peaceable. The great majority of them can read and write, and every village has its school for instruction in the elementary branches. They are modest and very courteous in their deportment, and invariably touch their hats to us when we pass them, and are most generous to visitors. The host who should receive visitors without offering them some refreshment during the call is considered very insulting to his guests, while it is equally rude for the guest to refuse the proffered refreshment. They seem to be very light-hearted, and are fond of music and dancing, while their greatest amusement is cock-fighting—the tax upon which was one of the principal sources of revenue to the former government of the island. They are not at all fervent in their religion, and about all of the church-going and devotion is confined to the women. Perhaps, however, they are excusable in this, for the Spanish priests who have been here have not set a good example, being a cruel and oppressive lot. The native priests are of a far higher and better character, and are much more respected.

The worst trait, however, of the citizen of Guam is indolence. Nature is so provident, and so warm and smiling here, that little effort is required to support life and provide sustenance for the family. To pay a native by the day or in advance is a fatal error indeed, for he will work until he has accumulated a few dollars, then buy his wife a new skirt, lay in a supply of canned goods at the store, some tobacco and *tuba* (coconut rum), and then retire to a life of affluent ease for as many months as the money and supplies hold out.

Intoxication is very rare. Men and women alike smoke cigars and pipes, and nearly every one has the unsightly habit of chewing the betel-nut. The native cigar is an object of wonder to the new-comer. It is made from the whole leaf of the native tobacco, which is of most excellent flavor, but very strong and green, rolled into a cylinder about eight inches long, and wound about with threads of fibre to keep it from unwrapping.

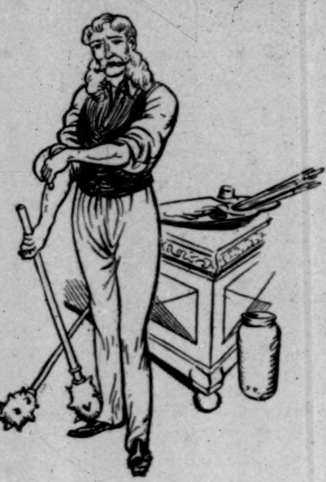
With the example of American energy and industry; with advanced education, and with the influences of progress; with a strong and just government and purified religious example and instruction—there opens before the inhabitant of Guam a most promising future; and before us, whose duty it is to plant here a model colony, there lies a most interesting experience and labor, of the ultimate success of which there can be no possible doubt.

THE CHURCH AND BELFRY AT AGAÑA.

GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, AGAÑA.

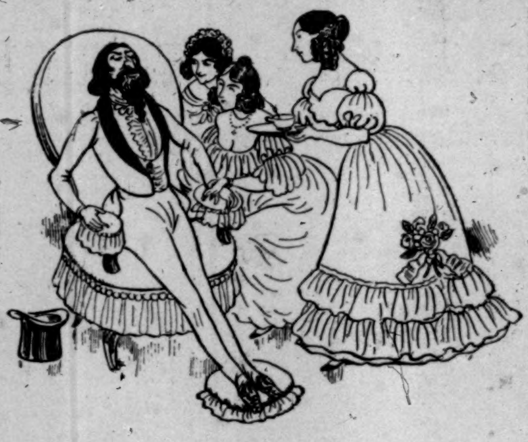
"Trilby" in French

FRENCH adaptations of English books of fiction are usually far from being happy performances. Most of them are monstrous caricatures of the originals. Shakspere and Dickens are not the only authors who have been thus dished up for the Gallic palate. Alfred de Musset was all right in his translation of *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, until he struck Ann and the Oxford Street episode. Then he rebelled. He could not comprehend the Phara saint. He dragged her through the gutters of Paris, and, shades of De Quincey! he made the author fight a duel over her and clear out with her in a coach-and-four. That philistine Max Nordau seems to have grasped the situation when he wrote that the French adapters "first carefully eliminate any traces of poetry or inspiration; they hatch out with very great ingenuity some situation which surprises by its oddity, or which acts on the sensibilities, or which thrills the nerves by its horrors." It may be considered an event, therefore, when we come across the adaptation of an English masterpiece which shows every evidence of sympathy, of affection, on the part of the translator. Such an event has just occurred in Paris.



FRENCH CONCEPTION OF INDIAN CLUBS.

A French writer of some small fame, Thérèse Batbedat, has translated *Trilby*, and the book has been published by F. Juven, "tous droits réservés." As everybody knows, *Trilby* is filled with French idiom, with a liberal sprinkling of the language itself, and so at first thought Madame Batbedat's task may not seem to be a difficult one. But when we pause to consider what De Quincey's Ann was and what the French poet turned her into, there arises a keen appreciation of the traditions with which Madame Batbedat was forced to contend. Trilby, "la belle et la bonne," remains as du Maurier painted her. Nevertheless, certain passages which were evidently deemed superfluous for French readers, but which the author thought necessary for his Anglo-Saxon friends, have been omitted. Let it not be forgotten that du Maurier felt bound to write, "Would indeed that I could duly express poor Trilby's one shortcoming in some not too familiar medium—in Latin or Greek, let us say—lest the young person (in this ubiquitousness of hers, for which Heaven be praised) should happen to pry into these pages when her mother is looking another way." All this is considered superfluous by the French woman. But Trilby does not suffer thereby; she remains still "la plus dévouée, la plus secourable, la plus compatissante, la plus tendre des amies; infiniment plus sérieuse et fidèle en amitié qu'en amour."

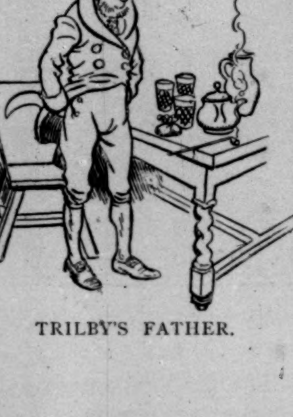


SVENGALI'S VISION OF THE FUTURE.

Then, too, the French translator shows an artistic appreciation for dramatic climax, that very often eluded du Maurier. Thus his reflections are sometimes left to the imagination of the French reader. The "adaptation" ends in this way—just where Mr. and Mrs. Wynne bundle the poor muddled Gecko into the cab to send him home. The coachman repeats the address—which had years before been Trilby's—and then "il fit claquer son fouet fredonnant:

> "V'là Mon Mari qui r'garde....
> Prends garde!
> Ne m'chatouill' plus!"

All is over. The brief word "Fin" looks regretfully up at the reader from the centre of the page. But du Maurier loved his characters too intimately to allow them thus to slip away. The vagaries of his nature were very tender.



TRILBY'S FATHER.

Again the translator, entering seriously into an idea, rounds it out or elaborates it, giving the touches which the author for various reasons had left unexpressed. Trilby, it will be recalled, goes to the Porte-Saint-Martin theatre with Durien the sculptor. While there her mind reverts to the three Englishmen who have recently come into her life. She thinks tenderly, as a sister might think, of "le grand" Taffy, the dear droll Laird, and of Little Billee, with his "joli visage aux yeux doux et son extrême courtoisie." Then the adapter takes a hand and ends the chapter thus: "La représentation était finie. Trilby n'avait prêté aucune attention à Madame Doche, qui interprétait avec toute son âme le rôle de 'la Dame aux Camélias'; prétextant un violent mal de tête, elle prit congé de Durien, et un peu triste, sans savoir pourquoi, regagna toute seulette sa pauvre bicoque de la rue des Pousse-Cailloux."

Once, however, the translator takes what some may consider an impertinent liberty with the English text. Du Maurier simply says that Alice, whom Little Billee failed to love, "stuck to the old faith, and married a venerable High-Church archdeacon, who very cleverly clutched at and caught her and saved her for himself just as she stood shivering on the very brink of Rome; and they were neither happy nor unhappy together." Madame Batbedat is not satisfied with this. She injects a circumstance which she perhaps considered imperative to a thorough appreciation of the future of "chère Alice." "Elle épousa un curé de campagne. Ils eurent beaucoup d'enfants (dix-huit, je crois), et ne furent ni heureux ni malheureux: un bon ménage bourgeois dont il n'y a rien à dire."

Taken all in all, Madame Batbedat's work may be said to be quite a sympathetic interpretation of the artist-author's idea, even if she does not always express his thought with close regard for detail. In construing the dialogue, however, she shows absolute respect for du Maurier's phrasing, and reproduces the conversation with all the charm, delicacy, and humor of the original—save in the English dialect speeches, which are discreetly rendered in simple but excellent French, with the same explanations that the author made when he was compelled to translate the *argot* of Svengali. Madame Batbedat manages all this very cleverly. The wonderful French of the Laird is faithfully transcribed, with all its extraordinary accent and construction. "Car," it will be recalled, "le Laird avait l'oreille prompte à saisir les choses entendues, la rage de parler français, et croyait employer des idiotismes, alors qu'il parlait argot." And in order that nothing shall escape her French readers, the adapter presents translations in excellent French to follow Sandy's Franco-Dundee argot, thus, "Voilà l'espayce de home ker jer swee" (voilà l'espèce d'homme que je suis).

Madame Batbedat, however, does not find it necessary to translate the Polish-German accent of Svengali. Moreover, where du Maurier translates it for his English readers she continues to have him speak in dialect, just as we imagine he spoke. In order to show what a happy and ingenious touch the adapter therein displays, I will quote a brief passage from the original, and then give the translation as she renders it. Here is Svengali's great outburst of egotism concerning "il bel canto":

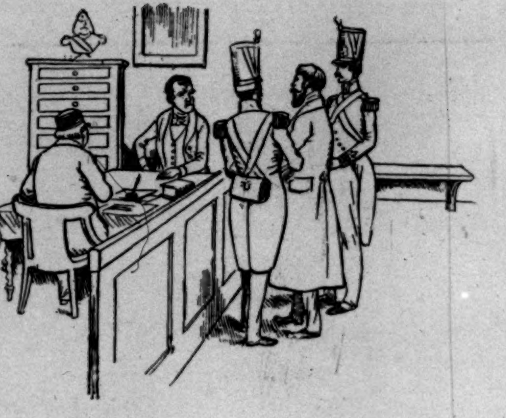
> "That is how I teach la betite Honorine to sing; that is how I teach Gecko to play; that is how I teach 'il bel canto'! It was lost, the bel canto—but I found it, in a dream—I, and nobody else—I—Svengali—I—I—I! But that is enough of music; let us play at something else—let us play at this!" he cried, jumping up and seizing a foil and bending it against the wall .... "come along, Little Pillee, and I will show you something more you don't know."

Here is Madame Batbedat's translation:

> "Voilà gomment j'abrends à la betite Honorine à chander, voilà gomment j'abrends à Checko à chouer du fiolon, voilà gomment j'enseigne *il bel canto*, qui était perdu mais que ch'ai redrouvé tans un rêve—moi, et bersonne d'autre, moi.... Svengali.... moi! moi!! moi!!! Mais foilà assez te musique, faisons autre chose, faisons tes armes." Et saisissant un fleuret, il le ploya contre la muraille: "Fenez ici, Little Pillee, et je fais fous montrer quelque chose que vous n'avez chamais vû."

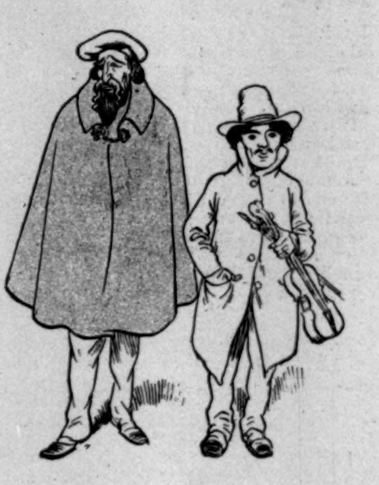
Again Madame Batbedat handles Trilby's chatter with proper appreciation, translating into simple direct French where Trilby speaks in English, and presenting her prattle in the French of the Quartier where circumstances seem to require; for, as du Maurier himself said: "Her accent was not that of the Comédie Française, nor yet that of the Faubourg St. Germain, nor yet that of the pavement. It was quaint and expressive—'funny without being vulgar,'" or, as Madame Batbedat so aptly puts it, "un français originel et expressif, drôle sans être canaille."

M. F. Fau has made about 150 illustrations for the French *Trilby*. He is evidently an artist of some merit, one who has given much study to the text of Madame Batbedat's production. His pictures of the Quartier are presumably correct, and he dresses his characters in the costumes contemporaneous with the action of the tale. His interpretation of the spirit of the author—the author who knew so well what he wanted to put his pencil to and what to leave untouched—is very often very curious. It will be recalled that when the scene opens in the studio Taffy is swinging a pair of Indian clubs—"une paire de massues autour de sa tête," as Madame Batbedat unfortunately puts it. So the artist presents this Yorkshire gentleman in the act of swinging a pair of war-clubs that would do credit to a South Sea islander. Trilby said her father used to sing "Ben Bolt" "when he felt jolly after hot rum and water." So M. Fau gives us a picture of Mr. O'Ferrall, hot rum and all, and quite in the costume of his time. The artist's conception of Svengali and the inseparable Gecko is droll if not striking, and we have them as they made their début in the studio on that "fine, sunny, showery day in April." There was a loud knock at the door "and two men came in" (deux hommes entrèrent). We have also a picture of Little Billee purchasing provisions, and one of Svengali as he saw himself some day in the indefinite future, surrounded by "prinzessen and comtessen." Then we are presented to Little Billee's mother and her brother-in-law, the Rev. Thomas Bagot—quite proper old-style English folk. And there are many other pictures just as interesting, including where the translator's travesty on Alice's future is seized upon by the artist as a subject for caricature or serious consideration—it is hard to say which.



TAFFY'S ARREST.

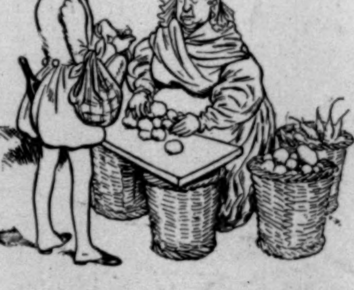
The book has a dedication and a preface. It is dedicated "à Henri Savage Landor, le hardi explorateur." In the preface we learn that George du Maurier was born in Paris in 1834, in a house on the Champs Elysées which is no longer standing. We also learn how du Maurier came to write *Trilby*. And here is reproduced the story of the chat that the author had with Henry James at Hampstead, when the latter heard the story of Trilby told for the first time from du Maurier's lips. Said Mr. James: "Mais c'est un chef-d'œuvre ça, tout simplement! ... Travaillez votre sujet, faites-en un livre, et vous verrez..." And so *Trilby* was written. "'Vous verrez,' avait dit James, et ç'avait été une prophétie." It was at Hampstead, too, that the translator undertook her difficult task "de la traduire, c'est de là que je m'adresse à mes compatriotes, avec le ferme espoir qu'ils comprendront Trilby la Belle et la Bonne, et que, la comprenant, ils l'aimeront."



SVENGALI AND GECKO.

And of course we all hope that Madame Batbedat's book may find myriads of readers among her countrymen, who will understand Trilby the Good and Beautiful, and, understanding, will love her. But at least the masterpiece of du Maurier has found a responsive chord in the heart of one French woman, who took upon herself a mission which she has performed with much seriousness and with evident affection.

WALTER LITTLEFIELD.



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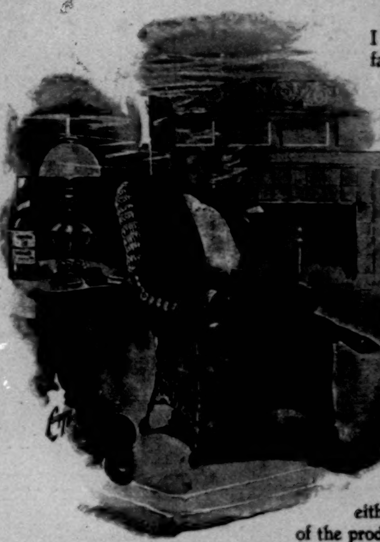

I sometimes drink a cocktail. In fact, I like a cocktail when towards evening the fatigues of the day begin to tell on me. Some people like a cocktail as an appetizer, but every one who likes a cocktail likes a good one. For a good while I have kept in my house, whether in the country or in town, the Heublein Club Cocktails in bottles, more for convenience than anything else. I knew they were good and I liked them, but just why they were so good did not occur to me until some one, speaking of the vast quantities of these that the Messrs. Heublein must make in a "batch," led me to this sort of reasoning. Barkeepers, and even one's self, in mixing cocktails necessarily cannot have a uniform and exact quantity of ingredients in each one. A few drops more or less of either ingredient greatly changes the nature of the product. In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately made or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months, or even years, in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers—MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, GIN, VERMOUTH, YORK, and PLYMOUTH—all excellent.

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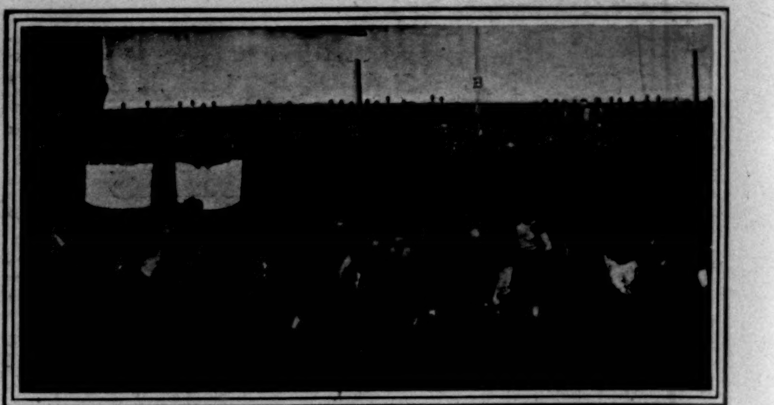
AMATEUR SPORT

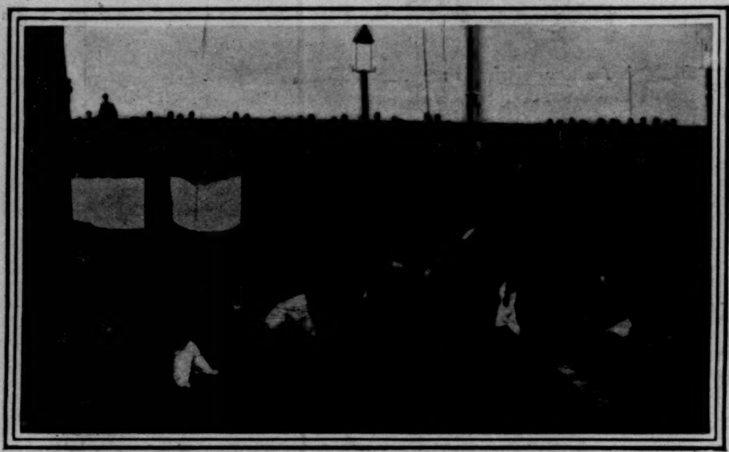


MORLEY (COLUMBIA) RECEIVING BALL ON DOUBLE PASS FOR END RUN.

WEST POINT, in defeating Annapolis (17–5) on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, December 2, demonstrated beyond a doubt that in the interval since the two last met (1893) on the gridiron the army has made greater progress than the navy in the science of football. This is the more significant of the material advance at the respective academies, because this year the army team was confessedly of less promise than any from that institution within at least the last three years, while, on the other hand, this year's Annapolis eleven was as freely acknowledged to be perhaps one of the very best which had ever represented that academy.

And, too, the indisputable and general superiority of this year's army team over that of the navy is particularly noteworthy, because the last two games played by the cadets especially emphasized the excellence of Annapolis in respect to generalship and all-round work.

Now it cannot be asserted that this difference in progress is to be explained by the superior quality of coaching the army has received; for, in point of fact, Annapolis has had the benefit of the very best instruction, perhaps on the whole has had a larger number of high-class coaches than West Point; but in my judgment the improvement of the army is to be attributed to the system of graduate coaching, which inculcates *esprit de corps* and respect of tradition as no other system can, and to the happy geographical location of West Point, which gives the invaluable experience of annual games with the larger university teams.



SENECA (INDIAN) TACKLED AFTER A 5-YARD GAIN.

THERE is no doubt that in respect of location and of the alumni coaching system—which the wide scattering of Annapolis graduates makes almost impossible at the Naval Academy—the army has a great advantage, not to mention the other natural one of her cadets averaging older and, as a rule, heavier.

Under these conditions I cannot see why the navy in its football contests with the army should not always labor under very considerable disadvantage. It has won in times past because its game was more versatile and its play more strategic; there is no reason why it should not, indeed will not, have its share of victories in the future—but none the less it will struggle against conditions which, for one reason and another and through no fault of its own, somewhat favor its rival.

But if the army has natural advantages incidental to geographical location, and older and heavier material, the navy has other and peculiar advantages of adaptability and alertness which seem to be traditional characteristics of the navy, and are no less natural perhaps, and certainly as valuable, on the playing-ground as on the sea.

It is most unlikely that there will again be a cessation of athletic relations between the naval and military academies. That such a cessation came in '94 was due entirely to that broad-minded and progressive spirit at Washington which subsequently provided black-powder Springfield rifles against smokeless Mausers, and a continuous pork diet in the semi-tropics. The war has done something even for wholesome sport: and this much at least should be placed to its credit in the final accounting. It may not have developed the broad-mindedness we yet hope to see, but, at all events, it has set a current in motion that is, perhaps too slowly, but none the less certainly, sweeping away and into oblivion the mediocre figure-heads whose only influence, since the pay-rolls first knew them, has been of negative character.

IF there are any two institutions in America which should meet in athletics they are these—our national naval and military academies at Annapolis and West Point. The talk one is apt to hear at the Army and Navy Club among the dear old chaps—whom we love for their past service as well as for the enemies they have made—that these games beget unpleasant feeling between army and navy officers and cadets is simply fol-del-rol.

I have spent, first and last, a good bit of time at Annapolis, at West Point, and among the active officers of the army and navy, and I have yet to see evidence of any unhappy influence of these inter-academy contests.

On the contrary, rather than meeting in football only, the cadets of the two academies should meet annually in also track athletics, baseball, perhaps even in rowing. Every intelligent man knows that the frequency of meeting, in say several sports, has the effect of lessening the importance and certainly the seriousness with which a single meeting in one sport is apt to be viewed.

Perhaps if the cadets at Annapolis and West Point met more frequently on the mimic battle-field, there would be less friction when it becomes needful for them to co-operate in real war.

The argument of time taken from the day's routine has always been advanced against the meeting of the cadets in the various sports; but could not four days in a year—for the cadets to witness the track-meeting, the boat-race, and the baseball and football games—be spared, and would not such time be profitably invested?

Not only between the cadets of the two national academies should there be these annual sports meetings, but among the enlisted men of the army. There ought to be regimental contests, followed by sectional post meetings, throughout this entire country. Football, track athletics, etc., are what have made the English so fit. We want the same thing in America. Already it is introduced. Many regiments hold annual games, but the idea should be general and the movement universal. Nowadays it is a matter of discretion with the officer commanding the post, but it should be the result of an order from Washington. Here is a chance for Mr. Secretary-of-War Root.

Perhaps in time we will accept the lesson England has learned and teaches. Meantime effort for wider athletic relations between the two academies is making.

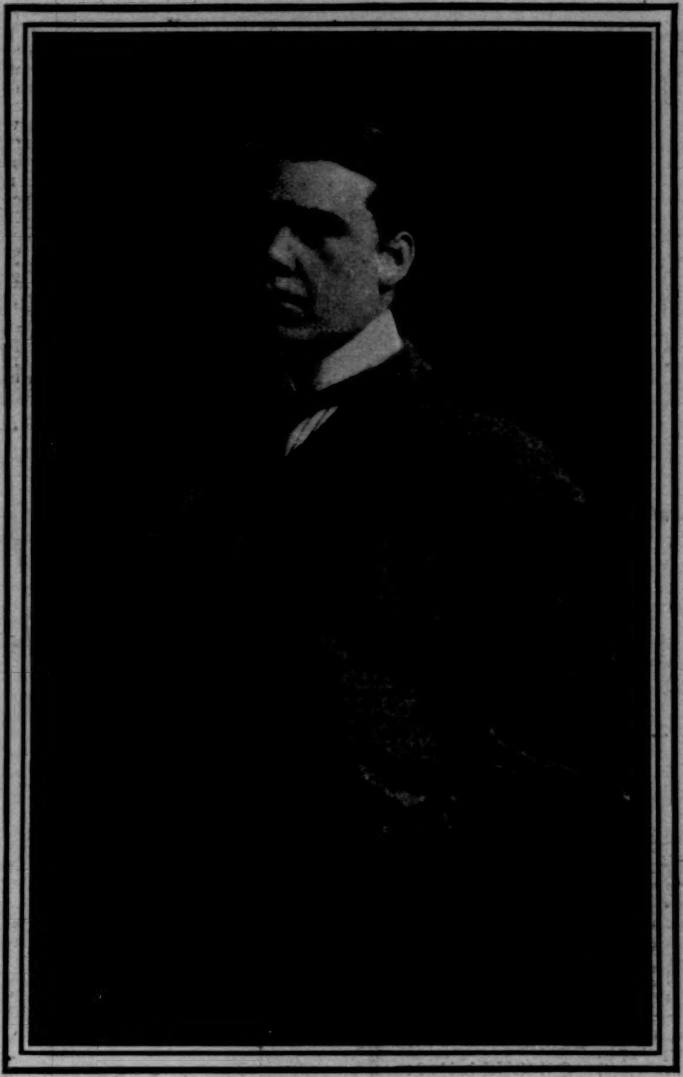
ANNAPOLIS had been playing an exceedingly good game all this year, holding both Princeton and Lafayette, in the early season, down to a single touch-down, and beating Lehigh (24–0) only two weeks before meeting West Point. Besides which, it so happened that the Navy had the good fortune to have this year a team somewhat veteran in character, and one, therefore, with less to learn of the game, and of greater steadiness in play.

The Army had, on the other hand, a team composed almost entirely of green, though very promising, material, and its season's play was just about what could be expected from that kind of combination. It started the year with a 0–6 defeat by Penn. State, which the Navy had previously beaten (6–0), and through all practice season there came only three victories.

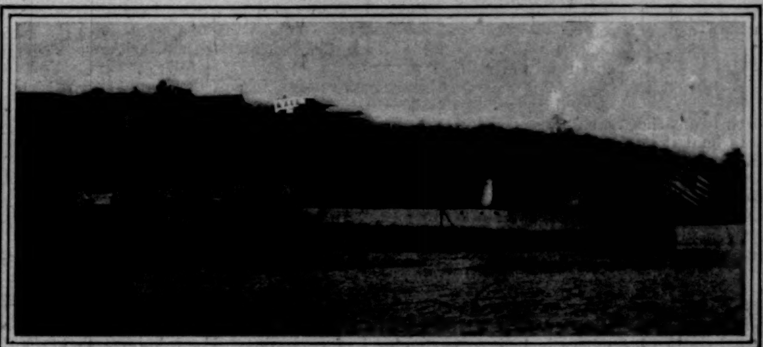
But the Army team was learning football all the time, and those who are not led astray by comparative scores appreciated the playing possibilities in West Point when it had steadied. There is no doubt that the hard games against Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia were the making of the Army team, though each brought defeat,

(*Continued on page 34.*)

FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.



ADELBERT S. HAY,
Son of Secretary-of-State Hay, recently appointed United States Consul at Pretoria, South-African Republic, to succeed Charles E. Macrum.



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(*Continued from page 32.*)

and appeared to establish opinion among the score-readers unfavorable to West Point's eventual prospects.

The value of all this preliminary gruelling was apparent when the two teams came finally together on Franklin Field. The Army had withstood the attack of the strongest teams without its defence being shattered; it had challenged the most powerful lines in college football, and suffered repulse without dismay. In a word, it had gone through real football, and now bore its scars and experience; while Annapolis had passed a comparatively light and easy season undisfigured, and with colors flying.

FROM the time of the second play, which was a twenty-five-yard end run by Clark on a formation somewhat similar to that used by the Indians against Columbia, there were but a few brief periods throughout the game when West Point was not outplaying Annapolis in every department. The difference in form was unmistakable, and before the two had played ten minutes an experienced eye could see no probability of the Annapolis victory which was commonly reported to be on the cards.

West Point's efforts were deliberate, determined, concentrated; Annapolis was hurried, desperate, ragged. On the defence the West Point rush-line got the "jump" on Annapolis, and—with the exception of occasional brilliant end and tackle gaining and the mass plays, the Navy drove through for a touch-down one minute before the end of the game—the Army rushers invariably sifted through the Navy line, and broke up its plays before they were well started. Even Halligan, the strong ground-gaining Annapolis guard, could not always supply the protection required of plays forming in his immediate vicinity.

Indeed, after West Point in the early part of the first half had carried the ball, without losing it, for sixty-five yards and a touch-down, the Army played with that feeling of growing strength, that evidence of newly discovered power—which was so noticeable in Yale after Harvard had failed on her two opportunities to score at Cambridge—that sends a team into the game with resistless dash and power.

NO defence Annapolis had to offer could check the Army attack, which was fast, vigorous, and varied. In the first half of the game the Army could make no gain when it bucked the Navy centre, but made its distance, with occasional interruptions, whenever attack was directed at the tackles. In the second half, however, it seemed equal to gaining through about any point of the Annapolis line.

The Navy attack was brilliant at times, but on the whole somewhat straggling, and therefore weaker than one would have expected from the character of the formations used and the individual quality of the players.

Now it is only fair to Annapolis to add that no doubt the slippery clay ground greatly affected the Navy's game, which has all season been characterized by fast, snappy offence. The backs appeared to be handicapped by the slippery field, which made the starting slower and the dodging uncertain. Fowler, upon whom the Navy greatly depended, seemed especially embarrassed.

Then, too, on the defensive, the Navy could not stop the push plays West Point sent against them, once they had started, for the Army ploughed along carrying them back almost without exception.

A slippery field is always a handicap for a defensive line against push plays,—but each team of course has its equal chance of becoming the attacking party,—and, at any rate, it all goes to make up the game.

TACKLING by neither team was first-class—indeed, it was distinctly second-class—but West Point was stronger in this respect than Annapolis. With both teams the ball was put into play slowly, and the backs held it so prominently the wonder is more fumbling did not follow.

In kicking, Annapolis failed to show the marked superiority claimed for their team. In fact, even though the West Point captain failed to avail himself so much as he might profitably have done of the strong favoring wind in the first half, the analysis of play shows very few more yards to the credit of the Annapolis kicker.

The West Point backs, in point of line-bucking, showed, because of their support, no doubt, decidedly better than those of Annapolis, while in the handling of kicks the same relative difference was apparent in the Army's favor. In fact, the Annapolis back who caught punts was not up to the requirements of his position; it took him too long to make up his mind in which direction he should run, and so West Point's ends—fairly good ones they proved to be—invariably tackled him while yet he was in the throes of this mental discussion.

It was a stoutly contested game from start to finish, both elevens playing with pluck to the last, and each team, and every member thereof, showing commendable sportsmanship. There was no unnecessary roughing, and the spirit of gentlemen and sportsmen ruled—as the Army cheer which greeted the Navy's touch-down indicated.

A game, in fact, that was a credit to America and to the cadets of America's two great national academies.

ARRANGEMENTS for the game made by the University of Pennsylvania committee were perfect, and the management all that could be desired. Through the generous courtesy of the Penn. R. R. and W. S. R. R. officials, both corps of cadets were transported to Philadelphia and return without charge. There never has been an athletic scene to so stir the sportsman's soul as that presented on Franklin Field, for here were 25,000 of the best people in the land, and not a dollar taken in at the gate. It was, indeed, an example which, let us hope, may serve to at least lessen the cupidity of our great universities, which still seem to be as deeply concerned in the gate-receipts as the most needy theatrical manager.

Positively nothing so beneficial could befall American college sport as a faculty edict against the present high charge that rules at all important games. If it be advisable that some price is fixed, in order that such income may help support university athletics, let it be a rational one, never under any circumstances exceeding one dollar for the choicest reserved seat.

The turning to account of the money-making feature of football is the curse of university sport. A bulging treasury prompts extravagance, luxurious training, and other incidentals, more in keeping with professional athletes than with university amateurs.

We are all grateful to Dr. J. William White, whose individual efforts made the Army-Navy game a possibility after thought of it had been abandoned; and the University of Pennsylvania proved a generous and thoroughly competent host—but it is not to be forgotten that Philadelphia was accepted by the academies because Annapolis would not play at West Point, where the game this year should have been decided. Next year we hope to see the game at West Point, and thereafter in alternate years on the home grounds of the two academies.

THE Army won the toss, and the Navy kicked off against a strong wind, Bunker getting back 5 yards. On the very next play West Point disclosed the strength of her attack, and likewise some excellent interference, by sending Clark around Berrien's end for 25 yards. This was followed by more gaining through the line, until 15 yards had been made, and Halligan secured the ball for Annapolis on a fumble. Immediately the Navy proceeded to work a telling formation on tackles, and especially on ends, which, before the ball was lost on a fumble, had gained 20 yards. The running was brilliant and seemed to suggest much latent strength, yet there were only two other occasions during the game when equally good work was exhibited by the Navy.

The second time the Army secured the ball, it began an attack of such force and speed (the very quality it has needed all season) as to nearly carry the Navy team off its feet. Beginning on her own 45-yard line, West Point, using Clark, Jackson, and Casad chiefly, and Farnsworth and Bunker occasionally, rushed the ball by short gains, Annapolis stubbornly contesting every foot, straight up the field for a touch-down and goal.

This was something of an achievement, and put tremendous heart in the Army team.

Immediately after the kick-off, an exchange of punts ended in West Point's favor, and the Navy thereupon began its second brilliant attack of the game. Wade made two good gains — twice getting clear through the line, with no one between him and the Army goal save Wesson, who was always equal to the emergency. Gannon got around the Army's end, and, with the ball on West Point's 25-yard line—and the Annapolis attack continuing—it looked like a Navy touch-down. But again fumbling, which has been a season's weakness, lost the ball for the Navy, though it soon regained it on downs on West Point's failure to advance at her 50-yard line.

Here began the Navy's longest bit of gaining; using Wade, Fowler, Gannon, and Halligan, it carried the ball to the Army's 10-yard line, where it had to surrender it on West Point's stalwart resistance. Not again in this half was Annapolis nearer her opponent's goal than the 30-yard line, while in the punting, which constituted a great deal of the play during the remainder of this period, West Point always gained—having the wind—and the Navy lost much ground through the poor judgment of its quarter-back, who rarely got under a kick, and having secured the ball, danced about hesitatingly thereafter.

SECOND half of the game opened with a punting duel, of which Annapolis, having now the wind, had rather the better. Shortly, however, Wesson, having caught a punt, dodged the Navy's ends, and carried the ball back to West Point's 25-yard line. Now began the Army's fiercest and longest sustained attack of the day. Varying its formations with excellent judgment, and directing the play mostly at tackles and ends, and some at centre, West Point battered her way down the field for another score. Jackson made several 5-yard end runs in this attack, but the majority of the gains were short, and secured only after hardest work.

For a few moments after the next kick-off the Navy seemed stupefied by the—to them—unexpected turn of fortune, and the Army had carried the ball into the Navy's territory by three brilliant runs before Annapolis appeared to realize the danger of being scored on for the third time. When she did become aroused it was too late to stem the tide, and West Point again carried the ball over the Navy line, after thirty-five yards of hard hammering. Again the Navy kicked off, followed by a punting match, which gave Osterhouse a free catch on the Army's 35-yard line, and an opportunity for field-goal, which failed.

Again on exchange of punts the Army lined up on its own 15-yard line, and carried the ball five yards, where it had to surrender it for holding. Hard hammering at tackle took Annapolis to West Point's 10-yard line, and interference by the latter gave the Navy five yards more; but the Army's defence was too strong for further gaining, and Annapolis surrendered the ball on downs. Failing to advance by rushing, West Point kicked out of bounds; but the ball was brought back, for off-side play by the Army, and given the Navy on West Point's 15-yard line. There were only a few moments of time left, and Annapolis attacked the Army line with such desperation, using Halligan, Fowler, and Wade, that West Point could not withstand the onslaught, and Wade was carried over for the Navy's only touch-down, though the goal at a difficult angle failed.

West Point.	Positions.	Annapolis.
Smith (Captain)	Left end	Long Reed
Farnsworth Ennis	Left tackle	Wortman (Captain)
Hopkins	Left guard	Halligan
Bettison	Centre	Adams
Boyers	Right guard	Belknap Fremont
Bunker Neely	Right tackle	Nichols Williams
Burnett Zell	Right end	Berrien Weaver
Wesson	Quarter-back	Osterhaus
Casad	Left half-back	Fowler Freyer
Clark Rockwell	Right half-back	Gannon Sand
Jackson	Full-back	Wade

Score—West Point, 17; Annapolis, 5. Touch-downs—Jackson, 1; Rockwell, 2; Wade, 1. Goals from touch-downs—Bettison, 2. Goals missed from touch-downs—Bettison, 1; Wade, 1. Referee—R. D. Wrenn, Harvard. Umpire—E. N. Wrightington, Harvard. Time—35-minute halves. Attendance—25,000.

THERE is much to commend and little to criticise in the work of the individuals of the two teams. Annapolis was outplayed, not because of individual weakness, but rather because of the sharper, faster, and more enduring team-work of West Point. While the Navy individuals were not so prominent in the general play as the Army men, which perhaps is largely explained by the character of their respective games, yet undoubtedly the Army rush-line was largely responsible for West Point's success. Its keen hard work made possible the continuous ground-gaining of the backs; they certainly outplayed the Navy forwards. It seems unfair to single out names where all did so well, but Bettison, Bunker, Farnsworth, and Boyers were the forwards more often noted and really deserving especial mention. Halligan was the only rusher in the Navy line to attain prominence in the general play, but there was not the expected balance in his favor when lined up against his vis-à-vis.

Except at quarter-back, there was not much to choose between the individual material of the two back fields.

Clark, Jackson, Fowler, Wade, Gannon, appear to be all of a class in advancing the ball, though Clark's defensive play makes him quite the best of the lot. The work of West Point's backs was more effective, chiefly because their forwards gave them greater assistance than the Navy backs received. Wesson at quarter played a great defensive game, several times bringing down a Navy runner when he had got through the Army line.

West Point appeared to be the stronger physically. Both teams, however, were in first class condition, and none on either side were disabled, though the hard work wore into retirement several of each team.

Analysis of the play shows that in the first half West Point gained on rushing 130 yards, and 200 yards in kicking, against 100 and 155 yards gained by Annapolis.

In the second half West Point gained 154 yards by rushing and 225 by kicking. Annapolis in the same half gained 41 and 288 yards. In the entire game, therefore, West Point gained by rushing 141 yards and by kicking 443 yards. Annapolis gained by rushing 141 yards and by kicking 443 yards. Running back caught punts West Point gained 65 yards and Annapolis 35. Each lost the same distance on penalties. The West Point average weight of line was 169, of backs 147, and of the team 161.

RECORD of Army-Navy games now stands as follows:

1890—Annapolis, 24; West Point, 0; at West Point.
1891—West Point, 32; Annapolis, 16; at Annapolis.
1892—Annapolis, 12; West Point, 4; at West Point.
1893—Annapolis, 6; West Point, 4; at Annapolis.
1899—West Point, 17; Annapolis, 5; at Franklin Field, Philadelphia.

For the benefit of army and navy men, I append, as requested, a complete list of games played, with scores of the two cadet teams since the last year of their meeting:

1893.

West Point, 4; Volunteers, 6.
West Point, 36; Lafayette, 0.
West Point, 0; Lehigh, 18.
West Point, 12; Amherst, 4.
West Point, 0; Yale, 28.
West Point, 6; Union, 0.
West Point, 18; Trinity, 11.
West Point, 4; Princeton, 36.
West Point, 4; Annapolis, 6.

Annapolis, 0; Univ. of Penn., 34.
Annapolis, 26; Dickinson, 0.
Annapolis, 28; University of Virginia, 0.
Annapolis, 22; Georgetown, 10.
Annapolis, 6; Lehigh, 12.
Annapolis, 34; Franklin and Marshall, 6.
Annapolis, 6; West Point, 4.

1894.

West Point, 18; Amherst, 0.
West Point, 0; Brown, 10.
West Point, 42; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 0.
West Point, 5; Yale, 12.
West Point, 30; Union, 0.

Annapolis, 6; Elizabeth A. C., 6.
Annapolis, 12; Georgetown, 0.
Annapolis, 0; Univ. of Penn., 12.
Annapolis, 8; Indians, 0.
Annapolis, 10; Lehigh, 0.
Annapolis, 6; Penn. State, 6.

1895.

West Point, 50; Trinity, 0.
West Point, 0; Harvard, 4.
West Point, 35; Tufts, 0.
West Point, 6; Dartmouth, 0.
West Point, 8; Yale, 28.
West Point, 16; Union, 0.
West Point, 26; Brown, 0.

Annapolis, 6; Elizabeth, 0.
Annapolis, 34; New York A. C., 0.
Annapolis, 68; Franklin and Marshall, 0.
Annapolis, 34; Carlisle, 0.
Annapolis, 6; Orange, 10.
Annapolis, 4; Lehigh, 6.

1896.

West Point, 27; Tufts, 0.
West Point, 0; Princeton, 11.
West Point, 44; Union, 0.
West Point, 2; Yale, 16.
West Point, 12; Wesleyan, 12.
West Point, 8; Brown, 6.

Annapolis, 0; Univ. of Penn., 8.
Annapolis, 0; Penn. Scrubs, 6.
Annapolis, 50; St. John's Col., 0.
Annapolis, 40; Rutgers, 6.
Annapolis, 26; Lehigh, 10.
Annapolis, 11; White Squadron, 5.
Annapolis, 6; Lafayette, 18.

1897.

West Point, 38; Trinity, 6.
West Point, 12; Wesleyan, 9.
West Point, 0; Harvard, 10.
West Point, 30; Tufts, 0.
West Point, 6; Yale, 6.
West Point, 48; Lehigh, 6.
West Point, 42; Brown, 0.

Annapolis, 0; Princeton, 28.
Annapolis, 24; Penn. Reserves, 0.
Annapolis, 6; Princeton, 0.
Annapolis, 4; Penn. State, 0.
Annapolis, 4; University of Virginia, 0.
Annapolis, 28; Lehigh, 6.

1898.

West Point, 40; Tufts, 0.
West Point, 27; Wesleyan, 8.
West Point, 0; Harvard, 28.
West Point, 18; Lehigh, 0.
West Point, 0; Yale, 10.
West Point, 5; Princeton, 5.

Annapolis, 11; Buckwell, 0.
Annapolis, 0; Princeton, 30.
Annapolis, 16; Penn. State, 11.
Annapolis, 18; Lafayette, 0.
Annapolis, 52; Columbian College, 0.

1899.

West Point, 22; Tufts, 0.
West Point, 0; Penn. State, 6.
West Point, 0; Harvard, 18.
West Point, 0; Princeton, 23.
West Point, 6; Dartmouth, 2.
West Point, 0; Yale, 24.
West Point, 0; Columbia, 16.
West Point, 12; Syracuse, 6.

Annapolis, 0; Princeton, 5.
Annapolis, 12; Georgetown, 0.
Annapolis, 6; Penn. State, 0.
Annapolis, 0; Lafayette, 5.
Annapolis, 12; North Carolina, 0.
Annapolis, 35; Trinity, 0.
Annapolis, 23; Lehigh, 0.

Comparative scores, while by no means trustworthy as truly indicating utmost attainable strength in any given season, may yet be safely accepted as suggestive.

With this thought in mind, a study of these scores would have prepared one for the exhibition we had on Franklin Field December 2.

And now, finally, there is one word further I wish to add before closing my comment on this, the most illustrious and satisfactory athletic exhibition of the year.

It has been asserted by the opponents of inter-Academy football that the contest disturbs the equipoise of the cadets and of the Academy routine. To these I offer the following facts: After the game in Philadelphia no restrictions were put on the cadets other than that they were expected to be on hand train-time. They had the liberty of the town, and fraternized in sportsmanly fashion. Speaking for the West Point cadets—concerning whom I happen to have full data in hand—their train arrived at West Point at 11 P.M., not a man missing. The team proper reached West Point at 3.30 P.M. Sunday. At four o'clock the drum sounded, and the daily parade went on as usual, football men and all in the ranks, the long line steady; quiet; exact; the old machine moving silently, but surely, as customary, without a hitch.

There was nothing to suggest the liberty and the enthusiasm of the day before, or the elation which marked cadet reflection on the result of their 1899 football game with the Naval Academy.

Brown, Lafayette, and Western comment next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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London Journals

BY JULIAN RALPH

THE chief man of the moment in London journalism is Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth. He owns the *Daily Mail*, the wonder of the London press. Mr. Kennedy-Jones suggested the establishment of the paper, and launched it on its career, and Mr. S. J. Pryor has managed it for nearly a year, bringing it up to its present great circulation. It is called by Americans the only American paper in London; but by the English masses, who only associate America with red Indians, buffaloes, and quarrelsome diplomacy, it is simply the brightest, most condensed journal in the kingdom. The *Mail* confines its sensations between the top and bottom of a single column, gives two pages to news, a page to editorials and correspondence, a page to commercial matters, a page to illustrated special articles, and of course a considerable space to sport. It is a Tory paper; it is brightly edited and full of fun; it loves to rattle the dry bones of old-world usages, and prints pictures.

Mr. Harmsworth is said to have started with $250 ten years ago. Now he owns twenty-two or twenty-three newspapers, including many penny and halfpenny weeklies, a daily in Glasgow, and another in Portsmouth. He has a cold million of pounds laid away outside his enterprises where the rust and thieves of hazard and speculation cannot corrupt or steal them away. He has a town house in Berkeley Square, a sea-side home at Broadstairs, and a hunting-box in Norfolk. He got his start by entering the rich field in which Sir George Newnes made his fortune with a penny weekly called *Tit-bits*. Mr. Harmsworth's venture being a paper of the same price and kind named *Answers*.

I once counted 175 weeklies of different sorts, ranging in price between a halfpenny and sixpence, while waiting for an underground train, and I believe I had only counted two-thirds of what were on the stall when the train came along. Had I happened there earlier I might have counted the rest and read several before a train came—but that is a different matter. Newnes's genius lies in doing everything for himself. Harmsworth's is in getting the right man to manage each of his enterprises. He is said to have declared that he has in his employ thirty more Kennedy-Joneses and Pryors awaiting the foundation of as many more publications.

He can utilize men as he does because he is unlike most successful Englishmen. He treats his lieutenants as he does his brothers, is frank and free with them, entertains them and rests them at his houses in town and country, pays them generously, and welds them to his interests tighter than wall-paper. Perhaps this is because he has been a great deal in the United States. Other self-made Englishmen treat their—but, again, that's another matter.

Mr. Kennedy-Jones was, a few years ago, a journalist in the harness. He got a price put upon the *Evening News*, induced Harmsworth to buy it, and then made it the newsiest of the evening papers, and got for it one of the largest circulation in the town. Having won with it, Mr. Jones, by that time a partner of Mr. Harmsworth's, suggested the foundation of a morning daily that should have the brightness and enterprise of an American journal, combined with sobriety and trustworthiness. Thus the *Daily Mail* was started, and, in time, Mr. Jones confined himself to the *Evening News*, and Mr. Pryor, an Englishman with an American experience, took charge of the morning venture. He had been the manager of a daily paper in Jamaica, West Indies, where his reporters were coal-black, and most of the readers were like them.

He then came to New York, and wrote all over the *Sun*, from the "ears" to the editorial page, besides taking many of the desks in the city, copy-reading and editorial departments. Without the fact being suspected by any of his associates, he had moused all over the establishment, studying the work of the pressmen, stereotypers, artists, and compositors, so that he graduated with a degree that no one knew he had taken. He is thirty-two, Harmsworth is thirty-two, Kennedy-Jones is thirty-two, Mr. Pollen, the leader-writer, is thirty-two, and Mr. Springfield, the second executive man, is thirty-two. This fact is regarded with superstition on the other great London dailies, where a thousand devices for beating the *Mail* have all failed, and it is now said that all a man has to do to get a fine position at a large salary is to say that he has been in America and is thirty-two years old.

The effect of this introduction of clean American methods in journalism has been wonderful. The great dailies of London no longer look like their old selves. Even the staid old *Times* now prints what are called explanatory head-lines, the *Chronicle* doubles and trebles them on occasion, and the *Telegraph* likewise shows its vigor and sagacity by experimenting with new ideas. Only the fashionable *Morning Post* seems unaffected.

The older evening papers show less appreciation of the new forces of tireless enterprise and large expenditure. A year or so ago a leading afternoon paper complained editorially that its morning contemporaries were not getting specials from the Sudan, so that there was nothing of value for it to crib from them for its readers. There is a great deal of loose talk about the inroads the *Mail* has made in the circulation of the older dailies, but the fact is that it has, to a great extent, developed new readers, and, being only a halfpenny paper, is taken by many men and women who continue to read their old favorites.

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No Dirt Escapes Pearline

There was at one time a rumor that an American, emboldened by Harmsworth's success, intended to enter the field with a purely American daily. In my opinion the feat would be impossible. The most important factor in the *Mail's* success is that every one on it is British. The London public would not take an American journal, even of the dullest type. The laws would not permit its publication. They say over there that the whole people oppose the license of an irresponsible press, but to me it seems that even the liberty of the press is greatly hampered.

An editor can be jailed in England for compounding a felony if he prints an advertisement for stolen or lost goods containing the phrase "a liberal reward will be paid and no questions asked." Trials in court may not be commented upon during their progress (we have the same law, but in England it is obeyed), and it is not safe to criticise the findings or comments of the judges.

Government officials withhold news and even civility from the reporters. The most important public affairs are only made known through inspired editorials, and time alone determines which are inspired and which ones merely pretend to be. A music-hall singer, offering herself for public approval or disapproval, nightly, for pay, has recently won a verdict against a newspaper which said her songs were vulgar. The government assumes the right to demand the sources of betrayals of its secrets from those who publish them, and men who will talk over the cable for New York correspondents will not even admit London reporters to their confidence or their houses. The *Daily Mail* has done much toward introducing original ways of treating new subjects, but the great mass of English people are suspicious of news reports that are not written in a deadly matter-of-fact way.

From our point of view the best English newspapers are the provincial ones. For years the leading journals of Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield have been brighter, more enterprising (in small ways at least), and more varied in their attractions than the best London dailies. But even in the provinces an American who earnestly tried to start a specimen of modern journalism would simply lose his money—and much of it would be spent in legal fines and in bailing his lieutenants out of jail.

The English reader thinks at night over what he has read in his paper in the morning. He tests newspaper figures and calculations with pencil and paper and the aid of books of reference. He is forever writing to the editor, and the editor respects the reader's whims. I knew an editor who imitated the American custom of copying bits of eccentric writing and unusual happenings from other newspapers. Hundreds of readers wrote to say that if he could not provide them with original reading-matter they would "stop the paper." There is not an exchange editor in England.

The foreman of the composing-room in every English office except that of the *Daily Mail* has an importance most surprising to American journalists. He is still "the printer" who was the father of the newspaper of early days, and much of his original power still clings to him. He has the final decision in the production of each day's paper. The editor manages the policy and orders the editorials, the reporters report, and the copy-readers revise; but finally the work of all these men reaches the foreman, and he prints it or leaves it out, "displays" it or humbles it with solid small type; he gives it "position" or hides it in an inside corner—precisely as he pleases. He is absolutely master in his department, and that is the court of last resort during the getting out of a paper. He exercises all his power wholly within his own field as chief of the printers, where he is supreme. What he does or declines to do is wholly governed by a mechanic's reasons, yet the effect is very often the same as if he had editorial power.

What we call the managing editor is there called the chief sub-editor; the night editor or "make-up" is there known as the assistant sub-editor; the term "city editor" is in England the title of the financial writer, and the "publisher" is the man who distributes and sells the paper—the "circulation manager," as we say in America.

Two minor features of the English method of newspaper management appealed to me as eminently wise and practical. The first is the reporter's custom of writing copy in semi-short-hand. The English reporters have only a few signs and a few abbreviations, but as these represent the words in most frequent use, it follows that the saving of time and labor is very important. For example, they make a long straight vertical mark to represent the word "the," and the mere letter "t" is recognized as meaning "that." They never spell out the conjunction "and," and in perhaps a dozen similar and important ways they shorten their labor and manage to produce quick copies. When I say that I have bought "copy" of scores of men and never had to ask what any single sign or abbreviation stood for, I think I make it plain that the system is simple, practical, and self-explanatory. Its value is scarcely conceivable to a person not in the business.

The other excellent English feature is the manner of distributing evening papers. A capable circulation manager in an evening newspaper office in London constantly visits the editorial-room while the work of collecting the news goes on. He asks the editors what important news they have; and if, as happens very often, there is no sensational occurrence, he sends out the carts with the papers to meet a general average demand, the number of papers printed being graded according to the weather—an important factor in the business. But the moment he hears of a great London happening—a murder in Battersea or a runaway accident to a princess in Kensington—he rushes to his department and arranges to mass his circulation in the parish in question and in the adjoining parishes. There he sends his oldest, stoutest-lunged criers, and there he plans to sell the bulk of the late editions. He knows very well that an occurrence in Battersea will not sell many papers in either the West or the East End, but that the West End will buy all the news it can get of anything of fashionable or aristocratic interest. Knowing every news stall and shop in every lane or cross-street all over the capital, he is able to make up his bundles for any parish as quickly and with as accurate a knowledge of the selling capacity of each dealer as a district leader in Tammany Hall can name and characterize every working-man of his party in his district.

Franking Privilege

IN the Fifty-first Congress a provision was attached to one of the appropriation bills giving members of Congress the right to send official letters to government officials free. That was the opening wedge. A little later, when the printing bill was debated in the House, Mr. Hayes of Iowa offered an amendment extending this privilege so as to give members the right to send official letters free to "any person." Mr. Hayes explained that he wanted to give members only the right to send to their constituents matter which came to them from the departments on request, and which if mailed from the departments would be carried under official frank. But the amendment did not say this. It distinctly gave the members of Congress and members-elect and the Vice-President of the United States the right to send "official" correspondence, not exceeding one ounce to each letter, under their frank. It rested with the member to limit the use of the frank to strictly "official" correspondence. As in the earlier experience of the Post-office Department with members of Congress, in relation to the franking privilege, it has been found that the member of Congress is not to be trusted very far. Out of this new privilege has grown a new set of small abuses of the postal system. Congressmen put their own interpretation on the word "official," and that term now covers a wide range of correspondence.

Congressmen are not alone in the abuse of the franking privilege. In the last administration the Postmaster-General had to complain to the President of the United States that the heads of the other departments were imposing on him by shipping freight in the postal cars. He did not object to carrying a few snakes for the Smithsonian Institution or an occasional small specimen of ore for the Geological Survey. But when it came to transporting pickaxes and shovels, and huge bowlders from the Far West to Washington, at postal rates, he objected. In the preceding administration Mr. Wanamaker had pounded away at Congress to make the other departments pay the Post-office Department for carrying the official mail. Postmaster-General Gary also has called attention to the departmental abuse of the free mail service.

Mr. Wanamaker once made the estimate that if the Post-office Department received pay for all the matter transported under frank for Congress and the Executive, the postal service would be self-supporting, instead of showing a deficit of several million dollars every year. Since Mr. Wanamaker made this statement the amount of "franked" matter has increased, not only with the natural increase of the government's business, but with the provisions of the law granting the free use of the mails to members of Congress for mailing "official" letters. Presently the abuse of the privilege will increase to a point where Congress will have to step in and repeal it. This has happened at regular intervals since the establishment of the postal service.

The privilege of franking letters was granted first to the heads of departments. This was shortly after the Post-office Department was established. It was extended gradually to the President, to minor officials in the departments at Washington, and to executive officers of the government elsewhere. Then it became one of the perquisites of members of Congress. The privilege at that time was not limited in any way. A member could send either written or printed matter in any amount through the mails, or could receive written or printed matter without paying tolls on it. Those were the days when postage was not prepaid; and the Postmaster-General once requested members of Congress to turn over to his department for delivery any letters which might come to them under cover intended for others, so that the department could collect postage on them. Evidently the member of Congress was used by his constituents for their convenience then as he is so frequently used now.

There were two or three spasms of virtue and two or three Congressional reforms in the franking privilege at intervals before 1873. In that year the law had reached the climax of abuse. Members of Congress were using the postal cars to carry all sorts of merchandise. Some of them "mailed" their laundering regularly to their homes and had it returned to them at the government's expense. It is said that one Congressman attempted to ship a horse in a postal car, with a Congressional frank tagged to him. Whether the horse was carried free or not does not appear. It is certain that large quantities of private mail were carried without charge under Congressional frank, and that few people who numbered a Congressman among their friends paid any postage to Uncle Sam. When the wave of reform and retrenchment struck the House of Representatives the franking privilege had to go.

It has been revived piecemeal since, and its scope has been extending year by year. Last year the Post-office Department carried nearly 650,000,000 pieces of free mail-matter. Of this number, more than 548,000,000 were in newspapers and periodicals mailed free in the county of publication; the remainder were official letters enclosed in penalty envelopes, documents, pamphlets, packages of seed, and official supplies for the departments. All of the department supplies now are shipped under penalty labels. At one time there were special stamps issued for the official use of the departments, and each one was charged with the cost of handling its mail.

Until the passage of the printing bill, the only matter Congressmen were privileged to send free was the printed publications of the government. The widows of ex-Presidents are the only persons who have ever had authority to send personal letters under a frank.

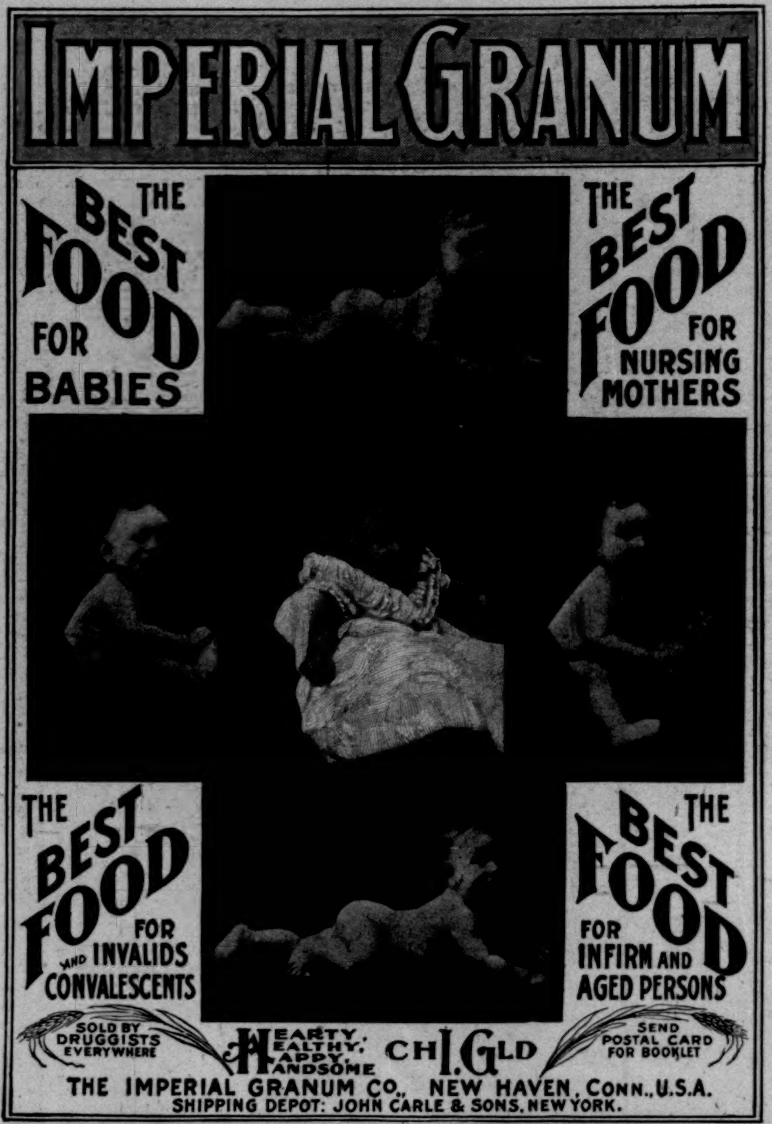
Even the President of the United States puts a two-cent stamp on every personal letter which goes through the mails. But though restricted in its use, Congressmen found ways to abuse the franking privilege four or five years ago. During a Congressional election two smart Democrats inserted each a half of one of Henry George's books in a speech for which he had "leave to print." Thus the whole book appeared in the *Congressional Record*, became a government publication, and was sent all over the country under Congressional frank during the campaign.

During the last debate over the franking privilege Mr. McMillin of Tennessee called attention to the fact that when the former law was repealed an allowance of $125 a year was made to Senators and members of the House for "stationery," and that this appropriation was intended (as stated during the debate on the subject) to cover the postage of members on official business. But what is said in debate and what is provided in the language of the law debated are sometimes very different things, and Congressmen find it convenient to stick to the letter of the law. The "stationery" account in the two Houses continues, and it is made to cover corkscrews, scissors, fancy knives, pocket-books, key-rings, and subscriptions to newspapers. Many members of both Houses "commute" their stationery account and draw it in cash. It was related of one ex-member of a Congress recently that he had lived on his stationery allowance and mileage during his term and saved the whole of his salary. If he had served his country a few years later, he might have been richer by the amount he paid out for letter postage.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

The Word "Tsar"

THE persistency of errors that are as expressly stated as truths is almost proverbial. Over and over is it asserted that the Russian Emperor's title is a corruption of the Latin "Cæsar," or allied to it; and the story is repeated that in 1721 Peter the Great received a formal remonstrance from the court of Austria when he employed the word in correspondence. A few weeks ago an article in an English review made an observation on the affinity between the two royal designations, and, naturally, added the German "Kaiser" as a third cousin. As it happens, "tzar" is a much older word, presumptively, than the Latin tongue, and is claimed by the Russian philologues as derived from the Babylonian, Assyrian, and generally Asiatic termination "sar" or "zar," such as occurs in "Belshazzar," "Nebuchadnezzar," "Shalmanezar," and so on. In any case, it is beyond disproof purely Oriental, and as old as the Caucasus.



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SHEIK ILDERIM'S TENT, AS SHOWN IN ACT III., SCENE II., OF "BEN-HUR" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.

The Stage Illustration of "Ben-Hur"

The Greatest Christian Show on Earth.

IF there be any rational doubt as to the popular success of "Ben-Hur," which Mr. William Young has adapted to the stage from General Lew. Wallace's tale of the Christ, it can only be as to whether it will run one year or two. "I may," said General Wallace, "invite the whole Christian world to see the performance;" and whether or not he has invited it, the whole Christian world is likely to go. The reason why General Wallace can invite the whole Christian world, and why the whole Christian world will go, presents one of the most interesting and vital problems connected with the American theatre. The late lamented P. T. Barnum rose to fame and fortune by advertising that his show was the greatest moral show on earth. Just where the morality came in nobody ever discovered; or if he did so, the secret has not been divulged. The living lamented Hall Caine went the late lamented Barnum one better by advertising himself as presenting "The Christian"; and people of discrimination were equally at a loss to find in it any signal spirit of Christianity. Yet Hall Caine throve; and thrift is blessing if we steal it not—but that is not a particularly Christian motto. Now comes General Wallace with pretensions that are far more modest than those of Hall Caine, and with a performance that is, on the whole, more striking than any Barnum ever gave us. Even at the first performance the chairs and boxes were thronged with austere-visaged moralists whose whole presence expressed abhorrence of the flesh, even while their eyes were glued on the brilliant and alluring spectacle before them; and night after night Broadway is crowded with people standing in line for seats. Yet the only difference of kind, so far as the merely critical observer can note, between "Ben-Hur" and another play is that the skirts of the ballet fall midway between the knee and the ankle, instead of ending, as usual, much higher, or—à la Loie Fuller—much lower. Why is the play succeeding so enormously? First, because, by virtue of its ostensible subject, it opens the theatre door to all whose morality or Christianity is of the kind that tabooes the theatre; and second, because, by virtue of what it really is, it gives them their money's worth of innocent, if crude, joy and recreation—yes, treble their money's worth. And so, all prosperity to "Ben-Hur"!

The Famous Chariot-Race.

The God-speed is more hearty because the production has infinitely more merit as a *pièce de théâtre* than any one can appreciate who is not familiar with the stage and its capabilities. Night after night the play rouses its audiences, including the pious pleasure-seekers, to delight and to obstreperous enthusiasm; but to the judicious it will be memorable because it fixes a new mark of achievement in the drama of mechanical sensation, and because its appointments are in all respects so splendid. With the Drury Lane melodrama we are all tolerably, or intolerably, familiar. The shilling shocker of that ancient play "The World" was a scene in which an elevator, *alias* lift, descended upon the villain, who had fallen to the bottom of the shaft, and crushed him. "The Fatal Card" is remembered for the scene in which an infernal machine wrecks the setting of the fourth act in a flare of stage-fire. In the more recent "White Heather," the shock of which was at least worth half a crown, the hero grappled the villain in a life struggle in diving-suits at the bottom of the sea; and he must be very wet, for the hero cut his air-tube, and that was the end of him. In "The Great Ruby," which was brought out in America at no less a place than the theatre of the late Augustin Daly, the shocker was, at the lowest rating, worth a guinea; it consisted of a fight that took place in a balloon, and resulted in hurling the villain headlong from the basket some thousands of feet to the earth. The chariot-race in "Ben-Hur" exceeds all of these in the ingenuity and effect of its appliance. The horses of *Ben-Hur* and *Messala* are running at a speed that must be enormous, and that seems stupendous; the dust is blown back from the wheels by an ingenious device beneath the stage, and finally, as *Ben-Hur* passes *Messala*, a wheel is actually dislodged from the Roman's chariot and is carried out in the fly on the revolving track. At this point the house—even the first-night house—burst forth into a roar of excitement and appreciation that paused only for General Wallace to make a brief little excuse for a speech, and roared on and on until the General rose in his box and made another speech in behalf of the absent adapter, which only partly restored quiet and order. Every one was glad to see General Wallace, and sorry not to see Mr. Young; but what people most wanted, I take it, whether they were conscious of the fact or not, was the horses; there might have been at least one recall for the horses.

The Illustration of "Ben-Hur."

The scenes, which were by Ernest Albert and Ernest Gros, are fourteen in number, each presenting a vital crisis in the story. The prelude, which is an impressive pantomime, presents the Star of Bethlehem and the meeting of the three Wise Men in the desert. The first act takes place on the top of the palace of Hur, and amid a vivid picture of the roofs of Jerusalem presents a picture of the family affection that is so strong a motive throughout the story; the act ends with the dislodgement of the tile that kills the Roman general, and with the betrayal of *Ben-Hur* by his Romanized friend *Messala*. The second act opens with a scene, a thoroughly novel bit of stage-management, showing the interior of the galley in which *Ben-Hur* is bound to the oar; and, after the incident which makes *Ben-Hur* known to the Roman *Arrius*, closes with the sensational wrecking of the ship. The end of the act shows *Ben-Hur* with the rescued *Arrius* floating in mid-ocean; the galley that rescues them is seen approaching. At the opening of the third act, *Ben-Hur*, after the death of *Arrius*, comes to Antioch in search of his mother and sister. He finds his father's wise servant *Simonides*, and is attracted by *Esther*, the daughter of *Simonides*. The next scene shows *Ben-Hur* in the grove of Daphne before the temple of Apollo, and presents the masque of Eros. A quick shift of scene discloses the fountain of Castalia, and the revels of Daphne, and ends with the dramatic incident in which *Ben-Hur* rescues *Iras* from beneath the chariot of the superb *Messala*. The recognition of *Messala* induces *Ben-Hur* to undertake to drive *Ilderim's* Arab horses against him in the chariot-race. The fourth act opens in the interior of *Ilderim's* gorgeous tent in the dowar in the orchard of palms, and shows *Ben-Hur* as he is preparing the Arab steeds for the chariot-race. The act closes with the scene in which *Ben-Hur* deserts *Esther* to ride with the Cleopatran *Iras* upon the moonlit waters of the lake. The fifth act is devoted to the chariot-race. It opens with the making of wagers at the great gateway of the circus, and ends with the moving spectacle of the race itself. In the sixth and last act *Ben-Hur* has returned to the palace of his fathers in Jerusalem in search of his mother and sister, and hears of their sad fate. A change of scene shows him searching for them among the lepers that inhabit the tombs of the vale of Hinnom. The divine radiance of Christ is disclosed in a vision that comes to *Ben-Hur*, and the play ends with a scene in which a miracle of our Lord restores the mother and sister of *Hur* to health. The play begins and ends with a sacred theme, but all that goes between is devoted to the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, and never has it received more gorgeous and adequate theatric illustration. One has to see the play to realize how skilfully the scenes have been arranged to stimulate constantly the spectators' appetite for color and motion, and in what a masterly manner, in the individual scenes, the color and motion are blended. In their way, the ballets were as full of fire as the chariot-race, and they have an effect of spontaneity and an exuberance of grace that are worth feeling again and again, whereas the chariot-race would pall. Most successful of all, perhaps, is the vocal and instrumental music composed for the production by Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley, one of the foremost of American composers. It is at once scholarly and rich, and creates a sensuous medium that recommends the passing scenes to one's senses, and re-enforces them as nothing else could.

The Drama of "Ben-Hur."

If the production, considered as drama, suffers from all this gilding of its frame-work, it would perhaps be churlish to complain. The dialogue is important only as a pretext and explanation for the successive scenes; it is reduced to the symbolic simplicity of the book of an opera; in many passages it actually loses by not being sung. For this reason the acting is of little or no importance. Some of it is in the old floridly rhetorical manner, and some is in the subdued manner of the later day. *Ben-Hur* is played by Mr. Edward Morgan, who has been loaned from Mr. Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company, where he has played leading comedy characters admirably, and who seems not quite to have mastered the big bow-wow style. Miss Mary Shaw, whose performance of *Mrs. Aveling* last year in John Blair's production of Ibsen's "Ghosts" was an achievement of the highest order in the naturalistic acting of tragedy—imaginative, powerful, and restrained—plays the small part of *Amrah* with as sincere and craftsmanly a feeling for the broader operatic style. To have mastered two such opposite manners bespeaks the rarest kind of histrionic talent. But even the best of acting would fail of effect, for, properly speaking, there is no drama in the play, nor anything else nobler than the art of the theatrical manager, which is scarcely to be reckoned a fine art. Yet there might have been a drama of "Ben-Hur." The life of the young Jewish prince, as General Wallace tells it, presents, as few things could, the struggle between the old pagan power and culture and the new power and culture that are of Christ. If this struggle had been done into dramatic terms it would have been less popular, perhaps, than the struggle between the rival chariots, while the veracious and intimate presentation of sacred things would be revolting to the very people who now in their godliness are attracted by the chariot-race. Something very like this has lately happened. In "Children of the Ghetto" Mr. Zangwill worked out the conflict of the world and the faith with high imaginative sympathy and with masterly dramatic feeling, and he was repudiated by all except the minority who love intrinsic beauty and truth. The "Ben-Hur" of Broadway is not a drama, not even a tale of the Christ. Yet it will not have been in vain if it teach the Puritanically minded that the outward shows of the theatre have a legitimate and not unholy pleasure. The inner and spiritual joy of true drama comes to those who are born for it.

JOHN CORBIN.

Key West

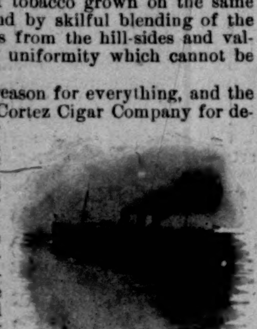
ALTHOUGH "many men have many minds," the verdict of the whole civilized world is a unit in the answer that a good cigar is the product of the finest soil of Cuba, known as the Vuelta Abajo, or Valley of the Willow Bough, manufactured by natives (who have grown up in the industry) in the self-same climate where the raw material is grown.

That is to say, that Vuelta tobacco manufactured in the latitude 19° 50′ to 23° 9′ and in longitude 74° 8′ to 84° 58′ by experts who may be said to have grown up in the industry, experienced in the most expert treatment from seed-bed to consumer, gives the finest cigar that the world and human skill can produce. That being granted beyond dispute, the most favorable place in the world for making cigars for American smokers is Key West, in the same latitude and longitude as Havana, from which city it is only eighty-eight miles distant. This is because the cigars made in Key West *cost the consumer only about one-half what the same identical cigar made in Havana and imported to this country would cost him—the present tariff* imposing a duty practically at the rate of *one dollar per thousand cigars for every mile of distance between Key West and Cuba.* See what an advantage this is for our product, manufactured at Key West—for at a moderate cost the Cortez Cigar Company can supply the consumer with goods equal in quality, style, and workmanship to those of most celebrated Havana cigar-factories.

Key West is unique in location, buildings, population, and climate. The coldest month is January, and the temperature is an average of 68 degrees to 72 degrees, while statistics show that it is the *only point in this country where snow and frosts are unknown,* and this secures the ideal climate for cigar-making. This is because it is not necessary to use in the Cortez Cigar Company's factory any artificial moistening or sweating process, thus retaining the full aroma and bouquet (which is so dear to every smoker) to just the same extent as in the Havana factories. *This cannot be done in factories farther north.* And herein lies the great advantage of Key West.

Knowing all these important facts, the Cortez Cigar Company selected this city for the location of their factory, determined to produce only high-grade cigars, equal in every way to those of Havana, at about one-half the cost to the consumer. This product is always the same in quality. Year after year the Cortez Cigar Company use the same grade of tobacco grown on the same plantations, and by skilful blending of the selected leaves from the hill-sides and valleys, secure a uniformity which cannot be surpassed.

There is a reason for everything, and the reason of the Cortez Cigar Company for devoting their energies to the production of a fine cigar is because they believe and insist that the highest civilization demands the lightest and most perfect stimulant, and they believe that their process results in the combination of the highest possible art and science of cigar-making, enabling them to offer the best, mildest, and most uniform smoke to men of brains.



To meet the taste of various smokers, the Cortez Cigar Company make no less than thirty-two sizes of cigars, from large to small—for some like a long smoke and some a short one; but the quality is identical in each, and a man does not get a poorer cigar for a lower price, but simply so much less of the one high grade of uniform quality. It must not, however, be overlooked that the fullest flavor and bouquet can only be reached with a cigar of a medium to a full size.

It is like the use of a perfume—a drop will not convey the same fragrance as will the orthodox half-dozen drops, yet it will be the same identical perfume without change. The cigars of the Cortez Cigar Company may always be identified by the reproduction of the cut on the inside back of each box: It is our aim to have our cigars on sale wherever high-grade goods are demanded, and should your local dealer offer you "something just as good," decline it, and write direct to the Cortez Cigar Company, Key West, for samples and particulars.

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The World of Finance

FOR the first time in many years the financial community has regarded the meeting of Congress with hope and confidence rather than uneasiness or apprehension. Instead of a fear of some upsetting of the tariff or disturbance of the currency, there has been something like assurance that the worst of the long-standing defects of the money system are to be remedied. The first bill introduced in the House was that prepared by the Republican caucus committee, referred to in this column last week, reaffirming and placing beyond question the gold standard of the United States, guarding the reserve, or redemption fund, from encroachment, and providing more elasticity in the bank currency by permitting the issue of notes to par of the bond security, and establishing for the one-per-cent. tax upon circulation a one-fifth-of-one-per-cent. tax upon capital, surplus, and undivided profits of all national banks.

A less satisfactory bill has been submitted in the Senate by the Finance Committee of that body, which differs chiefly from the House bill in not providing for a separate division of issue and redemption in the Treasury Department for the conduct of the currency operations of the government and the protection of the gold reserve, and in providing for refunding the government bonds at two per cent. interest, and encouraging their use by the banks to secure circulation by removing the tax only when these new bonds are deposited for that purpose. It is considered unfortunate to have the essential purpose of establishing the gold standard and insuring the redemption of all government obligations in gold coin complicated with other provisions in two different bills which differ so much as to incite opposition; but there is confidence that somehow the essential purpose will be attained, and that is regarded as vastly more important than the subsidiary objects of either bill. This confidence is strengthened by assurances in the President's message and the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and by the absence of any aggressive hostility to either of the proposed measures. The prospect of making the basis of our currency system sound and stable imparts unusual cheerfulness to the situation.

An incident of considerable interest, but one which has hardly produced a perceptible effect in this country, is the advance of the discount rate of the Bank of England to six per cent., which has not occurred before since 1890, when it was due to the crisis caused by the Baring failure, and was therefore a disquieting measure. Now it is intended only to protect the bank against a drain of gold, at a time when business activity and material prosperity keep a large amount of money in use at high rates. The strain is caused mainly by the lack of the usual supply of gold from South Africa and the drafts occasioned by the war, but it would be much less severe if it were not for the pressing demands of business at home. The comparative scarcity of gold in London, and the high rate for money intended to keep it there, prevent any export of the metal to this country, notwithstanding the continued large balance of trade in our favor; but gold was never so plenty here, in the Treasury vaults, in the banks, and in circulation, and there is no occasion for aggravating the situation in England by trying to draw upon her scanty supply. The trade balance can be taken care of by transfers of securities and extensions of credit without causing any disturbance.

Our rates of exchange and for money have hardly been affected by the situation abroad. The continued activity in business has kept the rates for loans well sustained, although funds have been flowing to New York from the interior in a slowly increasing volume, and the government has extended to December 23 the time for buying bonds, for which the offer was made early in November. The fact that only about $18,000,000 out of the $25,000,000 were presented within the time set for the purchase shows that there was no great stress for funds in the money-market, notwithstanding the high rates for loans. The rates have been maintained pretty steadily at about six per cent. on time, with spasms of lower and higher rates on call, according to the exigencies of the stock-market.

That market has been steady and rather dull for some time, except for the efforts of professional speculators, which have not been very fruitful. The comparatively high rates for money, growing out of the demand for it in "legitimate business," serve as a check upon speculation, and the "standard stocks" nowadays have a calculable investment value which tends to take them out of the speculative markets. Railroads continue to report large business and increased earnings, with promise of better dividends; and though there is a slackening in tendency of steel and iron to advance, there is no diminution of present activity in their production. Contracts extend far into next year. In nearly all lines of industry activity is attended with better prices and better wages.

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News of Warfare

I.—IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE diplomatic status of the conflict was fixed on November 27, when the British ambassador at Washington informed our government that "a state of war" had existed since October 11.

On November 28 Lord Methuen, moving on to the relief of Kimberley, found Cronjé's and Delarey's force, eight or ten thousand strong, intrenched on both banks of the Modder River. "After desperate, hard fighting, which lasted ten hours," Methuen said in his report, "our men, without water or food and in the burning sun, made the enemy quit his position. General Pole-Carew was successful in getting a small party across the river. . . . I speak in terms of high praise of the conduct of all who were engaged in one of the hardest and most trying fights in the annals of the British army." The British casualties in this action were 471, and Methuen himself was slightly wounded. His little army had, within seven days, marched fifty-three miles and fought three battles—the last against superior numbers. Twelve per cent. of his entire force had been killed or disabled; but his line of communication was not interrupted, and re-enforcements were sent to him from De Aar. The Boers, who had destroyed the bridge over the Modder before the battle, withdrew during the night and occupied a strong position on a ridge six miles farther north. Methuen was firmly established across the river in the morning, and the next evening communicated with Kimberley by means of a search-light.

According to despatches from General Forestier-Walker, British commander at Cape Town, the Boers' loss was even greater than that of the British, and their morale was much shaken. On the same day there was a sortie from Kimberley, and in the fight which ensued 22 British were killed and 31 wounded.

In view of the stubborn resistance encountered at every point, the announcement was made that another division would be sent out from England; and Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of Cape Colony, called out the local rifle clubs and volunteers for mobilization.

On the last day of the month Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, advocated, in a speech at Leicester, "a new triple alliance," between the United States, Germany, and England. This suggestion was not well received in America; but a few days later the London papers interpreted as a mark of great friendliness the appointment of Adelbert S. Hay, son of the Secretary of State, to succeed Mr. Macrum as United States consul at Pretoria, and in this capacity to represent British as well as American interests in the Transvaal.

Turning now to the Ladysmith relief column under General Clery and the personal direction of the corps commander, we find that General Buller had about 24,000 men available for the operation of forcing a passage over the Tugela River, and it seemed possible for him to outflank the opposing army here—a thing which Methuen could not contrive at the Modder; but the Boers, intrenched on hills behind the river, were reported to have strengthened both right and left flanks in anticipation of such tactics. On December 2 a despatch from Pretoria stated that General Joubert was ill, and had gone to Volksrust, just beyond the northern boundary of Natal, for medical treatment, General Schalkburger taking command during his absence.

The latest advices from Ladysmith referred to the increasing volume of the Boer artillery fire, which was becoming disagreeably effective, adding that the rations had been reduced and there was a great deal of sickness. The culmination of these efforts, according to a report from Durban, was in an attempt to take the town by storm on December 4. The Boers opened a furious bombardment and continued it for hours, the garrison replying much to the point, and finally driving back the besiegers with heavy loss.

On December 6 General Forestier-Walker sent the following message to the War Office at London: "General Methuen wires to-day that he has resumed command and is nightly in communication with Kimberley. The health of the troops is excellent." The British had moved their camp a few hundred yards away from the battle-field, and were apparently waiting to hear from Gatacre and Clery.

II.—IN THE PHILIPPINES

In an action at Passai, island of Panay, on November 26, General Hughes defeated the insurgents and drove them with loss into the mountains. Captain Oliver B. Warwick, Eighteenth Infantry, and one private in the same company were killed. General Hughes expressed the opinion that there would be no further organized resistance in Panay.

In Luzon, on November 28, Colonel Bell's regiment with Fowler's company of the Thirty-third came up with the brigades of Generals Alejandrino and San Miguel at the summit of a mountain west of Mangalaren, dispersing them, and capturing their artillery (14 modern guns, all in good condition), ammunition, and supplies. On the same day the town of Bayombong, in the province of Nueva Vizcaya, surrendered to Lieutenant Munro, who had with him only fifty men of the Fourth Cavalry and three native scouts. The command of the Filipino general, Conon, it was said, numbered at least 800 men, armed with Mausers. According to the despatches, Munro tapped the wire, and while calling for re-enforcements from the south, telegraphed also to Conon that he was advancing and demanded his surrender. After negotiations, Conon consented to surrender to a "superior force," whereupon Munro telegraphed that he would enter the town with a small guard and receive the garrison's submission; and thus, without waiting for re-enforcement, he captured the whole band and secured their arms, with seventy Spanish and two American prisoners, the Filipinos supposing that an army was immediately behind him.

In the northwestern province of Luzon the prospect of finding Lieutenant Gillmore and the other Baler captives began to divide interest with the pursuit of Aguinaldo. When the *Oregon*, *Samara*, and *Callao* had bombarded Vigan (November 26) a landing party of bluejackets learned that the American prisoners had been removed to the mountains two days before.

It was reported that 1700 insurgents were massed about forty miles below Vigan, at Tagudin; that Aguinaldo had passed through or near the latter place on the 21st, and that "all his talk was in favor of continuing the war in the north." General Young, with three troops of cavalry, a battalion of the Thirty-third Infantry, and native scouts, was about twenty miles south of Vigan on November 28. Re-enforcements were marching to his support, while a company of the Thirty-third Infantry had been sent by boat to Vigan to strengthen the garrison there.

Before daylight on November 4 about 800 insurgents succeeded in entering Vigan, and attacked Lieutenant-Colonel Parker's force—"153 sick and foot-sore men of the Thirty-third Infantry, and Company B." There was severe fighting, which lasted for four hours; then the enemy was driven out, leaving behind 40 dead and 32 prisoners, including many officers, and 84 rifles. The garrison's casualties were eight enlisted men killed and three wounded. The Filipinos intrenched themselves in the outskirts, while the garrison made ready to hold out until relieved.

President McKinley's message of December 5 stated that our soldiers and sailors in the Philippines had "gained ground steadily in every direction, and were now looking forward confidently to a speedy completion of their task." But on the evening of the day on which this message was published, General Young arrived in Vigan, having encountered a force of the enemy twelve miles south of that city. These natives he drove eastward, and at last reports he was still engaged in pressing them back towards the mountainous districts of the interior, where they had prepared to make another stand.

As for the prisoners at Bangued, the insurgents had facilitated their own retreat by allowing all but the Americans and prominent Spaniards to escape, and 600 of these comparatively unimportant persons reached our lines by December 5.

It became evident at this time that a new base would have to be established at Vigan, and perhaps even a new campaign instituted in the highlands of Luzon. Otis cabled on December 7: "Will send transportation with subsistence and medical supplies to Vigan to-morrow, to bring the prisoners to Manila, and to supply Young's troops with necessary quartermaster's stores." In the engagements which resulted in driving the insurgents back from the coast-line, besides the losses already mentioned, twelve of our men were wounded and one killed, while the enemy left twenty-five dead in the trenches.

Advices from Manila correspondents at this time were especially interesting, though unfortunately opposed to the view that hostilities would soon cease. The great advantages gained by our splendid troops were fully recognized, and the difficulties which they had overcome since the opening of the autumn campaign were referred to most appreciatively. We heard much of the swollen rivers and impassable roads, the violent storms and the unexplored rough country, the rapid and quite resistless advance of Lawton's column; the very severe losses of the Tagálogs, also, were taken into account; and yet in a despatch, dated December 6, the statement was made that at Manila "nothing more was heard of having the rebellion stamped out in the course of a few days. That sort of talk only lasted while the insurgent leader was slipping away last week." Field commanders now thought that the end was still distant. It was admitted that little was definitely known of the strength or whereabouts of the insurgents. The suggestion was added that Aguinaldo in his flight from Tarlac might have been accompanied by a much larger body of troops than had been at first supposed, and certainly the indications were that he was not forlorn or at the end of his resources; but it was quite permissible to explain this circumstance by assuming that a part of the Filipino army had been dismissed, with instructions to meet in the northern provinces, before Aguinaldo left Tarlac—the view taken by the WEEKLY when the active campaign began.

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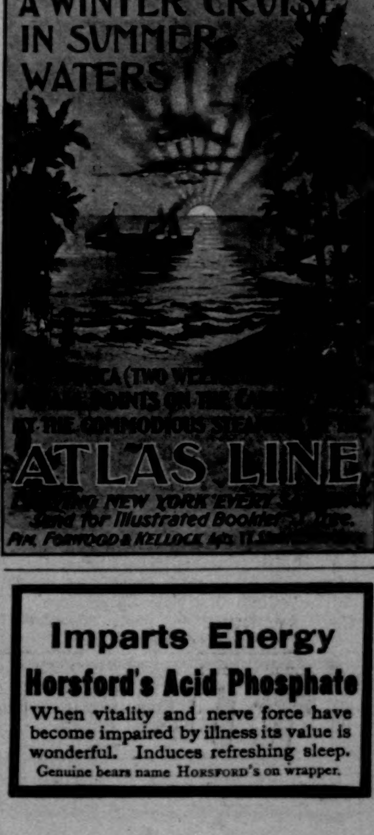
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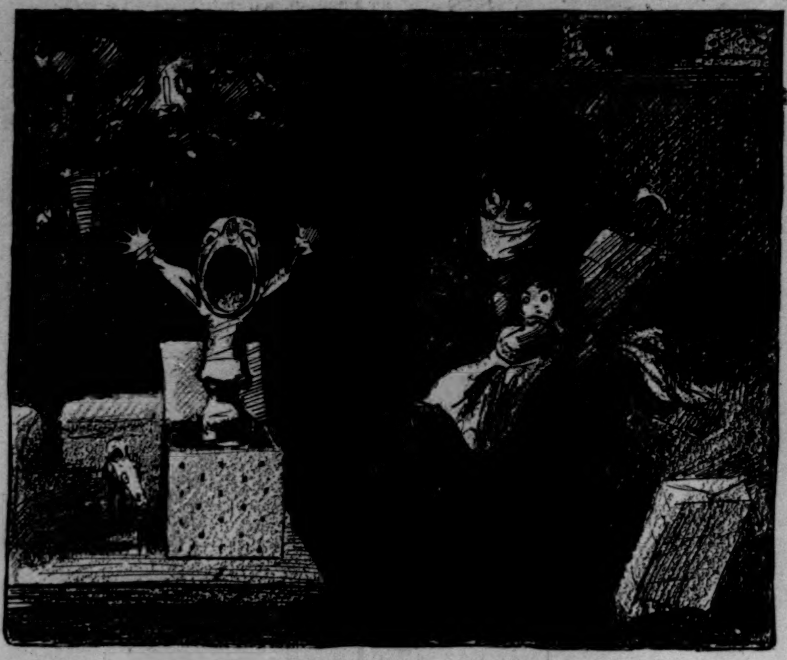

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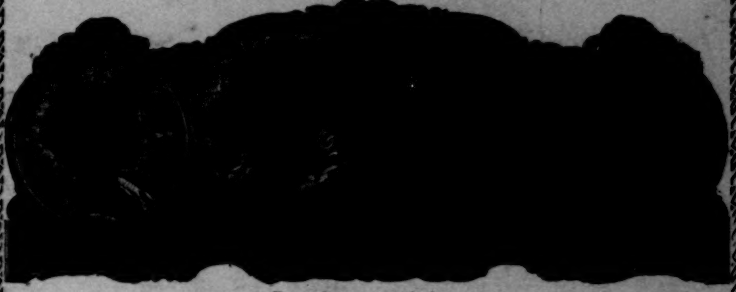

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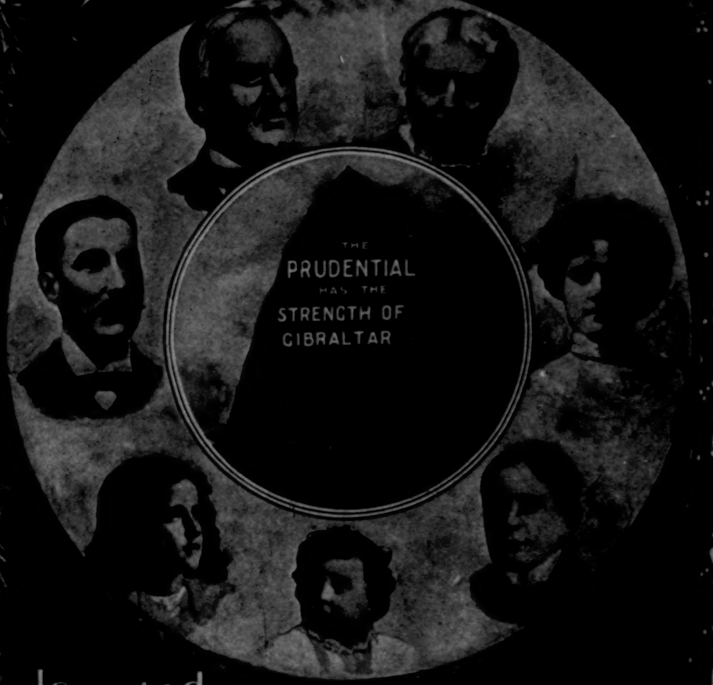
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